Everybody's Magazine

SEPTEMBER
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"Androcles and the Lion"

A NEW COMEDY BY

GEORGE BERNARD SHA

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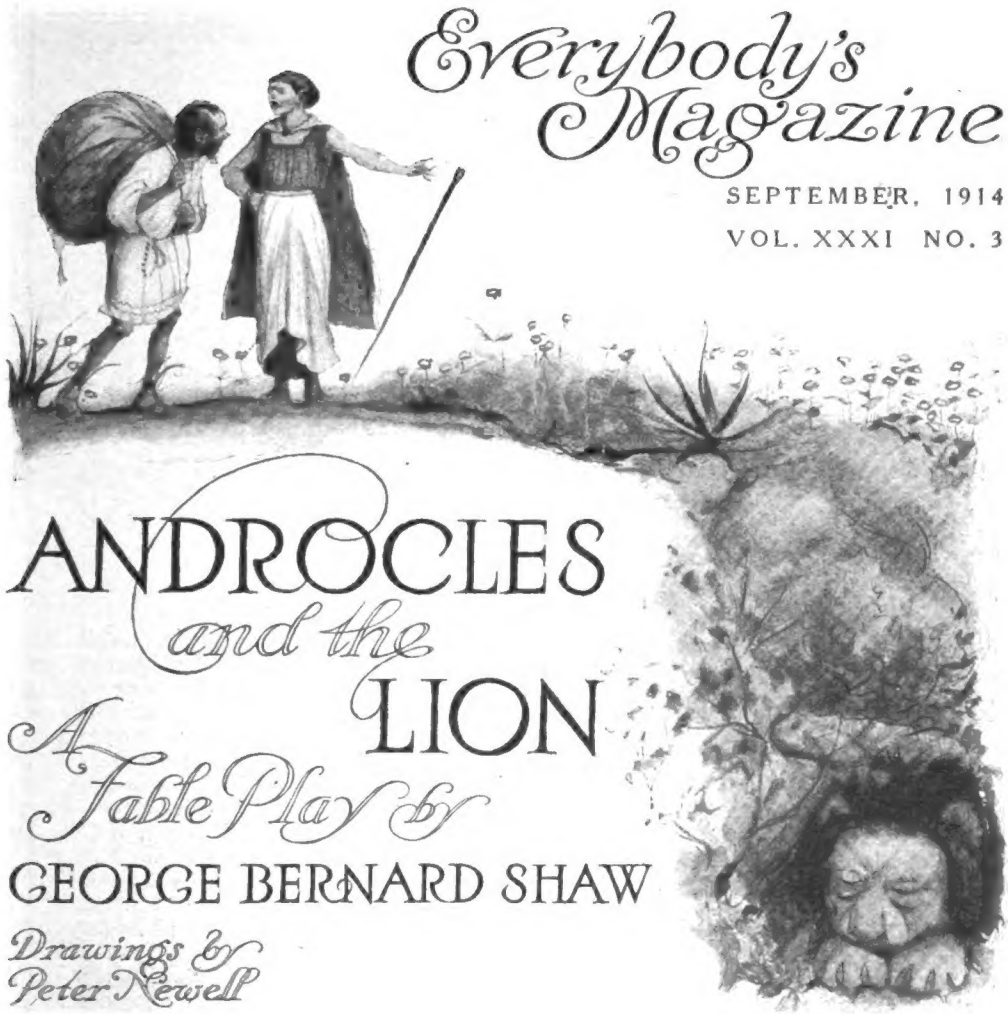

ANDROCLES and the LION

A Fable Play by

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Drawings by Peter Newell

ACT I.

OVERTURE: forest sounds, roaring of lions, Christian hymn faintly.

A jungle path. A lion's roar, a melancholy suffering roar, comes from the jungle. It is repeated nearer. The lion limps from the jungle on three legs, holding up his right forepaw, in which a huge thorn sticks. He sits down and contemplates it. He licks it. He shakes it. He tries to extract it by scraping it along the ground, and hurts himself worse. He roars piteously. He licks it again. Tears drop from his eyes. He limps painfully off the path and lies down under the trees, exhausted with pain. With a long sigh, like wind in a trombone, he goes to sleep.

ANDROCLES *and his wife* MEGAERA *come along the path. He is a small, thin, ridiculous little man who might be any age from thirty to fifty-five. He has sandy hair, watery, compassionate blue eyes, sensitive nostrils, and a very presentable forehead; but his good points go no further: his arms and legs and back, though wiry of their kind, look shriveled and starved.*

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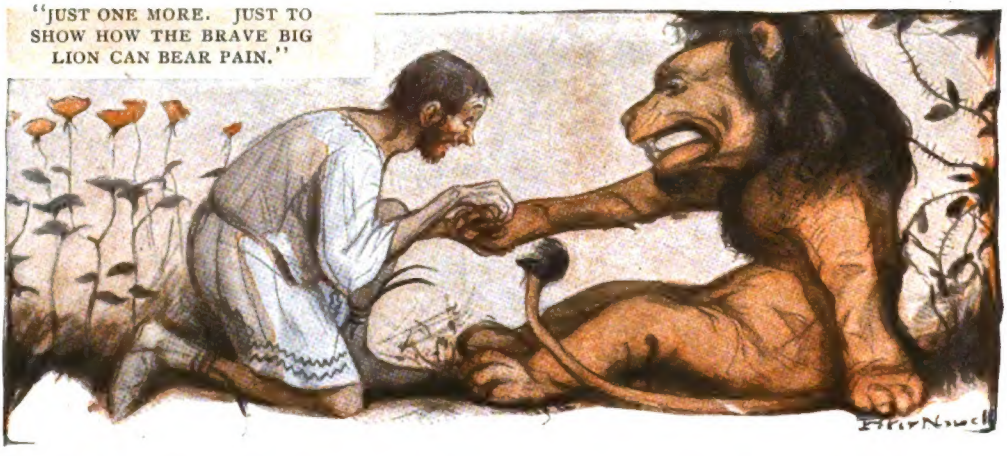
He carries a big bundle, is very poorly clad, and seems tired and hungry. His wife is a rather handsome, pampered slattern, well-fed and in the prime of life. She has nothing to carry, and has a stout stick to help her along.



"JUST ONE MORE. JUST TO SHOW HOW THE BRAVE BIG LION CAN BEAR PAIN."

MEGAERA (*suddenly throwing down her stick*): I won't go another step!

ANDROCLES (*pleading wearily*): Oh, not again, dear. What's the good of stopping every two miles and saying you won't go another step? We must get on to the next village before night. There are wild beasts in this wood: lions, they say.

MEGAERA: I don't beli ve a word of it. You are always threatening me with wild beasts to make me walk the very soul out of my body when I can hardly drag one foot before another. We haven't seen a single lion yet.

ANDROCLES: Well, dear, do you want to see one?

MEGAERA (*tearing the bundle from his back*): You beast, you don't care how tired I am, or what becomes of me (*she throws the bundle on the ground*); always thinking of yourself. Self! Self! Self! Always yourself! (*She sits down on the bundle.*)

ANDROCLES (*sitting down sadly on the ground, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands*): We all have to think of ourselves occasionally, dear.

MEGAERA: A man ought to think of his wife sometimes.

ANDROCLES: He can't always help it, dear. You make me think of you a great deal. Not that I blame you.

MEGAERA: Blame me! I should think not indeed. Is it my fault that I'm married to you?

ANDROCLES: No, dear: that is my fault.

MEGAERA: That's a nice thing to say to me. Aren't you happy with me?

ANDROCLES: I don't complain, my love.

MEGAERA: You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

ANDROCLES: I am, my dear.

MEGAERA: You're not: you glory in it.

ANDROCLES: In what, darling?

MEGAERA: In everything. In making me a slave, and making yourself a laughing-stock. It's not fair. You get me the name of being a shrew, with your meek ways and talking as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. And just because I look a big, strong woman, and because I'm good-hearted and a bit hasty, and because you're always driving me to do things I'm sorry for afterward, people say, "Poor man; what a life his wife leads him!" Oh, if they only knew! And you think I don't know. But I do, I do (*screaming*), I do!

ANDROCLES: Yes, my dear; I know you do.

MEGAERA: Then why don't you treat me properly and be a good husband to me?

ANDROCLES: What can I do, my dear?

MEGAERA: What can you do! You can return to your duty, and come back to your home and your friends, and sacrifice to the gods as all respectable people do, instead of having us hunted out of house and home for being dirty, disreputable, blaspheming atheists.

ANDROCLES: I'm not an atheist, dear: I am a Christian.

MEGAERA: Well, isn't that the same thing, only ten times worse? Everybody knows that the Christians are the very lowest of the low.

ANDROCLES: Just like us, dear.

MEGAERA: Speak for yourself. Don't you dare to compare me to common people. My father owned his own public-house; and sorrowful was the day for me when you first came drinking in our bar.

ANDROCLES: I confess I was addicted to it, dear. But I gave it up when I became a Christian.

MEGAERA: You'd much better have remained

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a drunkard. I can forgive a man being addicted to drink: it's only natural; and I don't deny I like a drop myself sometimes. What I can't stand is your being addicted to Christianity. And what's worse again, your being addicted to animals. How is any woman to keep her house clean when you bring in every stray cat and lost cur and lame duck in the whole countryside? You took the bread out of my mouth to feed them; you know you did; don't attempt to deny it!

ANDROCLES: Only when they were hungry and you were getting too stout, dearie.

MEGAERA: Yes, insult me, do. (*Rising.*) Oh! I won't bear it another moment. You used to sit and talk to those dumb brute beasts for hours, when you hadn't a word for me.

ANDROCLES: They never answered back, darling. (*He rises and again shoulders the bundle.*)

MEGAERA: Well, if you're fonder of animals than of your own wife, you can live with them here in the jungle. I've had enough of them and enough of you. I'm going back. I'm going home.

ANDROCLES (*barring the way back*): No, dearie; don't take on like that. We can't go back. We've sold everything: we should starve; and I should be sent to Rome and thrown to the lions——

MEGAERA: Serve you right; I wish the lions joy of you. (*Screaming.*) Are you going to get out of my way and let me go home?

ANDROCLES: No, dear——

MEGAERA: Then I shall make my way through the forest; and when I'm eaten by the wild beasts you'll know what a wife you've lost. (*She dashes into the jungle and nearly falls over the sleeping lion.*) Oh! Oh! Andy! Andy! (*She totters back and collapses into the arms of* ANDROCLES, *who, crushed by her weight, falls on his bundle.*)

ANDROCLES (*extracting himself from beneath her and slapping her hands in great anxiety*): What is it, my precious, my pet? What's the matter? (*He raises her head. Speechless with terror, she points in the direction of the sleeping lion. He steals cautiously toward the spot indicated by* MEGAERA. *She rises with an effort and totters after him.*)

MEGAERA: No, Andy: You'll be killed. Come back.

(*The lion utters a long, snoring sigh.* ANDROCLES *sees the lion and recoils fainting into the arms of* MEGAERA, *who falls back on the bundle. They roll apart and lie staring in terror at one another. The lion is heard groaning heavily in the jungle.*)

ANDROCLES (*whispering*): Did you see? A lion.

MEGAERA (*despairing*): The gods have sent him to punish us because you're a Christian. Take me away, Andy. Save me.

ANDROCLES (*rising*): Meggy, there's one chance for you. It'll take him pretty nigh twenty minutes to eat me (I'm rather stringy and tough) and you can escape in less time than that.

MEGAERA: Oh, don't talk about eating. (*The lion rises with a great groan and limps toward them.*) Oh! (*She faints.*)

ANDROCLES (*quaking, but keeping between the lion and* MEGAERA): Don't you come near my wife, do you hear? (*The lion groans.* ANDROCLES *can hardly stand for trembling.*) Meggy, run. Run for your life. If I take my eye off him, it's all up. (*The lion holds up his wounded paw and flaps it piteously before* ANDROCLES.) Oh, he's lame, poor old chap! He's got a thorn in his paw. A frightfully big thorn. (*Full of sympathy.*) Oh, poor old man! Did um get an awful thorn into um's tootsums wootsums? Has it made um too sick to eat a nice little Christian man for um's breakfast? Oh, a nice little Christian man will get um's thorn out for him; and then um shall eat the nice Christian man and the nice Christian man's nice big tender wifey pifey. (*The lion responds by moans of self-pity.*) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Now, now (*taking the paw in his hand*), um is not to bite and not to scratch, not even if it hurts a very, very little. Now make velvet paws. That's right. (*He pulls gingerly at the thorn. The lion, with an angry yell of pain, jerks back his paw so abruptly that* ANDROCLES *is thrown on his back.*) Steadee! Oh, did the nasty cruel little Christian man hurt the sore paw? (*The lion moans assentingly, but apologetically.*) Well, one more little pull and it will be all over. Just one little, little, leetle pull; and then um will live happily ever after. (*He gives the thorn another pull. The lion roars and snaps his jaws with a terrifying clash.*) Oh, mustn't frighten um's good kind doctor, um's affectionate nursey. That didn't hurt at all: not a bit. Just one more. Just to show how the brave big lion can bear pain, not like the little cry-baby Christian man. Oopsh! (*The thorn comes out. The lion yells with pain, and shakes his paw wildly.*) That's it! (*Holding up the thorn.*) Now it's out. Now lick um's paw to take away the nasty inflammation. See? (*He licks his own hand. The lion nods intelligently and licks his paw industriously.*) Clever little lionypiony! Understands um's dear old friend Andy Wandy. (*The lion licks his face.*) Yes, kiss-ums Andy Wandy. (*The lion, wagging his tail violently, rises on his hind legs, and embraces* ANDROCLES, *who makes a wry face and cries.*) Velvet paws! Velvet paws! (*The lion draws in his claws.*) That's right. (*He embraces the lion, who finally takes the end of his tail in one paw, places that tight round* ANDROCLES' *waist, resting it on his hip.* ANDROCLES *takes the other paw in his hand, stretches out his arm, and the two waltz rapturously round and round and finally away through the jungle.*)

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MEGAERA (*who has revived during the waltz*): Oh, you coward! You haven't danced with me for years; and now you go off dancing with a great brute beast that you haven't known for ten minutes and that wants to eat your own wife. Coward! Coward! Coward! (*She rushes off after them into the jungle.*)

ACT II

Evening. The end of three converging roads to Rome. Three triumphal arches span them where they debouch on a square at the gate of the city. Looking north through the arches one can see the campagna threaded by the three long, dusty tracks. On the east and west sides of the square are long stone benches.

Through the eastern arch a squad of Roman soldiers tramps along, escorting a batch of Christians, prisoners of both sexes and all ages, among them one LAVINIA, *a good-looking, resolute young woman, apparently of higher social standing than her fellow-prisoners. A* CENTURION, *carrying his vinewood cudgel, trudges alongside the squad, on its right, in command of it. All are tired and dusty; but the soldiers are dogged and indifferent, the Christians light-hearted and inclined to treat their hardships as a joke.*

A bugle is heard far behind on the road, where the rest of the cohort is following. An old beggar sits on the east side of the square, his bowl at his feet.

From the London production of "Androcles and the Lion."

"WHAT HO, THERE! ALL WHO ARE WITHIN

CENTURION (*stopping*): Halt! Orders from the Captain. (*They halt and wait.*) Now then, you Christians, none of your larks. The Captain's coming. Mind you behave yourselves. No singing. Look respectful. Look serious, if you're capable of it. See that big building over there! That's the Coliseum. That's where you'll be thrown to the lions or set to fight the gladiators presently. Think of that and it'll help you to behave properly before the Captain. (*The* CAPTAIN *arrives.*) Salute! (*The soldiers salute*).

A CHRISTIAN (*cheerfully*): God bless you, Captain.

THE CENTURION (*scandalized*): Silence!

(*The* CAPTAIN, *a patrician, handsome, about thirty-five, very cold and distinguished, very superior and authoritative, steps up on a stone seat at the west side of the square, behind the* CENTURION, *so as to dominate the others more effectually.*)

THE CAPTAIN: Centurion.

THE CENTURION (*standing at attention and saluting*): Sir?

THE CAPTAIN (*speaking stiffly and officially*): You will remind your men, Centurion, that we are now entering Rome. You will instruct them that once inside the gates of Rome they are in the presence of the Emperor. You will make them understand that the lax discipline of the march can not be permitted here. You will instruct them to shave every day, not every week. You will impress on them particularly that there must be an end to the profanity and blasphemy of singing Christian hymns on the

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"NEVER BE AFRAID OF ANIMALS, YOUR WORSHIP: THAT'S THE GREAT SECRET."

HEARING, RETURN WITHOUT FEAR. CAESAR HAS TAMED THE LION."

march. I have to reprimand you, Centurion, for not only allowing this, but actually doing it yourself.

THE CENTURION (*apologetic*): The men march better, Captain.

CAPTAIN: No doubt. For that reason an exception is made in the case of the march called "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This may be sung, except when marching through the forum or within hearing of the Emperor's palace; but the words must be altered to "Throw Them to the Lions."

(*The Christians burst into shrieks of uncontrollable laughter, to the great scandal of the* CENTURION.)

CENTURION: Silence! Silen - n - n - n - n ce! Where's your behavior? Is that the way to listen to an officer? (*To the* CAPTAIN.) That's what we have to put up with from these Christians every day, sir. They're always laughing and joking something scandalous. They've no religion: that's how it is.

LAVINIA: But I think the Captain meant us to laugh, Centurion. It was so funny.

CENTURION: You'll find out how funny it is when you're thrown to the lions to-morrow. (*To the* CAPTAIN, *who looks displeased.*) Beg pardon, sir. (*To the Christians.*) Silen-n-n-n-ce!

CAPTAIN: You are to instruct your men that all intimacy with Christian prisoners must now

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cease. The men have fallen into habits of dependence upon the prisoners, especially the female prisoners, for cooking, repairs to uniforms, writing letters, and advice in their private affairs. In a Roman soldier such dependence is inadmissible. Let me see no more of it whilst we are in the city. Further, your orders are that in addressing Christian prisoners, the manners and tone of your men must express abhorrence and contempt. Any shortcoming in this respect will be regarded as a breach of discipline. (*He turns to the prisoners.*) Prisoners.

CENTURION (*fiercely*): Prisoner-r-r-r-r-s! 'Tention! Silence!

CAPTAIN: I call your attention, prisoners, to the fact that you may be called on to appear in the Imperial Circus at any time from to-morrow onwards, according to the requirements of the managers. I may inform you that as there is a shortage of Christians just now, you may expect to be called on very soon.

LAVINIA: What will they do to us, Captain?

CENTURION: Silence!

CAPTAIN: The women will be conducted into the arena with the wild beasts of the Imperial Menagerie, and will suffer the consequences. The men, if of an age to bear arms, will be given weapons to defend themselves, if they choose, against the Imperial Gladiators.

LAVINIA: Captain! Is there no hope that this cruel persecution——

"WHAT'S THIS, BROTHER? RAISING YOUR HAND TO A BROTHER CHRISTIAN?"

CENTURION (*shocked*): Silence! Hold your tongue, there. Persecution, indeed!

CAPTAIN (*unmoved and somewhat sardonic*): Persecution is not a term applicable to the acts of the Emperor. The Emperor is the Defender of the Faith. In throwing you to the lions he will be upholding the interests of religion in Rome. If you were to throw him to the lions, that would no doubt be persecution.

(*The Christians again laugh heartily.*)

CENTURION (*horrified*): Silence, I tell you. Keep silence there. Did any one ever hear the like of this?

LAVINIA: Captain, there will be nobody to appreciate your jokes when we are gone.

CAPTAIN (*unshaken in his official delivery*): I call the attention of the female prisoner Lavinia to the fact that, as the Emperor is a divine personage, her imputation of cruelty is not only treason, but sacrilege. I point out to her further that there is no foundation for the charge, as the Emperor does not desire that any prisoner should suffer; nor can any Christian be harmed save through his or her own obstinacy. All that is necessary is to sacrifice to the gods: a simple and convenient ceremony consisting of dropping a pinch of incense on the altar, after which the prisoner is at once set free. Under such circumstances you have only your own perverse folly to blame if you suffer. I suggest to you that if you can not burn a morsel of incense as a matter of conviction, you might at least do so as a matter of good taste, to avoid shocking the religious convictions of your fellow-citizens. I am aware that these considerations do not weigh with Christians; but it is my duty to call your attention to them in order that you may have no ground for complaining of your treatment, or of accusing the Emperor of cruelty when he is showing you the most signal clemency. Looked at from this point of view, every Christian who has perished in the arena has really committed suicide.

LAVINIA: Captain, your jokes are too grim. Do not think it is easy for us to die. Our faith makes life far stronger and more wonderful in us than when we walked in darkness and had nothing to live for. Death is harder for us than for you; the martyr's agony is as bitter as his triumph is glorious.

CAPTAIN (*rather troubled, addressing her personally and gravely*): A martyr, Lavinia, is a fool. Your death will prove nothing.

LAVINIA: Then why kill me?

CAPTAIN: I mean that the truth, if there be any truth, needs no martyrs.

LAVINIA: No; but my faith, like your sword, needs testing. Can you test your sword except by staking your life on it?

CAPTAIN (*suddenly resuming his official tone*): I call the attention of the female prisoner to the fact that Christians are not allowed to draw the Emperor's officers into arguments and

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put questions to them for which the military regulations provide no answer. (*The Christians titter.*)

LAVINIA: Captain, how can you?

THE CAPTAIN: I call the female prisoner's attention especially to the fact that four comfortable homes have been offered her by officers of this regiment, of which she can have her choice the moment she chooses to sacrifice as all well-bred Roman ladies do. I have no more to say to the prisoners.

CENTURION: Dismiss! But stay where you are.

CAPTAIN: Centurion, you will remain here with your men in charge of the prisoners until the arrival of three Christian prisoners in the custody of a cohort of the tenth legion. Among the prisoners you will particularly identify an armorer named Ferrovius, of dangerous character and great personal strength, and a Greek tailor reputed to be a sorcerer, by name Androcles. You will add the three to your charge here and march them all to the Coliseum, where you will deliver them into the custody of the master of the gladiators and take his receipt, countersigned by the keeper of the beasts and the acting manager. You understand your instructions?

CENTURION: Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN: Dismiss. (*He throws off his air of parade, and comes down from the seat. The* CENTURION *sits down on it and prepares for a nap, whilst his men stand at ease. The Christians sit down on the west side of the square, glad to rest.* LAVINIA *alone remains standing to speak to the* CAPTAIN.)

LAVINIA: Captain, is this man who is to join us the famous Ferrovius who has made such wonderful conversions in the Northern cities?

CAPTAIN: Yes. We are warned that he has the strength of an elephant and the temper of a mad bull. Also that he is stark mad. Not a model Christian, it would seem.

LAVINIA: You need not fear him if he is a Christian, Captain.

CAPTAIN (*coldly*): I shall not fear him in any case, Lavinia.

LAVINIA (*her eyes dancing*): How brave of you, Captain!

CAPTAIN: You are right: it was a silly thing to say. (*In a lower tone, humane and urgent.*) Lavinia, do Christians know how to love?

LAVINIA (*composedly*): Yes, Captain, they love even their enemies.

CAPTAIN: Is that easy?

LAVINIA: Very easy, Captain, when their enemies are as handsome as you.

CAPTAIN: Lavinia, you are laughing at me.

LAVINIA: At you, Captain! Impossible.

THE CAPTAIN: Then you are flirting with me, which is worse. Don't be foolish.

LAVINIA: But such a very handsome Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: Incorrigible! (*Urgently.*) Listen to me. The men in that audience tomorrow will be the vilest of voluptuaries: men in whom the only passion excited by a beautiful woman is a lust to see her tortured and torn, shrieking, limb from limb. It is a crime to gratify that passion. It is offering yourself for violation by the whole rabble of the streets and the riff-raff of the court at the same time. Why will you not choose rather a kindly love and an honorable alliance?

LAVINIA: They can not violate my soul. I alone can do that by sacrificing to false gods.

CAPTAIN: Sacrifice then to the true God. What does his name matter? We call him Jupiter. The Greeks call him Zeus. Call him what you will as you drop the incense on the altar flame: He will understand.

LAVINIA: No. I couldn't. That is the strange thing, Captain, that a little pinch of incense should make all that difference. Religion is such a great thing that when I meet really religious people we are friends at once, no matter what name we give to the divine will that made us and moves us. Oh, do you think that I, a woman, would quarrel with you for sacrificing to a woman god like Djana, if Diana meant to you what Christ means to me? No; we should kneel side by side before her altar like two children. But when men who believe neither in my god nor in their own—men who do not know the meaning of the word religion —when these men drag me to the foot of an iron statue that has become the symbol of the terror and darkness through which they walk, of their cruelty and greed, of their hatred of God and their oppression of man—when they ask me to pledge my soul before the people that this hideous idol is God, and that all this wickedness and falsehood is divine truth, I can not do it, not if they could put a thousand cruel deaths on me. I tell you, it is physically impossible. Listen, Captain. Did you ever try to catch a mouse in your hand? Once there was a dear little mouse that used to come out and play on my table as I was reading. I wanted to take him in my hand and caress him; and sometimes he got among my books so that he could not escape me when I stretched out my hand. And I did stretch out my hand; but it always came back in spite of me. I was not afraid of him in my heart, but my hand refused; it is not in the nature of my hand to touch a mouse. Well, Captain, if I took a pinch of incense in my hand and stretched it out over the altar fire, my hand would come back. My body would be true to my faith even if you could corrupt my mind. And all the time I should believe more in Diana than my persecutors have ever believed in anything. Can you understand that?

CAPTAIN (*simply*): Yes, I understand that. But my hand would not come back. The hand

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that holds the sword has been trained not to come back from anything but victory.

LAVINIA: Not even from death?

CAPTAIN: Least of all from death.

LAVINIA: Then I must not come back from death either. A woman has to be braver than a soldier.

CAPTAIN: Prouder, you mean.

LAVINIA (*startled*): Prouder! You call our courage pride!

CAPTAIN: There is no such thing as courage; there is only pride. You Christians are the proudest devils on earth.

LAVINIA (*hurt*): Pray God then my pride may never become a false pride. (*She turns away as if she did not wish to continue the conversation, but softens and says to him with a smile:*) Thank you for trying to save me.

CAPTAIN: I knew it was no use; but one tries in spite of one's knowledge.

LAVINIA: Something stirs, even in the iron breast of a Roman soldier?

CAPTAIN: It will soon be iron again. I have seen many women die, and forgotten them in a week.

LAVINIA: Remember me for a fortnight, handsome Captain. I shall be watching you, perhaps.

CAPTAIN: From the skies? Do not deceive yourself, Lavinia. There is no future for you beyond the grave.

LAVINIA: What does that matter? Do you think I am only running away from the terrors of life into the comfort of heaven? If there were no future, or if the future were one of torment, I should have to go just the same. The hand of God is upon me.

CAPTAIN: Yes: when all is said, we are both patricians, Lavinia, and must die for beliefs. Farewell. (*He offers her his hand. She takes it and presses it. He walks away, trim and calm. She looks after him for a moment, and cries a little as he disappears through the earthen arch. A trumpet-call is heard from the road through the western arch.*)

CENTURION (*waking up and rising*): Cohort of the tenth with prisoners. Two file out with me to receive them. (*He goes out through the western arch, followed by four soldiers in two files.*)

(LENTULUS *and* METELLUS *come into the square from the west side with a little retinue of servants. Both are young courtiers, dressed in the extremity of fashion.* LENTULUS *is slender, fair-haired, epicene.* METELLUS *is manly, compactly built, olive-skinned, not a talker.*)

LENTULUS: Christians, by Jove! Let's chaff them.

METELLUS: Awful brutes. If you knew as much about them as I do you wouldn't want to chaff them. Leave them to the lions.

LENTULUS (*indicating* LAVINIA, *who is still looking toward the arches after the* CAPTAIN): That woman's got a figure. (*He walks past her, staring at her invitingly; but she is preoccupied and is not conscious of him.*) Do you turn the other cheek when they kiss you?

LAVINIA (*starting*): What?

LENTULUS: Do you turn the other cheek when they kiss you, fascinating Christian?

LAVINIA: Don't be foolish. (*To* METELLUS, *who has remained on her right, so that she is between them.*) Please don't let your friend behave like a cad before the soldiers. How are they to respect and obey patricians if they see them behaving like street boys? (*Sharply to* LENTULUS.) Pull yourself together, man. Hold your head up; and keep the corners of your mouth firm; and treat me respectfully. What do you take me for?

LENTULUS (*irresolutely*): Look here, you know—I—you—I——

LAVINIA: Stuff! Go about your business. (*She turns decisively away and sits down with her comrades, leaving him disconcerted.*)

METELLUS: You didn't get much out of that. I told you they were brutes.

LENTULUS: Plucky little filly! I suppose she thinks I care. (*With an air of indifference he strolls with* METELLUS *to the east side of the square, where they stand watching the return of the* CENTURION *through the western arch with his men, escorting three prisoners:* FERROVIUS, ANDROCLES, *and* SPINTHO. FERROVIUS *is a powerful, choleric man in the prime of life, with large nostrils, staring eyes, and a thick neck, a man whose sensibilities are keen and violent to the verge of madness.* SPINTHO *is a debauchee, the wreck of a good-looking man gone hopelessly to the bad.* ANDROCLES *is overwhelmed with grief, and is restraining his tears with great difficulty.*)

THE CENTURION (*to* LAVINIA): Here are some pals for you. This little bit is Ferrovius that you talk so much about. (FERROVIUS *turns on him threateningly. The* CENTURION *holds up his left forefinger in admonition.*) Now remember that you're a Christian, and that you've

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got to return good for evil. (FERROVIUS *controls himself convulsively; moves away from temptation to the east side near* LENTULUS; *clasps his hands in silent prayer, and throws himself on his knees.*) That's the way to manage them, eh! This fine fellow (*indicating* ANDROCLES, *who comes to his left, and makes* LAVINIA *a heartbroken salutation*) is a sorcerer. A Greek tailor, he is. A real sorcerer, too: no mistake about it. The tenth marches with a leopard at the head of the column. He made a pet of the leopard; and now he's crying at being parted from it. (ANDROCLES *sniffs lamentably.*) Ain't you, old chap? Well, cheer up, we march with a Billy goat (ANDROCLES *brightens up*) that's killed two leopards and ate a turkey-cock. You can have him for a pet, if you like. (ANDROCLES, *quite consoled, goes past the* CENTURION *to* LAVINIA, *and sits down contentedly on the ground on her left.*) This dirty dog (*collaring* SPINTHO) is a real Christian. He mobs the temples, he does (*at each accusation he gives the neck of* SPINTHO'S *tunic a twist*); he goes smashing things, mad-drunk, he does; he steals the gold vessels, he does; he assaults the priestesses, he does—yah! (*He flings* SPINTHO *into the middle of the group of prisoners.*) You're the sort that makes duty a pleasure, you are.

SPINTHO (*gasping*): That's it: Strangle me. Kick me. Beat me. Revile me. Our Lord was beaten and reviled. That's my way to heaven. Every martyr goes to heaven, no matter what he's done. That is so, isn't it, brother?

CENTURION: Well, if you're going to heaven, I don't want to go there. I wouldn't be seen with you.

LENTULUS: Haw! Good! (*Indicating the kneeling* FERROVIUS.) Is this one of the turn-the-other-cheek gentlemen, Centurion?

CENTURION: Yes, sir. Lucky for you too, sir, if you want to take any liberties with him.

LENTULUS (*to* FERROVIUS): You turn the other cheek when you're struck, I'm told.

FERROVIUS (*slowly turning his great eyes on him*): Yes, by the grace of God, I do, *now.*

LENTULUS: Not that you're a coward, of course; but out of pure piety.

FERROVIUS: I fear God more than man; at least I try to.

LENTULUS: Let's see. (*He strikes him on the cheek.* ANDROCLES *makes a wild movement to rise and interfere; but* LAVINIA *holds him down, watching* FERROVIUS *intently.* FERROVIUS, *without flinching, turns the other cheek.* LENTULUS, *rather out of countenance, titters foolishly, and strikes him again feebly.*) You know, I should feel ashamed if I let myself be struck like that, and took it lying down. But then I'm not a Christian: I'm a man. (FERROVIUS *rises impressively and towers over him. He becomes white with terror; and a shade of green flickers in his cheek for a moment.*)

FERROVIUS (*with the calm of a steam hammer*): I have not always been faithful. The first man who struck me as you have just struck me was a stronger man than you; he hit me harder than I expected. I was tempted and fell; and it was then that I first tasted bitter shame. I never had a happy moment after that until I had knelt and asked his forgiveness by his bedside in the hospital. (*Putting his hands on* LENTULUS'S *shoulders with paternal weight.*) But now I have learned to resist with a strength that is not my own. I am not ashamed now or angry.

LENTULUS (*uneasily*): Er — good evening. (*He tries to move away.*)

FERROVIUS (*gripping his shoulders*): Oh, do not harden your heart, young man. Come: try for yourself whether our way is not better than yours. I will now strike you on one cheek and you will turn the other and learn how much better you feel than if you gave way to the promptings of anger. (*He holds him with one hand and clenches the other fist.*)

LENTULUS: Centurion, I call on you to protect me.

CENTURION: You asked for it, sir. It's no business of ours. You've had two whacks at him. Better pay him a trifle and square it that way.

LENTULUS: Yes, of course. (*To* FERROVIUS.) It was only a bit of fun, I assure you; I meant no harm. Here. (*He proffers a gold coin.*)

FERROVIUS (*taking it and throwing it to the old beggar, who snatches it up eagerly, and hobbles off to spend it*): Give all thou hast to the poor. Come, friend, courage! I may hurt your body for a moment, but your soul will rejoice in the victory of the spirit over the flesh. (*He prepares to strike.*)

ANDROCLES: Easy, Ferrovius, easy: you broke the last man's jaw.

(LENTULUS, *with a moan of terror, attempts to fly; but* FERROVIUS *holds him ruthlessly.*)

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FERROVIUS: Yes; but I saved his soul. What matters a broken jaw?

LENTULUS: Don't touch me, do you hear? The law——

FERROVIUS: The law will throw me to the lions to-morrow; what worse could it do were I to slay you? Pray for strength, and it shall be given to you.

LENTULUS: Let me go. Your religion forbids you to strike me.

FERROVIUS: On the contrary, it commands me to strike you. How can you turn the other cheek, if you are not first struck on the one cheek?

LENTULUS (*almost in tears*): But I'm convinced already that what you said is quite right. I apologize for striking you.

FERROVIUS (*greatly pleased*): My son, have I softened your heart? Has the good seed fallen in a fruitful place? Are your feet turning toward a better path?

LENTULUS (*abjectly*): Yes, yes. There's a great deal in what you say.

FERROVIUS (*radiant*): Join us. Come to the lions. Come to suffering and death.

LENTULUS (*falling on his knees and bursting into tears*): Oh, help me. Mother! Mother!

FERROVIUS: These tears will water your soul and make it bring forth good fruit, my son. God has already blessed my efforts at conversion. Shall I tell you a miracle—yes, a miracle—wrought by me in Cappadocia? A young man—just such a one as you, with golden hair like yours—scoffed at and struck me as you scoffed at and struck me. I sat up all night with that youth, wrestling for his soul; and in the morning not only was he a Christian, but his hair was as white as snow. (LENTULUS *falls in a dead faint.*) There, there; take him away. The spirit has overwrought him, poor lad. Carry him gently to his house, and leave the rest to heaven.

CENTURION: Take him home. (*A couple of servants carry him out.* METELLUS *is about to follow when* FERROVIUS *lays his hand on his shoulder.*)

FERROVIUS: You are his friend, young man. You will see that he is taken safely home.

METELLUS (*with awestruck civility*): Certainly, sir. I shall do whatever you think best. Most happy to have made your acquaintance, I'm sure. You may depend on me. Good evening, sir.

FERROVIUS (*with unction*): The blessing of Heaven upon you and him.

(METELLUS *follows* LENTULUS. *The* CENTURION *returns to his seat to resume his interrupted nap. The deepest awe has settled on all the spectators.* FERROVIUS, *with a long sigh of happiness, goes to* LAVINIA, *and offers her his hand.*)

LAVINIA (*taking it*): So that is how you convert people, Ferrovius.

FERROVIUS: Yes; there has been a blessing on my work in spite of my unworthiness and my backslidings—all through my wicked, devilish temper. This man——

ANDROCLES (*hastily*): Don't slap me on the back, brother. She knows you mean me.

FERROVIUS: How I wish I were weak like our brother here! For then I should perhaps be meek and gentle like him. And yet there seems to be a special providence that makes my trials less than his. I hear tales of the crowd scoffing and casting stones and reviling the brethren; but when I come, all this stops; my influence calms the passions of the mob; they listen to me in silence; and infidels are often converted when we have a straight, heart-to-heart talk. Every day I feel happier, more confident. Every day lightens the load of the great terror.

LAVINIA: The great terror? What is that?

(FERROVIUS *shakes his head and does not answer. He sits down beside her on her left, and buries his face in his hands in gloomy meditation.*)

ANDROCLES: Well, you see, sister, he's never quite sure of himself. Suppose at the last moment in the arena, with the gladiators there to fight him, he might forget himself and lay that gladiator out.

LAVINIA: That would be splendid.

FERROVIUS (*springing up in horror*): What!

ANDROCLES: Oh, sister!

FERROVIUS: Splendid to betray my Master, like Peter! Splendid to act like any common blackguard in the day of my proving! Woman, you are no Christian. (*He moves away from her to the middle of the square, as if her neighborhood contaminated him.*)

LAVINIA (*laughing*): You know, Ferrovius, I am not always a Christian. There are moments when I forget all about it, and something comes out quite naturally, as it did then.

SPINTHO: What does it matter? If you die in the arena, you will be a martyr; and all martyrs go to heaven, no matter what they have done. That's so, isn't it, Ferrovius?

FERROVIUS: Yes, that is so, if we are faithful to the end.

LAVINIA: I'm not so sure.

SPINTHO: Don't say that. That's blasphemy. Don't say that, I tell you. We shall be saved, no matter w h a t we do.

LAVINIA: Perhaps you men will all go into heaven bravely and in triumph, with your heads erect and golden trumpets sounding for you. But I am sure I shall only be allowed to squeeze myself in through a little crack in the gate after a great deal of begging. I am not good always: I have moments only.

SPINTHO: You're talking nonsense, woman. I tell you, martyrdom pays all scores.

ANDROCLES: Well, let us hope so, brother, for your sake. You've had a gay time, haven't you, with your raids on the temples? I can't help thinking that heaven will be very dull for

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a man of your temperament. (SPINTHO *snarls.*) Don't be angry; I say it only to console you in case you should die in your bed to-night in the natural way. There's a lot of plague about.

SPINTHO (*rising and running about in abject terror*): I never thought of that. O Lord, spare me to be martyred. Oh, what a thought to put into the mind of a brother! Oh, let me be martyred to-day, now. I shall die in the night and go to hell. You're a sorcerer: you've put death into my mind. Oh, curse you, curse you! (*He tries to seize* ANDROCLES *by the throat.*)

FERROVIUS (*holding him in a grasp of iron*): What's this, brother? Anger! Violence! Raising your hand to a brother Christian!

SPINTHO: It's easy for you. You're strong. Your nerves are all right. But I'm full of disease. (FERROVIUS *takes his hand from him with instinctive disgust.*) I've drunk all my nerves away. I have the horrors all night.

ANDROCLES (*sympathetic*): Oh, don't take on so, brother. We're all sinners.

SPINTHO (*sniveling, trying to feel consoled*): Yes; I dare say if the truth were known, you're all as bad as me.

LAVINIA (*contemptuously*): Does *that* comfort you?

FERROVIUS (*sternly*): Pray, man, pray.

SPINTHO: What's the good of praying? If we're martyred we shall go to heaven, sha'n't we, whether we pray or not?

FERROVIUS: What's that? Not pray! (*Seizing him again.*) Pray this instant, you dog, you rotten hound, you slimy snake, you beastly goat, or——

SPINTHO: Yes, beat me, kick me. I forgive you; mind that.

FERROVIUS (*spurning him with loathing*): Yah! (SPINTHO *reels away and falls in front of* FERROVIUS.)

ANDROCLES (*reaching out and catching the skirt of* FERROVIUS'S *tunic*): Dear brother, if you wouldn't mind—just for my sake——

FERROVIUS: Well?

ANDROCLES: Don't call him by the names of the animals. We've no right to. I've had such friends in dogs. A pet snake is the best of company. I was nursed on goat's milk. Is it fair to them to call the like of him a dog or a snake or a goat?

FERROVIUS: I only meant that they have no souls.

ANDROCLES (*anxiously protesting*): Oh, believe me, they have. Just the same as you and me. I really don't think I could consent to go to heaven if I thought there were to be no animals there. Think of what they suffer here.

FERROVIUS: That's true. Yes, that is just. They will have their share in heaven.

SPINTHO (*who has picked himself up and is sneaking past* FERROVIUS *on his left, sneers derisively*)!

FERROVIUS (*turning on him fiercely*): What's that you say?

SPINTHO (*cowering*): Nothing.

FERROVIUS (*clenching his fist*): Do animals go to heaven or not?

SPINTHO: I never said they didn't.

FERROVIUS (*implacable*): Do they or do they not?

SPINTHO: They do; they do. (*Scrambling out of* FERROVIUS'S *reach.*) Oh, curse you for frightening me!

(*A bugle call is heard.*)

CENTURION (*waking up*): 'Tention! Form as before. Now then, prisoners, up with you and trot along spry. (*The soldiers fall in. The Christians rise.*)

(*A man with an ox-goad comes running through the central arch.*)

THE OX-DRIVER: Here, you soldiers! Clear out of the way for the Emperor.

THE CENTURION: Emperor! Where's the Emperor? You ain't the Emperor, are you?

THE OX-DRIVER: It's the menagerie service. My team of oxen is drawing the new lion to the Coliseum. You clear the road.

CENTURION: What! Go in after you in your dust, with half the town at the heels of you and your lion! Not likely. We go first.

THE OX-DRIVER: The menagerie service is the Emperor's personal retinue. You clear out, I tell you.

CENTURION: You tell me, do you? Well, I'll tell you something. If the lion is menagerie service, the lion's dinner is menagerie service, too. This (*pointing to the Christians*) is the lion's dinner. So back with you to your bullocks double quick; and learn your place. March. (*The soldiers start.*) Now then, you Christians, step out there.

LAVINIA (*marching*): Come along, the rest of the dinner. I shall be the olives and anchovies.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN (*laughing*): I shall be the soup.

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ANOTHER: I shall be the fish.

ANOTHER: Ferrovius shall be the roast boar.

FERROVIUS (*heavily*): I see the joke. Yes, yes; I shall be the roast boar. Ha! Ha! (*He laughs conscientiously and marches out with them.*)

ANDROCLES: I shall be the mince pie. (*Each announcement is received with a louder laugh by all the rest as the joke catches on.*)

CENTURION (*scandalized*): Silence! Have some sense of your situation. Is this the way for martyrs to behave? (*To* SPINTHO, *who is quaking and loitering.*) I know what you'll be at that dinner. You'll be the emetic. (*He shoves him rudely along.*)

SPINTHO: It's too dreadful: I'm not fit to die.

CENTURION: Fitter than you are to live, you swine.

(*They pass from the square westward. The oxen, drawing a wagon with a great wooden cage and the lion in it, arrive through the central arch.*)

ACT III

Behind the Emperor's box at the Coliseum, where the performers assemble before entering the arena. In the middle a wide passage leading to the arena descends from the floor level under the imperial box. On both sides of this passage steps ascend to a landing at the back entrance to the box. The landing forms a bridge across the passage. At the entrance to the passage are two bronze mirrors, one on each side.

On the west side of this passage, on the right hand of any one coming from the box and standing on the bridge, the martyrs are sitting on the steps. LAVINIA *is seated half-way up, thoughtful, trying to look death in the face. On her left* ANDROCLES *consoles himself by nursing a cat.* FERROVIUS *stands behind them, his eyes blazing, his figure stiff with intense resolution. At the foot of the steps crouches* SPINTHO, *with his head clutched in his hands, evidently full of horror at the approach of martyrdom.*

On the east side of the passage the gladiators are standing and sitting at ease, waiting, like the Christians, for their turn in the arena. One (RETIARIUS) *is a nearly naked man, with a net and a trident. Another* (SECUTOR) *is in armor, with a sword. He carries a helmet with a barred visor. The* EDITOR *of the gladiators sits on a chair a little apart from them.*

The CALL-BOY *enters from the passage.*

THE CALL-BOY: Number six. Retiarius versus Secutor.

(*The gladiator with the net picks it up. The gladiator with the helmet puts it on; and the two go into the arena, the net-thrower taking out a little brush and arranging his hair as he goes, the other tightening his straps and shaking his shoulders loose. Both look at themselves in the mirrors before they enter the passage.*)

LAVINIA: Will they really kill one another?

SPINTHO: Yes, if the people turn down their thumbs.

THE EDITOR: You know nothing about it. The people indeed! Do you suppose we would kill a man worth perhaps fifty talents to please the riffraff? I should like to catch any of my men at it.

SPINTHO: I thought——

THE EDITOR (*contemptuously*): You thought! Who cares what you think? You'll be killed all right enough.

SPINTHO (*groans and again hides his face*) !!!

LAVINIA: Then is nobody ever killed except us poor Christians?

THE EDITOR: If the Vestal Virgins turn down their thumbs, that's another matter. They're ladies of rank.

LAVINIA: Does the Emperor ever interfere?

THE EDITOR: Oh, yes: he turns his thumb up fast enough if the Vestal Virgins want to have one of his pet fighting men killed.

ANDROCLES: But don't they ever just only pretend to kill one another? Why shouldn't you pretend to die, and get dragged out as if you were dead; then get up and go home, like an actor?

THE EDITOR: See here: you want to know too much. There will be no pretending about the new lion: let that be enough for you. He's hungry.

SPINTHO (*groaning with horror*): Oh, Lord! Can't you stop talking about it? Isn't it bad enough for us without that?

ANDROCLES: I'm glad he's hungry. Not that I want him to suffer, poor chap! But then he'll enjoy eating me so much more. There's a cheerful side to everything.

THE EDITOR (*rising and striding over to* ANDROCLES): Here, don't you be obstinate. Come with me and drop the pinch of incense on the altar. That's all you need do to be let off.

ANDROCLES: No; thank you very much indeed, but I really mustn't.

THE EDITOR: What! Not to save your life?

ANDROCLES: I'd rather not. I couldn't sacrifice to Diana: she's a huntress, you know, and kills things.

THE EDITOR: That don't matter. You can choose your own altar. Sacrifice to Jupiter: he likes animals; he turns himself into an animal when he goes off duty.

ANDROCLES: No; it's very kind of you, but I feel I can't save myself that way.

THE EDITOR: But I don't ask you to do it to save yourself: I ask you to do it to oblige me personally.

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ANDROCLES (*scrambling up in the greatest agitation*): Oh, please don't say that. This is dreadful. You mean so kindly by me that it seems quite horrible to disoblige you. If you could arrange for me to sacrifice when there's nobody looking, I shouldn't mind. But I must go into the arena with the rest. My honor, you know.

THE EDITOR: Honor! The honor of a tailor?

ANDROCLES (*apologetically*): Well, perhaps honor is too strong an expression. Still, you know, I couldn't allow the tailors to get a bad name through me.

THE EDITOR: How much will you remember of all that when you smell the beast's breath and see his jaws opening to tear out your throat?

SPINTHO (*rising with a yell of terror*): I can't bear it. Where's the altar? I'll sacrifice.

FERROVIUS: Dog of an apostate! Iscariot!

SPINTHO: I'll repent afterward. I fully mean to die in the arena: I'll die a martyr and go to heaven; but not this time, not now, not until my nerves are better. Besides, I'm too young; I want to have just one more good time. (*The gladiators laugh at him.*) Oh, will no one tell me where the altar is? (*He dashes into the passage and vanishes.*)

ANDROCLES (*to the* EDITOR, *pointing after* SPINTHO): Brother, I can't do that, not even to oblige you. Don't ask me.

THE EDITOR: Well, if you're determined to die, I can't help you. But I wouldn't be put off by a swine like that.

FERROVIUS: Peace, peace; tempt him not. Get thee behind him, Satan.

THE EDITOR (*flushing with rage*): For two pins I'd take a turn in the arena myself to-day, and pay you out for daring to talk to me like that.

(FERROVIUS *springs forward.*)

LAVINIA (*rising quickly and interposing*): Brother, brother, you forget!

FERROVIUS (*curbing himself by a mighty effort*): Oh, my temper, my wicked temper! (*To the* EDITOR, *as* LAVINIA *sits down again, reassured.*) Forgive me, brother. My heart was full of wrath; I should have been thinking of your dear precious soul.

THE EDITOR: Yah! (*He turns his back on* FERROVIUS *contemptuously, and goes back to his seat.*)

FERROVIUS (*continuing*): And I forgot it all. I thought of nothing but offering to fight you with one hand tied behind me.

THE EDITOR (*turning pugnaciously*): What!

FERROVIUS (*on the border-line between zeal and ferocity*): Oh, don't give way to pride and wrath, brother. I could do it so easily. I could——

(*They are separated by the* MENAGERIE KEEPER, *who rushes in from the passage, furious.*)

THE KEEPER: Here's a nice business! Who let that Christian out of here down to the dens when we were changing the lion into the cage next to the arena?

THE EDITOR: Nobody let him. He let himself.

THE KEEPER: Well, the lion's ate him.

(*Consternation. The Christians rise, greatly agitated. The gladiators sit callously, but are highly amused. All speak or cry out or laugh at once. Tumult.*)

LAVINIA: Oh, poor wretch! FERROVIUS: The apostate has perished. Praise be to God's justice. ANDROCLES: The poor beast was starving. It couldn't help itself. THE CHRISTIANS: What! Ate him! How frightful! How terrible! Without a moment to repent! God be merciful to him, a sinner! Oh, I can't bear to think of it! In the midst of his sin! Horrible, horrible! THE EDITOR: Serve the rotter right! THE GLADIATORS: Just walked into it, he did. He's martyred all right enough. Good old lion! Old Jock doesn't like that: look at his face. Devil a better! The Emperor will laugh when he hears of it. I can't help smiling. Ha! Ha! Ha!!!!!

THE KEEPER: Now his appetite's taken off, he won't as much as look at another Christian for a week.

ANDROCLES: Couldn't you have saved him, brother?

THE KEEPER: Saved him! Saved him from a lion that I'd just got mad with hunger! A wild one that came out of the forest not four weeks ago! He bolted him before you could say Balbus.

LAVINIA (*sitting down again*): Poor Spintho! And it won't even count as martyrdom!

THE KEEPER: Serve him right! What call had he to walk down the throat of one of my lions before he was asked?

ANDROCLES: Perhaps the lion won't eat me now.

THE KEEPER: Yes, that's just like a Christian: think only of yourself! What am I to do?

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What am I to say to the Emperor when he sees one of my lions coming into the arena half asleep?

THE EDITOR: Say nothing. Give your old lion some bitters and a morsel of fried fish to wake up his appetite.

THE KEEPER: Yes, it's easy for you to talk; but——

THE EDITOR (*scrambling to his feet*): Sh! Attention there! The Emperor. (*The* KEEPER *bolts precipitately into the passage. The gladiators rise smartly and form into line.*)

(THE EMPEROR *enters on the Christians' side, conversing with* METELLUS, *and followed by his suite.*)

THE GLADIATORS: Hail, Caesar! Those about to die salute thee!

CAESAR. Good morrow, friends.

(METELLUS *shakes hands with the* EDITOR, *who accepts his condescension with bluff respect.*

LAVINIA: Blessing, Caesar, and forgiveness!

CAESAR (*turning in some surprise at the salutation*): There is no forgiveness for Christianity.

LAVINIA: I did not mean that, Caesar. I mean that *we* forgive you.

METELLUS: An inconceivable liberty! Do you not know, woman, that the Emperor can do no wrong and therefore can not be forgiven?

LAVINIA: I expect the Emperor knows better. Anyhow, we forgive him.

THE CHRISTIANS: Amen!

CAESAR: Metellus, you see now the disadvantage of too much severity. These people have no hope; therefore they have nothing to restrain them from saying what they like to me. They are almost as impertinent as the gladiators. Which is the Greek sorcerer?

ANDROCLES (*humbly touching his forelock*): Me, your Worship.

CAESAR: My Worship! Good! A new title. Well, what miracles can you perform?

ANDROCLES: I can cure warts by rubbing them with my tailor's chalk; and I can live with my wife without beating her.

CAESAR: Is that all?

ANDROCLES: You don't know her, Caesar, or you wouldn't say that.

CAESAR: Ah, well, my friend, we shall no doubt contrive a happy release for you. Which is Ferrovius?

FERROVIUS: I am he.

CAESAR: They tell me you can fight.

FERROVIUS: It is easy to fight. I can die, Caesar.

CAESAR: That is still easier, is it not?

FERROVIUS: Not to me, Caesar. Death comes hard to my flesh; and fighting comes very easily to my spirit. (*Beating his breast and lamenting*). Oh, sinner that I am! (*He throws himself down on the steps, deeply discouraged.*)

CAESAR: Metellus, I should like to have this man in the Pretorian Guard.

METELLUS: I should not, Caesar. He looks a spoilsport. There are men in whose presence it is impossible to have any fun; men who are a sort of walking conscience. He would make us all uncomfortable.

CAESAR: For that reason, perhaps, it might be well to have him. An Emperor can hardly have too many consciences. (*To* FERROVIUS.) Listen, Ferrovius. (FERROVIUS *shakes his head and will not look up.*) You and your friends shall not be outnumbered to-day in the arena. You shall have arms; and there will be no more than one gladiator to each Christian. If you come out of the arena alive, I will consider favorably any request of yours, and give you a place in the Pretorian Guard. Even if the request be that no questions be asked about your faith I shall perhaps not refuse it.

FERROVIUS: I will not fight. I will die. Better stand with the archangels than with the Pretorian Guard.

CAESAR: I can not believe that the archangels—whoever they may be—would not prefer to be recruited from the Pretorian Guard. However, as you please. Come: let us see the show.

(*As the court ascends the steps,* SECUTOR *and* RETIARIUS *return from the arena through the passage:* SECUTOR *covered with dust and very angry;* RETIARIUS *grinning.*)

SECUTOR: Ha, the Emperor. Now we shall see. Caesar, I ask you whether it is fair for the Retiarius, instead of making a fair throw of his net at me, to swish it along the ground and throw the dust into my eyes, and then catch me when I'm blinded. If the Vestals had not turned up their thumbs I should have been a dead man.

CAESAR (*halting on the stair*): There is nothing in the rules against it.

SECUTOR (*indignantly*): Caesar, is it a dirty trick or is it not?

CAESAR: It is a dusty one, my friend. Be on your guard next time.

SECUTOR: Let h i m be on his guard. Next time I'll throw my sword at his heels and strangle him with his own net before he can hop off. (*To the* RETIARIUS.) You see if I don't. (*He goes out past the gladiators, sulky and furious.*)

CAESAR (*to the chuckling* RETIARIUS): These tricks are not wise, my friend. The audience likes to see a dead man in all his beauty and splendor. If you smudge his face and spoil his armor they will show their displeasure by not letting you kill him. And when your turn comes, they will remember it against you and turn their thumbs down.

THE RETIARIUS: Perhaps that is why I did it, Caesar. He bet me ten sesterces that he would vanquish me. If I had had to kill him, I should not have had the money.

CAESAR (*indulgent, laughing*): You rogues, there is no end to your tricks. I'll dismiss you all and have elephants to fight. T h e y fight

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WHAT HAPPENED WHEN ANDROCLES BADE CAESAR GO TO HIS BOX AND "SEE HOW A TAILOR CAN DIE."

fairly. (*He goes up to his box, and knocks at it. It is opened from within by the* CAPTAIN, *who stands as on parade to let him pass.*

(*The* CALL-BOY *comes from the passage, followed by three attendants carrying respectively a bundle of swords, some helmets, and some breastplates and pieces of armor which they throw down in a heap.*)

THE CALL-BOY: By your leave, Caesar. Number eleven! Gladiators and Christians.

(FERROVIUS *springs up, ready for martyrdom. The other Christians take the summons as best they can, some joyful and brave, some patient and dignified, some tearful and helpless, some embracing one another with emotion. The* CALL-BOY *goes back into the passage.*)

CAESAR (*turning at the door of the box*): The hour has come, Ferrovius. I shall go into my box and see you killed, since you scorn the Pretorian Guard. (*He goes into the box. The* CAPTAIN *shuts the door, remaining inside with the* EMPEROR. METELLUS *and the rest of the suite disperse to their seats. The Christians, led by* FERROVIUS, *move toward the passage.*)

LAVINIA (*to* FERROVIUS): Farewell.

THE EDITOR: Steady there. You Christians have got to fight. Here, arm yourselves.

FERROVIUS (*picking up a sword*): I'll die sword in hand to show people that I could fight if it were my Master's will, and that I could kill the man who kills me, if I chose.

THE EDITOR: Put on that armor.

FERROVIUS: No armor.

THE EDITOR (*bullying him*): Do what you're told. Put on that armor.

FERROVIUS (*gripping the sword and looking dangerous*): I said, No armor.

THE EDITOR: What am I to say when I am accused of sending a naked man in to fight my men in armor?

FERROVIUS: Say your prayers, brother; and have no fear of the princes of this world.

THE EDITOR: Tsha! You obstinate fool! (*He bites his lips irresolutely, not knowing exactly what to do.*)

ANDROCLES (*to* FERROVIUS): Farewell, brother, till we meet in the sweet by-and-by.

THE EDITOR (*to* ANDROCLES): You are going too. Take a sword there; and put on any armor you can find to fit you.

ANDROCLES: No, really, I can't fight; I never could; I can't bring myself to dislike any one enough. I'm to be thrown to the lions with the lady.

THE EDITOR: Then get out of the way and hold your noise. (ANDROCLES *steps aside with cheerful docility.*) Now then! Are you all ready there?

(*A trumpet is heard from the arena.*)

FERROVIUS (*starting convulsively*): Heaven give me strength!

THE EDITOR: Aha! That frightens you, does it?

FERROVIUS: Man, there is no terror like the terror of that sound to me. When I hear a trumpet or a drum or the clash of steel or the hum of the catapult as the great stone flies, fire runs through my veins; I feel my blood surge up hot behind my eyes; I must charge; I must strike, I must conquer! Caesar himself will not be safe in his imperial seat if once that spirit gets loose in me. Oh, brothers, pray! Exhort me! Remind me that if I raise my sword my honor falls, and my Master is crucified afresh.

ANDROCLES: Just keep thinking how cruelly you might hurt the poor gladiators.

FERROVIUS: It does not hurt a man to kill him.

LAVINIA: Nothing but faith can save you.

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FERROVIUS: Faith! Which faith? There are two faiths. There is our faith. And there is the warrior's faith, the faith in fighting, the faith that sees God in the sword. How if that faith should overwhelm me?

LAVINIA: You will find your real faith in the hour of trial.

FERROVIUS: That is what I fear. I know that I am a fighter. How can I feel sure that I am a Christian?

ANDROCLES: Throw away the sword, brother.

FERROVIUS: I can not. It cleaves to my hand. I could as easily throw a woman I loved from my arms. (*Starting.*) Who spoke that blasphemy? Not I.

LAVINIA: I can't help you, friend. I can't tell you not to save your life. Something wilful in me wants to see you fight your way to heaven.

FERROVIUS: Ha!

ANDROCLES: But if you are going to give up our faith, brother, why not do it without hurting anybody? Don't fight them. Burn the incense.

FERROVIUS: Burn the incense! Never.

LAVINIA: That is only pride, Ferrovius.

FERROVIUS: O n l y pride! What is nobler than pride? (*Conscience-stricken.*) Oh, I'm steeped in sin. I'm proud of my pride.

LAVINIA: They say we Christians are the proudest devils on earth—that only the weak are meek. Oh, I am worse than you. I ought to send you to death; and I am tempting you.

ANDROCLES: You must go as a lamb to the slaughter, brother. Let t h e m rage and kill; let u s be brave and suffer.

FERROVIUS: Aye, aye; that is right. Not as a lamb is slain by the butcher; but as a butcher might let himself be slain by a— (*looking at the* EDITOR) by a silly ram whose head he could fetch off in one twist.

(*Before the* EDITOR *can retort, the* CALL-BOY *rushes up through the passage; and the* CAPTAIN *comes from the* EMPEROR'S *box and descends the steps.*)

THE CALL-BOY: In with you; into the arena. The stage is waiting.

THE CAPTAIN: The Emperor is waiting. (*To the* EDITOR.) What are you dreaming of, man? Send your men in at once.

"ON THE FAITH OF A CHRISTIAN AND THE HONOR OF A TAILOR, I ACCEPT THE LOT THAT HAS FALLEN ON ME."

Photo by Paul Thompson, from the London production of "Androcles and the Lion."

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"NOW I WONDER WHY THEY ALL RUN AWAY FROM US LIKE THAT."

THE EDITOR: Yes, sir: it's these Christians hanging back.

FERROVIUS (*in a voice of thunder*): Liar!

THE EDITOR (*not heeding him*): March. (*The gladiators told off to fight the Christians march down the passage.*) Follow up there, you.

THE CHRISTIANS, MEN AND WOMEN (*as they part*): Be steadfast, brother. Farewell. Hold up the faith, brother. Farewell. Go to glory, dearest. Farewell. Remember, we are praying for you. Farewell. Be strong, brother. Farewell. Don't forget that the divine love and our love surround you. Farewell. Eternal glory, dearest. Farewell.

THE EDITOR (*out of patience*): Shove them in, there.

(*The remaining gladiators and the* CALL-BOY *make a movement toward them.*)

FERROVIUS (*interposing*): Touch them, dogs, and we die here, and cheat the heathen of their spectacle. (*To his fellow-Christians.*) Brothers, the great moment has come! That passage is your hill to Calvary. Mount it bravely but meekly; and remember! not a word of reproach, not a blow nor a struggle. Go. (*They go out through the passage. He turns to* LAVINIA.) Farewell.

LAVINIA: You forget: I must follow before you are cold.

FERROVIUS: It is true. Do not envy me because I pass before you to glory. (*He goes through the passage.*)

THE EDITOR (*to the* CALL-BOY): Sickening work, this. Why can't they all be thrown to the lions? It's not a man's job. (*He throws himself moodily into his chair.*)

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"HOW MANY DEAD?"

(*The remaining gladiators go back to their former places indifferently. The* CALL-BOY *shrugs his shoulders and squats down at the entrance to the passage, near the* EDITOR.

(LAVINIA *and the Christian women sit down again, wrung with grief, some weeping silently, some praying, some calm and steadfast.* ANDROCLES *sits down at* LAVINIA'S *feet. The* CAPTAIN *stands on the stairs, watching her curiously.*)

ANDROCLES: I'm glad I haven't to fight. That would really be an awful martyrdom. I a m lucky.

LAVINIA (*looking at him with a pang of remorse*): Androcles, burn the incense; you'll be forgiven. Let my death atone for both. I feel as if I were killing you.

ANDROCLES: Don't think of me, sister. Think of yourself. That will keep your heart up.

(*The* CAPTAIN *laughs sardonically.*)

LAVINIA (*startled; she had forgotten his presence*): Are you there, handsome Captain? Have you come to see me die?

THE CAPTAIN (*coming to her side*): I am on duty with the Emperor, Lavinia.

LAVINIA: Is it part of your duty to laugh at us?

THE CAPTAIN: No: that is part of my private pleasure. Your friend here is a humorist. I laughed at his telling you to think of yourself to keep up your heart. *I* say, think of yourself and burn the incense.

LAVINIA: He is not a humorist: he was right. You ought to know that, Captain. You have been face to face with death.

THE CAPTAIN: Not with certain death, Lavinia. Only death in battle, which spares more men than death in bed. What you are facing is certain death. You have nothing left now but your faith in this craze of yours, this Christianity. Are your Christian fairy stories any truer than our stories about Jupiter and Diana, in which, I may tell you, I believe no more than the Emperor does, or any educated man in Rome?

LAVINIA: Captain, all that seems nothing to me now. I'll not say that death is a terrible thing; but I will say that it is so real a thing that when it comes close, all the imaginary things—all the stories, as you call them—fade into mere dreams beside that inexorable reality. I know now that I am not dying for stories or dreams. Did you hear of the dreadful thing that happened here while we were waiting?

THE CAPTAIN: I heard that one of your fellows bolted, and ran right into the jaws of the lion. I laughed. I still laugh.

LAVINIA: Then you don't understand what that meant?

THE CAPTAIN: It meant that the lion had a cur for his breakfast.

LAVINIA: It meant more than that, Captain. It meant that a man can not die for a story and a dream. None of us believed the stories and dreams more devoutly than poor Spintho; but he could not face the great reality. What he would have called my faith has been oozing away minute by minute whilst I've been sitting here, with death coming nearer and nearer, with reality become realler and realler, with stories and dreams fading away into nothing.

THE CAPTAIN: Are you then going to die for nothing?

LAVINIA: Yes: that is the wonderful thing. It is since all the stories and dreams have gone that I have now no doubt at all that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories.

THE CAPTAIN: But for what?

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LAVINIA: I don't know. If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for. I think I'm going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for.

THE CAPTAIN: What is God?

LAVINIA: When we know that, Captain, we shall be gods ourselves.

THE CAPTAIN: Lavinia, come down to earth. Burn the incense and marry me.

LAVINIA: Handsome Captain, would you marry me if I hauled down the flag in the day of battle and burnt the incense? Sons take after their mothers, you know. Do you want your son to be a coward?

THE CAPTAIN (*strongly moved*): By great Diana, I think I would strangle you if you gave in now.

LAVINIA (*putting her hand on the head of* ANDROCLES): The hand of God is on us three, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN: What nonsense it all is! And what a monstrous thing that you should die for such nonsense, and that I should look on helplessly when my whole soul cries out against it! Die, then, if you must; but at least I can cut the Emperor's throat and then my own when I see your blood.

(*The* EMPEROR *throws open the door of his box angrily, and appears in wrath on the threshold. The* EDITOR, *the* CALL BOY, *and the gladiators spring to their feet.*)

THE EMPEROR: The Christians will not fight; and your curs can not get their blood up to attack them. It's all that fellow with the blazing eyes. Send for the whip. (*The* CALL-BOY *rushes out on the east side for the whip.*) If that will not move them, bring the hot irons. The man is like a mountain. (*He returns angrily into the box and slams the door.*)

(*The* CALL-BOY *returns with a man in a hideous Etruscan mask, carrying a whip. They both rush down the passage into the arena.*)

LAVINIA (*rising*): Oh, that is unworthy. Can they not kill him without dishonoring him?

ANDROCLES (*scrambling to his feet and running into the middle of the space between the staircases*): It's dreadful. Now I want to fight. I can't bear the sight of a whip. The only time I ever hit a man was when he lashed an old horse with a whip. It was terrible; I danced on his face when he was on the ground. He mustn't strike Ferrovius! I'll go into the arena and kill him first! (*He makes a wild dash into the passage. As he does so a great clamor is heard from the arena, ending in wild applause. The gladiators listen and look inquiringly at one another.*)

THE EDITOR: What's up now?

LAVINIA (*to the* CAPTAIN): What has happened, do you think?

THE CAPTAIN: What c a n happen? They are killing them, I suppose.

ANDROCLES (*running in through the passage, screaming with horror and hiding his eyes*) !!!

LAVINIA: Androcles, Androcles! What's the matter?

ANDROCLES: Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me. Something too dreadful. Oh! (*He crouches by her and hides his face in her robe, sobbing.*)

THE CALL-BOY (*rushing through the passage as before*): Ropes and hooks there! Ropes and hooks!

THE EDITOR: Well, need you excite yourself about it? (*Another burst of applause.*)

(*Two slaves in Etruscan masks, with ropes and drag hooks, hurry in.*)

ONE OF THE SLAVES: How many dead?

THE CALL-BOY: Six. (*The slave blows a whistle twice; and four more masked slaves rush through the arena with the same apparatus.*) And the basket. Bring the baskets. (*The slave whistles three times, and runs through the passage with his companion.*)

THE CAPTAIN: Who are the baskets for?

The CALL-BOY: For the whip. He's in pieces. T h e y ' r e all in pieces, more or less. (LAVINIA *hides her face.*)

(*Two more masked slaves come in with a basket and follow the others into the arena, as the* CALL-BOY *turns to the gladiators and exclaims, exhausted*): Boys, he's killed the lot!

THE EMPEROR (*again bursting from his box, this time in an ecstasy of delight*): Where is he? Magnificent! He shall have a laurel crown.

(FERROVIUS, *madly waving his blood-stained sword, rushes through the passage in despair, followed by his co-religionists, and by the* MENAGERIE KEEPER, *who goes to the gladiators. The gladiators draw their swords nervously.*)

FERROVIUS: Lost, lost forever! I have betrayed my Master. Cut off this right hand: it has offended. Ye have swords, my brethren: strike!

LAVINIA: No, no. What have you done, Ferrovius?

FERROVIUS: I know not; but there was blood behind my eyes; and there's blood on my sword. What does that mean?

THE EMPEROR (*enthusiastically, on the landing outside his box*): What does it mean? It means that you are the greatest man in Rome. It means that you shall have a laurel crown of gold. Superb fighter, I could almost yield you my throne. It is a record for my reign! I shall live in history. Once, in Domitian's time, a Gaul slew three men in the arena and gained his freedom. But when before has one naked man slain six armed men of the bravest and best? The persecution shall cease. If Christians can fight like this, I shall have none but Christians to fight for me. (*To the gladiators.*) You are ordered to become Christians, you there; do you hear?

RETIARIUS: It is all one to us, Caesar. Had I been there with my net, the story would have been different.

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THE CAPTAIN (*suddenly seizing* LAVINIA *by the wrist and dragging her up the steps to the* EMPEROR): Caesar, this woman is the sister of Ferrovius. If she is thrown to the lions he will fret. He will lose weight; get out of condition——

THE EMPEROR: The lions? Nonsense! (*To* LAVINIA): Madam, I am proud to have the honor of making your acquaintance. Your brother is the glory of Rome.

LAVINIA: But my friends here. Must they die?

THE EMPEROR: Die! Certainly not. There has never been the slightest idea of harming them. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all free. Pray go into the front of the house and enjoy the spectacle to which your brother has so splendidly contributed. Captain, oblige me by conducting them to the seats reserved for my personal friends.

THE MENAGERIE KEEPER: Caesar, I must have one Christian for the lion. The people have been promised it; and they will tear the decorations to bits if they are disappointed.

THE EMPEROR: True, true: we must have somebody for the new lion.

FERROVIUS: Throw me to him. Let the apostate perish.

THE EMPEROR: No, no: you would tear him to pieces, my friend; and we can not afford to throw away lions as if they were mere slaves. But we must have somebody. This is really extremely awkward.

THE MENAGERIE KEEPER: Why not that little Greek chap? He's not a Christian; he's a sorcerer.

THE EMPEROR: The very thing: he will do very well.

THE CALL-BOY (*issuing from the passage*): Number twelve. The Christian for the new lion.

ANDROCLES (*rising, and pulling himself sadly together*): Well, it was to be, after all.

LAVINIA: I'll go in his place, Caesar. Ask the Captain whether they do not like best to see a woman torn to pieces. He told me so yesterday.

THE EMPEROR: There is something in that; there is certainly something in that—if only I could feel sure that your brother would not fret.

ANDROCLES: No: I should never have another happy hour. No: on the faith of a Christian and the honor of a tailor, I accept the lot that has fallen on me. If my wife turns up, give her my love and say that my wish was that she should be happy with her next, poor fellow! Caesar, go to your box and see how a tailor can die. Make way for number twelve there. (*He marches out along the passage.*)

(*The vast audience in the amphitheater now sees the* EMPEROR *re-enter his box and take his place, as* ANDROCLES, *desperately frightened, but still marching with piteous devotion, emerges from the other end of the passage and finds himself at the focus of thousands of eager eyes. The lion's cage, with a heavy portcullis grating, is on his left. The* EMPEROR *gives a signal. A gong sounds.* ANDROCLES *shivers at the sound; then falls on his knees and prays. The grating rises with a clash. The lion bounds into the arena. He rushes round, frisking in his freedom. He sees* ANDROCLES. *He stops; rises stiffly by straightening his legs; stretches out his nose and his tail in a horizontal line behind, like a pointer, and utters an appalling roar.* ANDROCLES *crouches and hides his face in his hands. The lion gathers himself for a spring, swishing his tail to and fro through the dust in an ecstasy of anticipation.* ANDROCLES *throws up his hands in supplication to heaven. The lion checks at the sight of* ANDROCLES'S *face. He then steals toward him; smells him; arches his back; purrs like a motor-car; finally rubs himself against* ANDROCLES, *knocking him over.* ANDROCLES, *supporting himself on his wrist, looks affrightedly at the lion. The lion limps on three paws, holding up the other as if it was wounded. A flash of recognition lights up the face of* ANDROCLES. *He flaps his hand as if it had a thorn in it, and pretends to pull the thorn out and to hurt himself. The lion nods repeatedly.* ANDROCLES *holds out his hands to the lion, who gives him both paws, which he shakes with enthusiasm. They embrace rapturously, finally waltz round the arena amid a sudden burst of deafening applause, and out through the passage, the* EMPEROR *watching them in breathless astonishment until they disappear, when he rushes from his box and descends the steps in frantic excitement.*)

THE EMPEROR: My friends, an incredible, an amazing thing has happened! I can no longer doubt the truth of Christianity. (*The Christians press to him joyfully.*) This Christian sorcerer— (*With a yell he breaks off as he sees* ANDROCLES *and the lion emerge from the passage, waltzing. He bolts wildly up the steps into his box, and slams the door. All, Christians and gladiators alike, fly for their lives, the gladiators bolting into the arena, the others in all directions. The place is emptied with magical suddenness.*)

ANDROCLES (*naively*): Now I wonder why they all run away from us like that. (*The lion, combining a series of yawns, purrs, and roars, achieves something very like a laugh.*)

THE EMPEROR (*standing on a chair inside his box and looking over the wall*): Sorcerer, I command you to put that lion to death instantly.

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Photo by Paul Thompson, from the London production of the play.

"LOST, LOST FOREVER! I HAVE BETRAYED MY MASTER."

It is guilty of high treason. Your conduct is most disgra— (*The lion charges at him up the stairs.*) Help! (*He disappears. The lion rears against the box; looks over the partition at him and roars. The* EMPEROR *darts out through the door and down to* ANDROCLES, *pursued by the lion.*)

ANDROCLES: Don't run away, sir: he can't help springing if you run. (*He seizes the* EMPEROR *and gets between him and the lion, who stops at once.*) Don't be afraid of him.

THE EMPEROR: I am not afraid of him. (*The lion crouches, growling. The* EMPEROR *clutches* ANDROCLES.) Keep between us.

ANDROCLES: Never be afraid of animals, your Worship: that's the great secret. He'll be as gentle as a lamb when he knows that you are his friend. Stand quite still; and smile; and let him smell you all over just to reassure him; for, you see, he's afraid of you; and he must examine you thoroughly before he gives you his confidence. (*To the lion.*) Come now, Tommy, and speak nicely to the Emperor; the great good Emperor who has power to have all our heads cut off if we don't behave very, *very* respectfully to him.

(*The lion utters a fearful roar. The* EMPEROR *bolts madly up the steps, across the landing, and down again on the other side, with the lion in hot pursuit.* ANDROCLES *rushes after the lion; overtakes him as he is descending, and throws himself on his back, trying to use his toes as a brake.*

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"OH, BAD, WICKED TOMMY, TO CHASE THE EMPEROR LIKE THAT! LET GO THE EMPEROR'S ROBE AT ONCE, SIR: WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS?"

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Before he can stop him the lion gets hold of the trailing end of The EMPEROR'S *robe.*)

ANDROCLES: Oh, bad, wicked Tommy, to chase the Emperor like that! Let go the Emperor's robe at once, sir: where's your manners? (*The lion growls and worries the robe.*) I'll tell you what it is, sir, he thinks you and I are not friends.

THE EMPEROR (*trying to undo the clasp of his brooch*): Friends! You infernal scoundrel—(*The lion growls.*) Don't let him go! Curse this brooch! I can't get it loose.

ANDROCLES: We mustn't let him lash himself into a rage. You must show him that you are my particular friend—if you will have the condescension. (*He seizes the* EMPEROR'S *hands and shakes them cordially.*) Look, Tommy: the nice Emperor is the dearest friend Andy Wandy has in the whole world. He loves him like a brother.

THE EMPEROR: You little brute; you filthy little dog of a Greek tailor! I'll have you burnt alive for daring to touch the divine person of the Emperor! (*The lion growls.*)

ANDROCLES: Oh, don't talk like that, sir. He understands every word you say; all animals do; they take it from the tone of your voice. (*The lion growls and lashes his tail.*) I think he's going to spring at your Worship. If you wouldn't mind saying something affectionate. (*The lion roars.*)

THE EMPEROR (*shaking* ANDROCLES'S *hands frantically*): My dearest Mr. Androcles, my sweetest friend, my long-lost brother, come to my arms! (*He embraces* ANDROCLES.) Oh, what an abominable smell of garlic!

(*The lion lets go the robe and rolls over on his back, clasping his forepaws over one another coquettishly above his nose.*)

ANDROCLES: There! You see, your Worship, a child might play with him now. See! (*He tickles the lion's belly. The lion wriggles ecstatically.*) Come and pet him.

THE EMPEROR: I must conquer these unkingly terrors. Mind you don't go away from him, though. (*He pats the lion's chest.*)

ANDROCLES: Oh, sir, how few men would have the courage to do that!

THE EMPEROR: Yes, it takes a bit of nerve. Let us have the Court in and frighten them. Is he safe, do you think?

ANDROCLES: Quite safe now, sir.

THE EMPEROR (*majestically*): What ho, there! All who are within hearing, return without fear. Caesar has tamed the lion. (*All the fugitives steal cautiously in. The* MENAGERIE KEEPER *comes from the passage with other keepers armed with iron bars and tridents.*) Take those things away. I have subdued the beast. (*He places his foot on it.*)

FERROVIUS (*timidly approaching the* EMPEROR *and looking down with awe at the lion*): It is strange that I, who fear no man, should fear a lion.

THE CAPTAIN: Every man fears something, Ferrovius.

THE EMPEROR: How about the Pretorian Guard now?

FERROVIUS: In my youth I worshiped Mars, the god of War. I turned from him to serve the Christian God; but to-day the Christian God forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian God is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I must serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then I accept service in the Guard, Caesar.

THE EMPEROR: Very wisely said. All really sensible men agree that the prudent course is to be neither bigoted in our attachment to the old nor rash and unpractical in keeping an open mind for the new, but to make the best of both dispensations.

THE CAPTAIN: What do you say, Lavinia? Will you, too, be prudent?

LAVINIA (*on the stairs*): No: I'll strive for the coming of the God who is not yet.

THE CAPTAIN: May I come and argue with you occasionally?

LAVINIA: Yes, handsome Captain: you may. (*He kisses her hand.*)

THE EMPEROR: And now, my friends, though I do not, as you see, fear this lion, yet the strain of his presence is considerable; for none of us can feel quite sure what he will do next.

THE MENAGERIE KEEPER: Caesar, give us this Greek sorcerer to be a slave in the menagerie. He has a way with the beasts.

ANDROCLES (*distressed*): Not if they are in cages. They should not be kept in cages. They must be all let out.

THE EMPEROR: I give this sorcerer to be a slave to the first man who lays hands on him. (*The menagerie keepers and the gladiators rush for* ANDROCLES. *The lion starts up and faces them. They surge back.*) You see how magnanimous we Romans are, Androcles. We suffer you to go in peace.

ANDROCLES: I thank your Worship. I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen. Come, Tommy. Whilst we stand together, no cage for you; no slavery for me. (*He goes out with the lion, everybody crowding away to give him as wide a berth as possible.*)

BEWARE! **We have secured two more plays by G. B. S. "THE GREAT CATHERINE" and "PYGMALION"**

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"SAY, KID, I'M SORRY WE HAVEN'T BEEN BETTER FRIENDS."

The ROSIE MORROW

By Parker Fillmore

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

ROSIE kept her promise faithfully. During the week that elapsed between Ellen's marriage and her departure she was careful not to mention George Riley's name. The time for the discussion of any subject unpleasant to Ellen was past. Ellen was going, never to return—at any rate, never as one of them in the sense that she had been one of them; and, for their own sakes as well as hers, it behooved them all to make those last days as frictionless as possible. The approaching separation did not bring Rosie any closer to Ellen nor Ellen any closer to her, but it made them both strangely considerate of each other and also a little shy.

Like Rosie, Terence and Jack regarded Ellen's going with deep interest but with very little feeling. Between them and her there had always been war, and there

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THE CHAPTER OF FAMILY CHRONICLES ENTITLED ELLEN WAS ENDED.

probably always would be if they continued to live under the same roof. They had their mother's word for it that Ellen was their own sister and that they ought to love her, but they did not for that reason love her nor did she love them. Yet they did not question that pretty fallacy which their mother offered them as an axiom, namely, that love is the inevitable bond between brothers and sisters; for boys and girls, like men and women, have a way of keeping separate the truths of experience and the forms of inherited belief. Ellen will soon be gone, their attitude said, so let's not fight any more. To show their sincerity, Terry polished Ellen's shoes and asked if there was anything more he could do, and Jack ran numberless errands without once demanding payment.

Mrs. O'Brien more than made up for the indifference of the rest of the family. Her grief at Ellen's departure was very loud and very genuine. Ellen had always seemed to her mother a paragon of beauty and talent; and now she had made a fine match and was going off to St. Louis, poor girl, where she'd be far away from her own people in case of illness or distress. Mrs. O'Brien was so nearly overcome at the actual moment of farewell that Jamie and Terry had to drag her off to a soda-fountain before the train was actually started.

Ellen, too, was affected at the last moment as Rosie had never seen her affected. She kissed Rosie, then looked at her a moment sadly. "Say, kid," she said, "I'm sorry we haven't been better friends. I'm afraid it was my fault."

Rosie gulped. "I was to blame, too, Ellen."

Ellen touched Rosie's cheek impulsively. "If ever I get a home of my own in St. Louis, will you come and make me a visit?"

Rosie's thought was: If ever you get a home of your own you'll never remember me. Her spoken answer, though, was all that it should be: "Ellen, I'd love to."

Rosie, you see, knew Ellen's character pretty well. What she did not know and could not as yet know was this: that Ellen's

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hardness was largely the hardness of youth; that the Ellen of to-morrow might not be quite the Ellen of to-day; that life probably held experiences for Ellen that would at last make her look back on home and family with a new understanding and a feeling of genuine tenderness.

Ellen's train pulled out and Rosie watched it go with a sigh of relief. The chapter of Family Chronicles entitled Ellen was ended. That is, it was ended so far as any new interest was concerned. Yet, like the hand of a dead man touching the living through the clauses of a last will, so Ellen, though gone, continued to touch Rosie on a spot already sensitive beyond endurance.

Rosie had not spoken of George Riley during Ellen's last week. She had tried to suppress even the thought of him. Now the time was come when she had again to think of him, and she was so tired and weary of the whole problem that she felt unequal to the task of working out its solution.

"Do you know, Danny," she remarked that afternoon to her old friend, "I'd give anything to go off somewheres where I don't know anybody and where nobody knows me. I'm just so tired of this old town that I don't know what to do."

Danny nodded sympathetically. "I'm thinking you're in need of a little change, Rosie. Maybe you could go out to the country for a day or two at Thanksgiving."

Rosie knew perfectly well what Danny meant, but for conversational reasons she asked: "Where in the country, Danny?"

"I was thinkin' of the Riley farm. I'm sure Mrs. Riley would be crazy to have you."

Rosie shook her head. "I can't go out there because Jarge is coming here." She paused a moment. "He's coming to see Ellen. You know, Danny, he thinks he's engaged to Ellen."

"What!" Danny's little eyes blinked rapidly. "Don't he know yet that she's married to the other fella?"

"How can he know when no one's told him? Ellen said she would, but of course she didn't."

Danny's expression grew serious. "Rosie dear, he ought to be told! He ought to have been told at once! You don't mean to say, Rosie, you'll let him come down on Thanksgiving without a word of warning?"

Rosie shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see that it's any of my business."

Danny looked at her sharply. "Why, Rosie girl, what's come over you?"

Rosie sighed. "I don't know, Danny; I'm just kind o' tired of things." She made a sudden change of subject. "Wisht I didn't have to go to school! I hate school this year! I don't see why I have to go anyway. I'm not going to be a teacher."

There was no mistaking Rosie's dejection, and Danny, instead of scoffing it away, accepted it quietly.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that about school, Rosie. I was thinkin' you'd be in high school next year."

"I would be if I passed. Ellen went to high school and now Terry's in the first year, and of course Dad wants me to go, too. But I don't see why I should. You know, Danny, I'm not very bright at school. I'm not a bit like Janet. I've got to work awful hard to just barely pass. I don't think I'd have passed last year if Janet hadn't helped me. But I can cook and do a lot of things that Janet can't do. I know perfectly well I could never be a teacher, so I don't see the use of keeping on at school."

"You surprise me, Rosie." Danny peered at her earnestly. "Do you think that's the only reason for going to school—so's to be a teacher?"

Rosie nodded. "I don't see any other."

"And what do you want to be, Rosie?"

"I don't want to be anything."

"Don't you want to do something?"

"No."

"But, Rosie dear, that's no way to talk. You know you can't sit through life with folded hands, doing nothing."

Rosie protested: "But, Danny, I don't expect to do nothing. I know I have to work, and I do work, too. You ask ma. I take care of Geraldine night and day, and you needn't think it isn't a big job taking care of a baby, because it is. But I love it. And I used to take care of Jarge Riley, too. Old Mis' Riley herself told me I took as good care of him as she did. I could just work forever for Geraldine and Jarge."

Danny looked at her a few moments in silence. "Rosie dear," he said gently, "pull your chair over close. I want to talk to you."

Rosie obeyed, and after a slight pause Danny continued: "You're troubled about Jarge now, aren't you, Rosie dear?"

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"ROSIE," DANNY ASKED SLOWLY, "ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH JARGE?"

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Rosie's eyes filled with tears. "I suppose I am, Danny."

"Rosie," Danny asked slowly, "are you in love with Jarge?"

The question startled Rosie. She stared blankly through her tears. "Why, Danny, how can you say a thing like that! I'm only a little girl and Jarge is a grown man."

"But you'd like to take care of him all the time, wouldn't you, Rosie?"

Rosie nodded. "You bet I would! If I could have just Jarge and Geraldine I wouldn't care how hard I'd have to work! I'd do anything for both of them. Don't you know, Danny, I just feel like they're *mine!*"

"I thought so, Rosie." Danny sighed and cleared his throat. "Now listen carefully, Rosie, what I've got to say. As you say yourself, you're only a little girl now, but in a few years you'll be a big girl, as big as Ellen is to-day. And then, perhaps, Rosie, you'll be marryin' some one."

"No, Danny, no!" Rosie cried. "I don't want to be marrying some one—honest I don't!"

Danny waved aside the interruption. "As I was saying, perhaps you'll be marryin' some one, and then after a while you'll be having babies of your own."

"Oh, Danny!" A look of wonder, almost of ecstasy, spread over Rosie's face. Instinctively her arms reached out for the precious burden of the future. "Do you really mean it, Danny?" she whispered. "My *own!*"

"Yes, Rosie, I mean it. And you'll be a wonderful mother, for you'll know how to feed your children properly and take proper care of them. But in one way, Rosie, I fear you'll be a pretty poor mother."

The light in Rosie's eyes went out. "Why do you say that, Danny?"

"You won't be able to help them in their schoolin' and they'll probably all turn out poor ignur'nt b'ys and girls, with no opportunity to rise in the world. And if they do get on in school, they'll soon be scornin' their poor mother and lookin' down on her because she hasn't had the education she might have had. And when their pa sees how they feel, I'm afeared he'll begin feelin' the same and thinkin' he'd made a mistake marryin' such an ignur'nt woman. Ah, Rosie dear, I'm fearin' they'll all be ashamed of you."

"Stop, Danny, stop!" Rosie begged, tears of self-pity streaming down her face.

"So I say to you, Rosie, if I was a little girl, I'd want to keep on going to school even if I didn't expect to be a teacher. And for that matter, darlint, ain't a mother the greatest teacher in the world? Aren't you yourself Geraldine's teacher every day of your life?"

Rosie's tear-dimmed eyes stretched wide in surprise. "Danny, I believe you're right! A mother is a teacher, isn't she?"

"Sure she is, Rosie. And the better her own education is, the better chance she has of being a good teacher. That stands to reason, don't it now?"

Rosie nodded slowly. "Do you know, Danny, I never thought of that before." She ruminated a moment. "Really and truly it just seems like every girl in the world ought to have a good education. I always did think that ignorant mothers were awful; and they are, too."

"You're right, Rosie, they are. They're a hindrance to their children instead of a help."

Rosie took a deep breath. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a baby really and truly your own?" She gazed off into space. Then her expression changed. "But, Danny, I'll never marry."

"Is that so?" Danny started to laugh, then checked himself.

"You see, Danny, it's this way: maybe you're right. Maybe I am in love with Jarge. Anyhow, I know I'll never love anybody else one half as much as I love him."

"If that's the case," Danny remarked casually, "the only thing for you to do is to marry Jarge."

"Danny!" Rosie looked at him reproachfully. "I don't think it's kind of you to make fun of me that way. I know I'm only a kid."

"I don't mean to marry him this minute," Danny explained. "I expected you to take your time about it—after you had finished school and were grown up, and all that."

"Oh!" Rosie sat up very straight. She spoke a little breathlessly. "But, Danny, won't Jarge be too old then?"

Danny drew a long face. "I had forgotten all about that. To be sure he will. He must be ten or fifteen years older than you this minute."

"No, Danny, no! He's not! He's only six years older—about six and a half. I'm

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thirteen now. I had a birthday last month. And he's nineteen and a half. I know, because he's four months older than Ellen."

"Six years, do you say?" Danny muttered. "Well now, that's a good many, Rosie. Let's see: when you're eighteen he'll be twenty-four. H'm. At twenty-four a lad's getting on, ain't he? Of course a lot of them don't marry nowadays till thirty; but, if they'd ask me advice, I'd tell them to settle down with the right girl by the time they're twenty-five. . . . Yes, Rosie, you're right: Jarge'd be pretty old. Six years is a pretty big difference."

Rosie tossed her head. "I'm not so sure about that! Let's see now: Harry Long is twenty-six and that makes him seven years older than Ellen, and I'm sure Harry and Ellen look fine together! No one would ever think of calling Harry old! Why, he don't look a bit old!"

Danny shrugged his shoulders. "Well, Rosie, have it your own way!"

"Danny Agin, how you talk! Have it my own way, indeed! It isn't my way; it's just facts!"

Danny looked bored. "Well, anyway, it's all in the future, so why are we arguin' now? You'll be falling in love, and probably out again, with half a dozen lads before you're eighteen; and by the time you're twenty you'll probably be happily married to some one you've never yet laid eyes on. That's how it goes. And in that case you'll have long since forgotten all about poor old Jarge Riley."

"Is that so?" Rosie spoke rather coldly, not to say sarcastically. However, she did not dispute Danny's word. If that was his opinion, he was of course welcome to it. By the same token, Rosie claimed a like privilege for herself. The way she pressed her lips together told very plainly that her opinion differed somewhat from Danny's.

Presently Danny opened on another subject. "Now about Jarge Riley: if you ask me advice, Rosie, I think you better write him a letter at once. It would be a bad thing to have him come down here not knowin' about Ellen."

Rosie's face changed. "But, Danny, it would be an awful hard letter to write; and besides, it ain't my business."

"That's so," Danny agreed. "Perhaps you'd better not meddle. When I suggested it, it was only because I was thinkin' that you and Jarge were such good friends that you'd be wantin' to spare him a little. But after all he's a grown man, so he might as well come down and find out things for himself. It'll be an awful shock, but no matter. Besides, maybe Ellen'll write him. In fact I'm sure she will."

"Ellen!" Rosie snorted scornfully. "Ellen never yet has done anything she hasn't wanted to do, and I don't see her beginning now!"

"We've all got to begin some time," Danny remarked.

Rosie pointed her finger impressively. "Danny Agin, I know Ellen O'Brien Long better than you do, and when I say she'll never write a line to Jarge, I guess I know what I'm talking about!"

"I'm sure you do," Danny murmured meekly. "If you say she won't, she won't. I wouldn't question your word for a hundred dollars. If you tell me Jarge is not to get a letter, then it's settled. He won't get a letter." Danny sighed. "Poor Jarge! I do feel sorry for him! It'll be an awful shock for him!" Danny sighed again. "But of course every one has to take a few shocks in this life. Ah me!"

Rosie sighed too. "If I was to write him, Danny, what would I say?"

Danny wagged his head. "It'd be a pretty hard letter."

"I know that," Rosie said; "but if I wanted to write it, I guess it wouldn't be too hard for me."

Danny squinted his eyes thoughtfully. "Well, Rosie, if I was writing such a letter, to begin with I'd tell me bad news as quickly as I could and have it over with. Then, if it was some one I was real fond of, I'd tell him what I thought of him. It don't hurt any one to be told he has a friend or two. Then I'd fill in with all the family news and talk I could, so's he wouldn't feel lonely. At first he wouldn't have eyes for anything but the bad news, but after a while, if the rest of it was written with lots of love and feelin', I'm thinkin' there'd come a time when he'd be readin' that part over and over and over again, I dunno how many times, and takin' a little more comfort from it each time."

Rosie stood up a little breathlessly. "Good-by, Danny. I must hurry home. I've got something to do."

"Don't be runnin' off," Danny begged. "Besides, I'm not done yet with the letter. As I was sayin', I wouldn't try to finish it

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in one sitting. I'd write at it as much as I could every day and in a week's time it would be a good big letter."

"But, Danny, Thanksgiving's not more than three weeks off!"

"Three weeks, do you say? That's bad. The poor lad ought to be given two weeks' notice at least. So if any one was to write him, they'd better begin at once. They'd have to write every day for a week pretty steadily."

"Is that all, Danny?"

"It's all I think of just now. If you was to sit a while longer, Rosie, maybe something more would come to me."

"I don't believe I better, Danny. I'm awful busy, and I must get home."

"But you'll stop a while to-morrow, won't you, darlint? Promise me you will."

Rosie thought a moment. "It's this way, Danny: I'm a little behind in school and I've got to catch up. Besides that, I'll be very busy for a week on something else. I don't believe I'll have time to stop to-morrow, but if I have, I will. Good-by."

Rosie started off, then turned back a little shyly. She put her arm about old Danny's neck and kissed him on the cheek. "Danny, you're awful good to me. And do you know, Danny, after Jarge and Geraldine and Janet, I think I love you best of all!"

Danny chuckled. "Well, I suppose fourth ch'ice is better than no ch'ice at all!"

II

For a whole week Rosie wrote away at her letter. She followed Danny's advice and added new pages each day. As a result the manuscript grew in bulk with startling rapidity. She had to buy a big envelope for it and then spend a large part of a week's wages on postage-stamps.

Here is what she wrote:

DEAR GEORGE:

How are you, and how is your mother and how is your father? Tell your mother that Geraldine is growing so fast that she would hardly know her.

George, I've got some bad news for you. Only it isn't as bad as it sounds, for I know it will be all right in the end. George, Ellen's got married. He's a feather salesman. He wears sporty clothes. He's twenty-six years old. That makes him seven years older than Ellen. He's a goodlooker. Him and Ellen are just the same kind. They both like to dress and to gad around.

George, I know you're going to feel awful bad about this at first; but listen, George: it would have been an awful thing to plant Ellen out on a farm. She would have hated it. She would have been unhappy, and that would have made you unhappy. And I don't think Ellen and your mother would have liked each other either, and they would got to live together, and then where would you be? George, don't you see, you're a farmer, and you ought to pick out the kind of girl that likes farm life and that knows how to work? George, Ellen just loves the city, where she can go to the theatre and dances and things, and she never would like the country. Don't you see, George?

I don't mean that Ellen was right to get married without telling you. She ought to have told you. I know that. But, George, I think she was a little bit scared of you. Really and truly, George, I don't think she would ever have got engaged to you if that Hawes man hadn't insulted her. Then afterward, George, she didn't know how to get away from you. But she wanted to—honest, she did.

George, I'm awful sorry to be the one to tell you this. But I thought I better, because it wouldn't be fair to have you come down on Thanksgiving without knowing. And I thought it would be better for you to hear it from me than from any one else. You and me, George, are awful good friends and I love you like I love Geraldine, and I'd give anything not to have to tell you something that will hurt you and make you feel bad. Honest, George, I'm awful sorry.

George, all your friends ask for you. The other day Danny Agin asked about you. Danny's pretty well, but he ain't very strong these days, and me and Mrs. Agin are a little bit worried. I don't know what I'd do without Danny. Sometimes he thinks he's funny, and then me and Mrs. Agin have to scold him; but I just love him, and so does Mrs. Agin even when she pretends she don't. You know, George, you can't help it, because really and truly, even if he does act funny sometimes, he's always so kind and gentle. And he gives awful good advice when you're worried about something. I always stand up for Danny. I told him once that he is my fourth best friend and

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"DEAR JARGE . . . . I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER MARRY, BUT IF I WAS TO MARRY I'D TAKE A FARMER EVERY TIME."

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he is. I put you first, George, and then Geraldine, and then Janet.

And, George, do you know about Janet? It looks like Dave McFadden has really straightened up! What do you know about that? Janet thought she'd have to go to work, but now she's going to keep on at school. You know Janet's just crazy about school. She wants to go through high school and be a teacher. I want to go through high school too, but I don't want to be a teacher. I think a girl ought to go through high school—don't you, George? because if ever she has any children of her own she wouldn't want them to grow up and think their mother was an ignorant old thing. And besides, if she hasn't got a good education herself, how can she teach her children? Really and truly, George, you know a good mother has to be a teacher. Did you ever think of that before?

George, I don't suppose I'll ever marry, but if I was to marry, do you know the kind of man I'd pick out? I'd take a farmer every time. I just love the country, George, and I just love the kind of work a farmer's wife has to do. You ask your mother if I don't. There wasn't a thing that Mrs. Riley did last summer that she didn't teach me, and she told me herself I was awful quick about learning.

My, my, George! did you ever think how fast time flies? Here I'm thirteen and it won't be any time before I'm eighteen. When I'm eighteen I'll be grown up and getting ready to graduate from high school. Will you promise to come down and see the graduation? I'd rather have you come than any one else in the world. Let's see how old you'll be then. You'll be twenty-four. That's not so awful old. Maybe you won't even be married. Lots of men nowadays don't get married until they're thirty. But I think you ought to get married by the time you're twenty-five. And you ought to get a wife that would love your mother and would be willing to take some of the work off her shoulders. That's why I say to you that you ought to pick out a girl that likes the country and isn't afraid of work. And you ought to take a girl that's gone through high school, too, because it's a mistake for a man to marry an ignorant woman that he'd be ashamed of.

George, I can't tell you how much I miss you. I miss you every day. We always had such good times together, didn't we? Do you remember all the times you took me to the movies and for street-car rides and things like that? I remember every one of them. And whenever I was bothered about anything, you were always so kind to me. Other people are kind to me, too. Danny Agin is. I love Danny, but I love you first.

George, I don't think I could get on without you if I didn't have Geraldine. Seems like I just got to have some one to love. When I get real lonely for you, I take Geraldine and give her a good scrubbing, and then dress her up and take her out for a walk.

George, I don't know when I'll see you again, but listen here, George; I want you to remember one thing: It won't make any difference how long it is, because I'll love you just exactly the same.

And, George, I love your mother too, and she told me that she loved me. Will you tell her that I hope she's well and that I'll never forget how kind she was to me and Geraldine last summer. And I hope your father's well, too.

Terry says to say hello to you. And he says, how's farming? Jackie's getting awful big and he's real smart in school. He always gets a hundred in problems.

Ma and Dad are well, and I told you about Janet. So that's all now. With love,

Very truly yours,

ROSIE O'BRIEN.

Just Give "ONCE OVER"

the ONCE OVER

And learn what happened to some very important whiskers.

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The WAR-STORM

IS THIS THE GREAT WAR?

By

FREDERICK PALMER

AUTHOR OF "WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA," "THE LAST SHOT," ETC.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR *EVERYBODY'S* IN THE BALKANS, IN MEXICO, AND NOW IN EUROPE.

WHEN the telegraph summoned me from Monterey I was listening to a Constitutionalist officer declaring that the only way to establish peace in Mexico was to kill off all the Huertistas. In the instinct of another civilization I shuddered and thought, in palliation: "He does not know any better. He has been brought up on that idea. He has a long road to travel before he attains to that other civilization." The telegraph broke in with word of what was happening in that other civilization, Europe, where Germans were thinking that the only way to keep peace was to kill Frenchmen, and Austrians that the only way to keep peace was to kill Serbs.

Every night on the sleeper hurrying from Mexico I thought that I should awake to find that the headlines of the evening editions were a nightmare. As I write this on the eve of sailing toward that curtain of censorship which screens the action, I still have the same feeling—the demand, as primitive as war itself, for some miracle to avert war. Who should know the meaning and the immensity of that conflict if not one who has seen others—others which, whether Balkan or Russo-Japanese, seem relatively only brawls?

Oom Paul Kruger said that the Boers would stagger humanity. Stagger! What a miserably inadequate word it is now! One dismisses all adjectives over-used for smaller wars which seemed terrific in their time. The last great European war, the Franco-Prussian, was fought over forty years ago. Its criterions are as antiquated as those of our Civil War. Then only two nations were engaged; now it is all the Powers of the Continent except Italy. Perhaps we shall not even refer to this war in the future as the Great European War or even the Great War. Perhaps simply as the War—the one overwhelming war of the world—which set its results so deep in the minds of all the world's people that it was a turning-point in human history.

It is something to be living and thinking in this moment which forms an epoch for Christian civilization approached by only one other. For once the familiar Napoleonic comparison is not stretched. People who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century could little have guessed what the end of that century would bring. Those living

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at the beginning of this century, could they survive, might see an equally astounding change at its end.

At the close of the eighteenth century a revolution in America and then the French Revolution and then Napoleon. He was the instrument which stirred the dust of European kingdoms into molten chaos. An instrument, he passed on. But he had left a Europe whose masses were untutored and subservient, with a fire in their veins which wrought the Europe of to-day, with all the change of symbols from stage-coach to aeroplane.

The French called him simply "the man." But to-day we think of no man in connection with this conflict, unless it be the Kaiser, and not of him in the same way as of Napoleon. We think of mankind and of the war. Napoleon never fought a battle with more than a hundred and fifty thousand men under his command; less than little Servia has. If he came to life he would see a France with a population little larger than in his time putting in the field five times the total that he ever had under arms, better drilled and better disciplined. He would see in all those nations which he overran every adult man under forty in arms; all the virile force of all populations come to service with a speed of mobilization in this swift and organized age that would make him dizzy. He would see France, a republic by the will of her citizens, putting every energy of life and industry into the crucible with a unanimity which all the glamour of his name, his cunning, and the force of his will could not command.

It is the masses of men, the masses by the millions being hurled at one another, which make the war seem like some infernal dream devised by the imps of hell sitting in an eternity of inventive council. Is it really here, that cataclysm which many thought would never come; that cataclysm which has been the object of speculation in every officers' mess, while lieutenants rose to gray-bearded generals without its seeming nearer? Yes, there might be war between two of the great land Powers, I have heard it admitted in these discussions, but not a general European war. But I recall the remark of a German officer:

"Yes, we shall all or none be in it," he said. "We must. It will come when any one nation sets out to take some of another's territory. To touch one brick means that all will fall."

And Austria attacked Servia; and the balance of high power, kept level by the nice distribution of diplomatic pennyweights, toppled into chaos. Now victory is to brute force.

To one who has seen the Japanese masses move in at Liau-Yang or Mukden, who has followed the life of many armies in comradeship, the curtain drawn by censorship rises on a picture of vivid reality. The map of Europe becomes so many sections divided by lines of white posts which have stood unchanged in their positions since the Germans, from Paris, dictated their terms of peace to the French. From the chief of staff office of each country proceed orders as explicit as from the head of some great business office. All the drilling, the training from awkward squads to maneuvers, all the preparations through the years of peace for this hour have come to the test. There is only one authority, that of the army's head. The pawns of its business, the product of its factory, are men in arms.

FOOD FOR CANNON

From the moment that mobilization began each life became simply one atomic unit of the mass in the combinations of generals sitting at the heart of the spider's web of wires which, yesterday carrying messages of family and business affairs, are to-day carrying only the army commands. Cut the wires' ends at the frontier and the nation which yesterday exchanged thoughts with the world is immured behind walls of bayonets which keep information from either going or coming. Men were in appointed readiness to cut the wires and in appointed readiness to perform every detail planned, the instant the staff released its orders.

All locomotives are moving toward the white posts with their packed human freight or moving away from it empty for more cannon food. There in front of the white posts the skirmishers form, and behind them the hosts in their plain, businesslike uniforms with their heavy packs—such numerous hosts that men have never seemed so cheap. Yet never were men so dear. They are the last word in filling human tissue according to military system into a mold for a set task.

The nature of the packs, their shoes, their racial psychology, every human and

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mechanical detail, have been studied in the years of peace to the end of efficiency when they shall cross a frontier or receive the shock of another host that attempts to cross it. Over their heads are the aeroplanes and dirigibles, and behind them the guns which will support their charges or cover their retreats; making a compact, death-dealing whole which includes all that science can do —even through the doctors who heal the wounds that are dealt.

More intelligent these men than Napoleon's or von Moltke's, belonging to a generation of universal education and wide distribution of intelligence. They are going in without battle-flags, without the flash of swords, without shouts of command, these marionettes of drills and maneuvers, who know by a glance of the eye the gestured fire-control signal which their officers give. Beside the butcher's son is the banker's son. All classes must serve in the conscript continental armies. The rich man's son may not send a substitute; he goes from the careful attention of his butler and his valet to his pack and pannikin, keeping step with a day laborer. A precious young Reginald Vanderbilt, who had such an uncomfortable time as a refugee on a Channel steamer, might be lying under the stars, dirty, sweaty, blood-stained, shivering, waiting for a night attack and glad for a drink from his stable-boy's canteen.

There is justice in this and there is a great democracy in it. Keep it in mind for future reference. Keep in mind that all the able-bodied men of these lands are going to know war as any one who has been in a railroad wreck knows a railroad wreck.

Each one, whether Slav or German or Frenchman, is fighting for his race, his language, and the God of his fathers. He is a newspaper-reading, thinking unit, though he seems but one of a myriad marionettes. He is going to war, after feeling the weight of armament taxes, because the word comes to his race that the hour of test has come.

And the order comes which releases a spring in the nerve-centers of the skirmishers. All their legs are doing what they have been taught in maneuvers. They are charging, or they are lying in a trench pouring in their fire against a charge. Hornets whistle about their ears; the men get their baptism of fire. That thing of a nation's nightmare; that thing for which generations have drilled without its materializing; that thing of hazard, of horror, of calculated risks; that thing of quick action and long-enduring consequences has come.

Now the hospital corps has work to do, for some of the marionettes lie still or are busy with their first-aid bandages.

If the invasion proceeds it approaches to the line of fortresses, of tier on tier of works manned with every power of resistance known to science. Against these the masses must throw themselves in human waves to gain critical positions, and facing them are men who know that to yield means to yield the press of the very thing in them which makes a man a Frenchman or a Serb.

"Better die than that! Better die than that those civilized men gone savage in desire of conquest become your masters!"

AFTERWARD—WHAT?

War, twentieth-century war, war in the n^{th} degree, war waged with all the intelligence and all the weapons of destruction that civilization can command! There will be too many heroes to be heralded under a censorship; heroes as thick as bush-league ball-players; heroes of the air, of charges into redoubts, and last stands in redoubts; thousands upon thousands of heroes out of the millions. For when their hearts are in their work—an important point, that — the courage of old in smoke-powder-pitched-battle charges will pale beside this of our twentieth-century high-strung men against rapid-firers and in slow approaches.

We shall see the plummet sunk into human emotions as it has not been for a hundred years; we shall learn whether or not man has invented such terrible weapons that he may not longer submit his tender flesh to their attack; we shall see what war is when all the power of civilization is given over to its havoc; we shall see the courage of peoples uplifting them above the fear of death and the strain of hardships in such sacrifices as only war can produce.

And the end? The end, when this vast soldiery, worn and spent, think over their experience? They can not be the same men. Europe can not be the same Europe. Civilization can not be the same. The world must awake to some new era—an era for which this was the price paid. And your sympathy goes out to each nation in its efforts to keep that which it holds dear—that which is its own.

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THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD GREY

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ENGLAND.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT, CONCLUDED IN 1907, WAS THE CORNER-STONE OF GREY'S FOREIGN POLICY, AND HE IS THE LEADER OF THE PRESENT WAR PARTY IN THE ENGLISH CABINET.

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Photo by Brown Brothers.

DR. THEOBALD THEODORE ALFRED von BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, PRUSSIAN PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, AND MINISTER OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS SINCE 1909.

CREDIT FOR THE GREATEST ARMAMENT BILL IN THE EMPIRE'S HISTORY GOES IN PART TO von BETHMANN-HOLLWEG. HIS RECORD SHOWS DEFINITE WORK FOR PEACE—ESPECIALLY BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY DURING THE WAR EXCITEMENT OF 1911.

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Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

COUNT LEOPOLD von BERCHTOLD

AUSTRIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND CHANCELLOR OF THE DUAL EMPIRE.

UNDER HIS OWN NAME HE SIGNED THE FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST SERVIA. HE WAS AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA AT THE TIME WHEN AUSTRIA DEMANDED RUSSIA'S CONSENT TO HER ANNEXATION OF BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA, AND WAS OSTRACIZED FOR BEING THE MEDIUM OF RUSSIA'S HUMILIATION.

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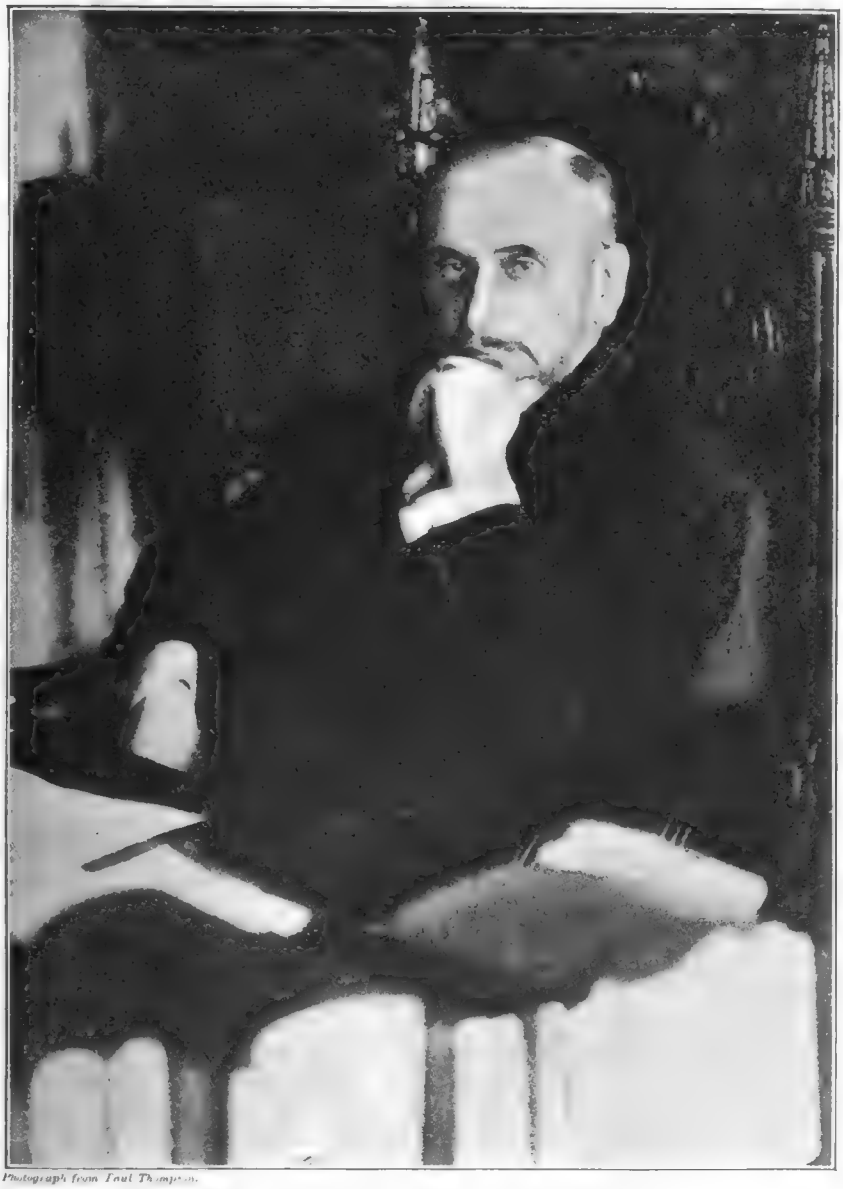

Photograph from Paul Thompson.

SERGIUS DMITRIEVITCH SASONOFF

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, RUSSIA.

FOR HIS CAPABLE HANDLING OF RUSSIAN INTERESTS IN THE TRYING TIME OF READJUSTMENT AFTER THE BALKAN WAR, SASONOFF WAS PUBLICLY THANKED BY THE CZAR. HE IS THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF STOLYPIN, FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF RUSSIA.

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NICHOLAS PASHITCH

PREMIER OF SERVIA.

ONE OF THE FEW RICH MEN IN SERVIA, AND VERY POWERFUL IN SERVIAN COUNCILS. HE WAS AN ABLE DEFENDER OF SERVIAN INTERESTS AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE IN 1913.

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Photo by Brown Brothers.

RENÉ VIVIANI

PREMIER OF FRANCE.

VIVIANI HAS ENORMOUS INFLUENCE IN THE FRENCH WORLD OF ART AND LITERATURE AS WELL AS IN POLITICS, AND HAS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY GIFT OF ELOQUENCE. HE HAS ONLY RECENTLY BEEN MADE PRIME MINISTER.

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Photo by Bowden Brothers.

ANTONINO PATERNO CASTELLO, MARCHESE DI SAN GIULIANO

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ITALY.

HE HAS HELD PUBLIC OFFICE SINCE 1879, AND IS NOW SERVING FOR THE SECOND TIME AS MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF FOUR YEARS AS ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

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THE WAR LORDS' GAME OF EMPIRE

By

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN

THE countries of Europe once lived under a tacit understanding, a kind of family arrangement, called the Concert of Europe. This arrangement did not prevent members of the family from going to war with each other from time to time. But for many years—from the downfall of Napoleon I. almost to the present moment—it prevented the nations from engaging in a great and general struggle.

It localized the wars and tempered their effects by its concerted will. France and Prussia fought; but half of Europe did not fight with Prussia on one side, and half with France on the other. It was the same in the case of the war between Russia and Turkey. The Concert of Europe presided over the settlement of that quarrel and restored the Balance of Power—dividing the spoils, and holding back Russia from Constantinople; adjusting the quarrel badly and sowing the seeds of future wars, but settling it somehow.

Yet at the very time when the Concert of Europe was settling the quarrel of Russia and Turkey in 1878, a statesman who cared nothing for the Concert, and not much for Europe's peace, was preparing the destruction of the understanding, and laying plans to replace the Concert of Europe with a division of the powers into two camps.

That statesman was Bismarck, who united Germany under the leadership of Prussia, and himself became the acknowledged leader of all Germany. His genius had enabled Prussia, at the same time that it conquered and humiliated France, truly to make the grandeur of United Germany the ideal of every German.

The consideration which led Bismarck to destroy the old Concert was this:

Germany's victory and union had alarmed and alienated neighbor powers; Germany now stood alone in the center of Europe, with France, robbed of two provinces, religiously cherishing the sentiment of revenge, on one side; Russia, immemorially hostile, on the other; and to the southward Austria, whom Prussia had by a victorious war deprived of the leadership of Germany, resentful also, and biding her time for retaliation.

This situation put up to Germany the need of a "concert" of her own; which Bismarck achieved by creating a hard-and-fast alliance, a bond with the blood and iron of his own nature in it, between Germany and her late enemy, Austria. How did he accomplish it? He made it worth Austria's while to join him. Believing earnestly in the greatness of Germany and in her fitness to lead the world, he laid out a course for her which became as truly the proper path of the Hapsburgs, of the Germans of Austria, and also of the Magyars of Austria, as it was of Germany herself.

Then, with an audacity not the less marked than that with which he had attached Austria to his interest, he added another power to his alliance, and that was the nation which Austria had injured most deeply and oppressed most abominably—Italy. The interest of the three, under Bismarck's magic, became one—the Dreibund was born—Germany, Austria, Italy. It grew strong, lasted until yesterday, and apparently was indissoluble.

When Bismarck had accomplished this, the Concert of Europe was no more. The "balance of power," cherished for generations by Great Britain (with Great Britain's weight always heaviest in the scale), was at an end forever. This fact remained for England, France, and Russia, that the Dreibund called for an offset, and must find it in themselves. Russia and France formed an alliance. To it, but without any formal arrangement, Britain added herself; and the

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Triple Entente, the Threefold Understanding, was born. Strange bedfellows, for all had fought one with another as "hereditary enemies;" but forced under the same cover now by the fact that Germany and her allies had the only other bed.

This preliminary word about the general conditions in Europe has been necessary in order that we may see the ground on which the antagonists of to-day stand. Now let us look at the position, structure, strength, interest, hopes, ideals, purposes on earth of each of the parties in the two great camps of nations.

GERMANY

The Middle Kingdom of Europe, formed by the union of many German States under the presidency of the biggest of them, Prussia. Made up of the sturdiest stock in the world. The Germans are the root-people of the north. Their sentiment of unity has always been strong, even in their days of widest separation. They were moved together by Napoleon's oppression. Cemented by Bismarck's statesmanship, they have developed an ideal of mastership which surpasses in strength and warmth the national ideals of all the rest of Europe.

They have achieved the greatest political and material triumph that Europe has seen in modern times. Sixty-six millions of people have filled a country which is considerably smaller than the state of Texas. They have prospered and are prospering—but their land is full. Two million babies are born every year. Emigration is almost nil; immigration quite large. Production rapidly increases. Germany feels the human, financial, industrial blood-pressure in a sort of national sickness. The cry is for Room.

Germany can not expand in Europe. Land might be seized there—it is already densely occupied. The time is gone when you could massacre a population and replace it with another.

What about the distant, virgin, unsettled or savage-settled parts of the world, temperate, habitable by Germans? . . . All taken by England, France, Holland or other European lands, or guarded by a formidable watchdog called the Monroe Doctrine.

Germany tries to find a zone of expansion, or at least of industrial development, in Asia Minor and the Euphrates Valley; along comes England and blankets the coast, warning her off. She seeks an interest in Morocco. France and England join and put her out. A game of hide-and-seek over all the earth—and Germany always caught. So it looks to the German. Yet the cry is always for a "place in the sun!"

Germany lives largely by selling her manufactures in other countries; but almost every pound of her sea traffic must go by way of the English Channel; and there it is forever at Great Britain's mercy. It is always in England's power to paralyze Germany's commerce. Barred long from the Channel, the highway of Europe, Germany would die.

Germany finds England on her path wherever she goes; also across it lies the shadow of France, allied with Britain, menacing her constantly with the recapture of Alsace and Lorraine; also across it the shadow of Russia, shutting her influence out of the Balkans and Asia, and holding a million Germans in her Baltic provinces.

So the Germans drink, at every solemn feast, "to the day" when this triple incubus shall be removed from their country's breast. Her ally, Austria, offers Germany a part in a confederation, or close alliance, which is intended to dominate the Balkans to the Bosporus, and Asia thence to the Persian Gulf, *via* the Bagdad railway which Germany has almost finished. A short road to India, and Mesopotamia to renew! Turkey and Bulgaria are ready to come in. Servia stands in the way. And Germany fights side by side with Austria—to find breathing space.

Germany is one with her sovereign, William of Hohenzollern—an able, unsleeping man, who has no thought of anything outside the great country over which he reigns in semi-absolute fashion. The Emperor matches everything German—corresponds to everything national. He has grown into the people—the people into him. But he thinks of his dynasty, and of the maintenance of the monarchical principle in Europe. That is a part of his ideal in fighting this war.

Organization, the perfection of system, a minute prevision covering every possible occurrence—that is Germany's watchword and reliance in peace and war. To the German leader it promises triumph in this war, even over a triple enemy. A splendid machine, the German army of more than 800,000 men on a peace footing; more than

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5,000,000 on a war footing. Perhaps it has in it the dry rot of favoritism, over-mechanicalism, over-confidence, over-rigidity.. It is very likely weakened by too much idolatry. Germany's navy has grown phenomenally; it is undeniable that the Germans have become great sailors. Exactness of detail tells in managing a modern war-ship.

To Russia Germany now says: "You shall not assume a guardianship over the Balkans which shuts out the influence of my ally and my own influence. If you are allowed to strike Austria for punishing Servia, you put your mark of ownership on all the Balkans and end the hopes of German expansion. That you shall not do!"

The outbreak of the war was this speech put into action.

RUSSIA

Gloomy in the East, mysterious, childlike, the Russians are the slowly moving sands of the steppes. More than once they have threatened to overthrow Europe; yet they gain very little toward the westward. Where western-European civilization plows the soil, these Russian sands, like others, seem beaten back. Poland remains Polish, Finland Finnish, Lithuania Lithuanian; and the million Germans in Russia remain German in culture. (These million Germans along the Baltic, by the way, constitute a Germania Irredenta which is one of the things that Kaiser Wilhelm is after.)

Russia is the Czar—the Czar Russia. "The White Czar behind his guarded gate;" he is the type of the Russians, immured in their character, incomprehensible to western Europe in their dreams, their blank obedience, or their impracticable suicidal revolutionism.

Czar Nicholas is a clever man, notoriously poorly informed about conditions in his country, but as wholly devoted to his people as the German Emperor to his. A thinking,

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serious man, too; and his political goal, like Germany's, is a "place in the sun." But this is his goal more distinctly and singly than it is Germany's.

A realm vaster in contiguous territory than any other on earth, stretching ten thousand miles along the top of the world, and a teeming people highly clever in colonization—but with not an ice-free port, not a window anywhere on the warm southern or western seas!

Russia's kindred Slavs of the Balkans have the outlook on these seas. They are already reaching out for Constantinople, which somebody must get from the Turks before long. Beginning only yesterday, they are getting what great Russia can not get. Accustomed always to be called the Father of his people, Czar Nicholas feels himself as much the father of the Balkan Slavs as of any others. That the Hapsburg Emperor should seek to extend his authority over the Servians, whose language any keen-eared Russian can understand, strikes him as abominable, intolerable.

Perhaps if the Czar were to take them himself, they would lose their independence. But that would be different. They would be in their father's house and their mother's bosom! The Czar is bound to fight to keep the Balkan Slavs out of Austria's grasp, and Germany and Austria out of his way to Constantinople and the warm seas.

No power has such possibilities of millions of soldiers as Russia. The peace army of Russia is 1,384,000 men, and its war army 5,400,000; but if Russia turned out as many men in proportion to population as Bulgaria and Servia turned out in the Balkan wars, she would have a force of 11,000,000 soldiers! Such an army, doubtless, no man will ever command; but numbers, overwhelming and terrible, are Russia's strong suit—almost her ideal.

The sands of the steppes are blowing toward Europe again.

FRANCE

Stationary, already even backward-going in its purely French population, France is materially and politically one of the most progressive nations of Europe. No fear there of the dread New Thing! For France, nothing this side of the last word! Yet incidentally she must win back the loyal provinces that were ravished from her by Germany, provinces that desire nothing so much as to be won back.

If France wished to increase and multiply, no country has more room for it than she—in northern Africa, in Madagascar, in Indo-China—land here, there, and all about the world. Except England, no country has such a place in the sun as France. Her fertile and temperate undeveloped lands are an empire. Italians and Spaniards, even Germans, people them for her benefit.

Germany put France on crutches in 1870, but she soon threw them aside and stepped forth whole. Strange that France, beaten and "put down in her place" in that contest, should have been able to add Tunis, Morocco, Madagascar and Tongking to her domains since then, all rich and habitable lands, while triumphant Germany has added no land colonizable by Germans except the 552 square kilometers of Kiao-Chau in China!

There was efficiency here somewhere. There is also much efficiency in France's army, which she does not idolize so much as Germany idolizes hers, but which is nevertheless a fine instrument. Smaller than Germany's—645,328 in peace, capable of an extreme expansion to perhaps 4,000,000 in war—the French army is already celebrated for the high efficiency of its artillery. For zeal, its officers can not be rivaled. They rise literally with the sun to drill their men.

We hear that the republican form of government, and the terribly short life of her ministers, place France at a disadvantage in a war with highly centralized and monarchically stabilized Germany. This is probably the case. Yet the French army is in much better trim to-day than it was under Napoleon III. It is militarily ready and formidable. Monarchical Europe fears the radicalism of France. France herself has occasion, perhaps, to fear it. Yet France remains essentially the same, somehow settling down to steady domestic and business courses after every new political extravagance.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Austria-Hungary is the only power in Europe that is now a living denial of the principle of nationality. It is not a nation, but a syndicate of nations that hate one another; at the head of the syndicate, the

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Germans of the grand duchy of Austria and their archduke, the Emperor Francis Joseph, head of the house of Hapsburg. This ancient house, and the twelve million Germans of the grand duchy and the rest of the empire, are the remaining remnant of the Holy Roman Empire, once supreme in Western Europe. The tradition of the Hapsburgs' ancient power and almost sacredness unquestionably influences the minds of millions of the subjects of Francis Joseph.

A sturdy old man he is, with a soul purged and chastened by deep personal griefs; eighty-four years old now, and reigning since 1848 — the dean of monarchs. Patient, wary, retaining the kingly bearing of a monarch of old, yet yielding when it is prudent to yield; not a tyrant. There can be no doubt that personally Francis Joseph sought this war. A deep resentment filled his soul for the murder of his heir, which he charged to the Servians.

Ten million Hungarians, who fought him once, back Francis Joseph well enough now, for his rule represents to them their own dominance over Croats, Slovaks, and so on, and a balance of power favorable to them in the empire. In Bohemia, eight million Slavs intensely hate the Germans, but have no clear scheme for their own independence. Much the same may be said of the other Austrian Slavs and the Austrian Rumanians. All are held together, thus far, by the splendid imperial bluff of the house of Hapsburg.

A big army, capable of being pushed to a war footing of 1,800,000, organized like that of Germany, to a considerable extent German-trained; truly a fine army, and not likely to be weakened much by Slavic disaffection. Austria-Hungary's strength is really her heterogeneity: she is an imperial peacemaker among jealous neighbors—a strong moderator in a roaring town-meeting. And let the truth be told—Austria has made good in governing her share of the Balkan lands, replacing brigands' caves with schools, goat paths with perfect roads, barbarism with civilization. Some Slavs down there are ultra loyal, in spite of the Servian agitation.

The ideal of Austria is a comfortable, submissive civilization; Viennese, easy; a curl of smoke winding upward, not so much from the cotter's chimney as from the pipe at the café door, at evening. A rather sunny nation; there have been worse conditions.

GREAT BRITAIN

England offers to the world an example of great power, political, economic, and intellectual, gained by native merit joined with advantage of position. Her insular situation, the guardian Channel, may be an accident; but the parliamentary institutions which she has imposed upon the civilized world are not an accident. With sword in one hand, a handful of gold in the other, and a purpose presiding over both, England has brought peace and justice to half the earth. What she could not conquer, she has stolen; but even upon the ground that she has stolen, the corn has grown higher for her presence.

Her emblem is the trident of Neptune. Though she has borne great soldiers, soldiering was never entirely to her taste and never will be. The sailor comes nearer to being her master. Her gentle, unmasterful king, just before the breaking out of this war, reviewed the greatest armada that the world had ever seen. It went forth capable of sweeping the seas; yet this truly invincible armada takes part in no battles from the motive of knight-errantry — Britain's battles are for herself. Her alliances are lightly worn.

Nevertheless in this war Britain chivalrously supports France; and though she is defending Belgium for her own sake, since Germany in Belgium and Holland would endanger the life of England, her act in springing to the Belgians' defense is dramatically fine and memorable.

The army of Great Britain is absurdly small—some 250,000 in peace; but she leads Europe in capable generals that have been developed in actual service. Over all Europe her massive navy still looms.

What is Britain's great motive and ideal? To maintain herself and mind her business at home, not without a good deal of careful minding of the business of others; to make things for the world, and feed herself and grow rich in making and selling them; to keep the English Constitution intact; to "broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent" toward greater liberty; to hold and extend a little the "far-flung battle line" in India and the colonies, and preserve peace and justice there.

That is about all—and it is a large contract, is it not? In the performance of it, Britain thinks the world has no call to

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molest her. Yet Britain, going her unyoked way, has chanced to block Germany's path several times.

The German-English rancor goes deep. It will take much blood to wash it out.

ITALY

A nation long tied up to her old oppressor, Austria, by the irony of fate and the dead hand of Bismarck. The "woman nation," Browning called Italy; and while she appeared in this alliance with Austria to have indeed the submission of the Italian wife, those who knew the inextinguishable anger of the Italian people toward the Austrians, had a feeling that somewhere in her garments she carried a stiletto all the while. Austria still holds in her grasp about everything that Italy wants; the Trentino, Istria, Dalmatia, the chance to guide the future of Albania.

This alliance with Austria, had it been supported by Italy with arms against France and Britain, would have lost Italy in a day the great African colony, Libya, which she has just wrested from Turkey; and this even though Germany and Austria, aided by the Italian arms, might have been victorious on land. Italy's navy is respectable, but it could not withstand the navies of Britain and France. In truth, no alliance binds a nation to commit suicide. Italy stood to lose everything by supporting Austria and Germany.

Italy's purpose in the world is to answer the demands of an ancient yet vital people to live their own national life under a free government of their own; to increase the happiness and well-being of that people; to educate and train them; to afford scope for their industry and their increase; and to relight the torch of Italian culture. Italy dreams a little of an imperial rule in Africa paralleling that of the old Normans.

She regarded herself as rightfully entitled to Tunis, if any European power took it; but France seized Tunis before Italy could get it. This was a bitter disappointment to the nation. Perhaps Italy would consent to be against France, who has stood in her light. But she leans in sentiment toward England, who inspired Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi.

Her King, Victor Emmanuel, is an able and good man, too negative for a great leader, but devoted to the people, and personally a model of courage and simplicity. His influence has doubtless been exercised to keep Italy neutral.

SERVIA

A little peasant nation magnificently on the upgrade—until Austria fell upon her. Not only a little nation, but less than one-half of itself; for Austria already held more than one-half the Serbs under her flag. A nation of singers of songs half sad, half boastful, and of tellers of tales of old Servian glory and heroism. A nation which raises more busts and statues to its poets than to its heroes. Nevertheless, there is a dark streak in these people, with assassination as the background of much of their history.

Servia fought her way to freedom from the Turks, and in the last Balkan war against Turkey performed prodigies, putting into the field, in particular, an equipment of perfect French guns, well served. Turned back by Austria from her achieved conquest of a way to the Adriatic, Servia burned with resentment. It was a Serb of Bosnia who precipitated all the trouble by assassinating the Austrian Crown Prince and his wife at Sarajevo. Had the anti-Austrian agitation in Servia any responsible connection with the crime? An indirect connection may easily be made out. No direct connection has been proved.

Servia has a rattle-brained old king, rather a weight than otherwise on the nation, replacing a scoundrel-king who was assassinated. Her people are industrious and aspire to a higher degree of civilization, toward independence and freedom for all Serbs.

They are joined now to Montenegro, a still littler Servia in the mountains overlooking the Adriatic, whose people are of the same race and speech as the Servians. They will be one nation eventually, with one government. This nest of Montenegrin-Serbs the Turks could not tear down from its mountain perch, though they strove for hundreds of years to do so.

The powers thus ranged are a heterogeneous combination of races and faiths on each side. No common great purpose animates either side or differentiates it from the other. What watchword, inspiring all on this side or on that, rises on the breeze?

For such a watchword the world listens in vain. It is a strangely sordid war.

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ONCE OVER

by

JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON
and
FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY MUNSELL

PART ONE
SOME VERY IMPORTANT WHISKERS

BANG! Bang! Bang!

Thus a fist on the door-panel.

Andrew Johnson looked up from the canvas before him and swore, and the patriarchal model jumped, startled.

"Take a rest," Andrew growled to the model; and with his palette still on his arm he stalked to the door and unlocked it.

A stoutish young man rushed in, shedding hand-bag, raincoat, and magazines.

"Home again!" he cried breezily. "Hi, Andreas, what're you all locked up for?"

Andrew's frown slipped into a smile.

"Hullo, Coley! I didn't know it was one of the family." The palette was flung on the table and they were engaged in a genial struggle to hurt each other's saluting hands. "I was busy, and I didn't want all the guys in the neighborhood camping out here for a loaf. How be yer, Coley? Looking fine!"

Coley stepped back and thumped his chest resoundingly.

"Look me over! Do you get that tan, kid? Some sunburn, eh wot?"

Andreas carelessly dipped a brush into some white zinc on his palette.

"I'll stand you on your head if you get to bragging, young man," he said, and with a quick movement put a little dab of white on the end of Coley's sunburned nose.

"Wait till I get out of my good clothes!" Coley threatened. He scaled his straw hat across the studio, and sent his coat flying after it. "Gee, it's hot!" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair. "How's everything and everybody, and our 'steemed room-mate, T. Brackett? Gone on his stylish vacation yet?"

"No. Still says New York is no place to stay in in the summer, and still sticks on the job. He's finally bought a new straw hat, though," said Andreas, pawing around on the table for a pipe. "Good time? Take in any witch-burnings or baked-bean festivals?"

"Getting to be a kidder in your old age, ain't you, gran'pa? Believe me, Andreas, I'm glad to get back! Oh, I had a good time. They killed the fatted heifer and all that sort of thing. But after I had done my visiting I got sort of homesick. No one up there speaks our language, A. How about you? Things pick up while I was away—navigation opened?"

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ANDREAS.

"Me—huh-huh!" Andreas cocked his head to one side and rocked slowly from heel to toe. "Got a job from Manning at last—three stunts in full color——"

"No!" cried Coley, leaping to his feet. "Pigment stuff, eh? 'Ray! What's the chore, old kid?"

"For the Christmas number. I struck in on the job two weeks ago. This is the one I've done the most work on."

Coley stood beside Andreas and inspected the canvas on the easel. After a moment he gravely shook Andreas's hand.

"Big league stuff, A! But what's it going to be when it's done?"

"The Wise Men offering their gifts,"

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MELCHIOR WAS BY FAR THE MOST STRIKING THING IN THE PICTURE, WITH HIS BURNING, SUNKEN EYES IN WHICH HOPE AND ADORATION AND DEEP SORROW MELTED TOGETHER IN A LIVING LIGHT.

explained Andreas seriously. "Of course it doesn't look like much yet—not what I want it to, I mean. The thing's been done thousands of times, I know, but if I can get what I want to into it it'll be worth while doing again. It's a great chance for me."

"Fine — magnifique!" declared Coley. "Was that old Hooley posing for you?"

"Yes. I'm using him for the oldest of the Wise Men. In a way he's going to be the center of the whole thing if I can put over what I want to. Old Melchior is the guy's name, you know. Say, where has Hooley disappeared to? Oh, Hoo-ley!"

At his shout the model, a short, wizened, heavily bearded Frenchman, appeared from the back room. Gathering his robe more closely about him, he gazed at the young men as Cæsar might have gazed at beggars.

"You called?" he inquired haughtily.

"Yeh," said Andreas shortly. "Sorry to bother you, Hooley."

"Hullo, King," called Coley cheerily. "How is every little thing at the palace?"

Hooley bowed but made no reply. He had been a model for years. If the artists for whom he worked knew his real name they never had the energy to use it. He was a good type and took poses well, but he had one great drawback: he claimed to be the rightful king of France and he was never reticent on the subject.

He took up an ash-tray that had been a finger-bowl at Shanley's before Coley confiscated it, and adjusted his feet in the circles chalked on the floor.

"Make you think of the old days at Versailles, eh, Hooley?" said Coley. "Prime

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ministers and chamberlains rolling your cigarettes for you, and all that sort of thing?"

"Nix—nix!" Andreas muttered, flashing a warning glance at Coley. "All right, Hooley!" and he returned again to his easel.

Coley retreated into his little room. He was a plump young man, with ruddy cheeks, a splendid mop of hair, a wealth of optimism, and the idea that because he had been named Coleridge he was a poet. He wrote moving-picture scenarios just often enough to keep in funds, and devoted his spare time to loafing, scribbling verses, and working up romances. He was very susceptible. Over his typewriter table hung a framed photograph of a blonde young lady. Between that photograph and the backing-board of the frame were the faces of other young ladies—two brunettes and one with red hair. Coley didn't consider himself fickle, but he confessed to being—alert.

When he had changed to the sneakers which served him for house-slippers Coley strolled out into the studio. Feeling very light and springy in the rubber soles, he began to execute fantastic dance steps.

"Care for that, Hooley?" he asked, as he pirouetted near the model. "Kinda poor, eh?" and he kicked over Hooley's head.

Hooley, who was dilating as usual on the subject of his lost throne, ducked in alarm, and for the instant lost his pose.

"Cut it out!" Andreas growled at Coley.

Coley skipped to the front of the room and perched on the window-seat.

"Sorry, old boy! My error!" And his burlesque English accent was really Coley's equivalent for an apology.

He was always forgetting that Andreas disliked to be disturbed when he was working from a model. Coley—who never had to be urged to come out and play—could not understand why his friend took his work so seriously. "Life is short," "We're young only once," and "Why be a slave? You're a long time dead," were the simple maxims that summed up life for him. But for all that, he cared more for Andreas's respect than for that of anybody else he knew, and frequently in the midst of a protracted loafing spell he was shamed into simulating industry. This he called "going through the motions," which meant sitting at his desk, pencil in hand, and swearing softly, or pacing the floor, pulling his hair and scowling fiercely at an evasive plot.

Andreas never showed that he saw through this little deception. To Coley and to everybody else he seemed a simple chap, and a little serious. He had entered college with the idea that he wanted to be a lawyer. With an LL. B. he opened a tiny office, but a year of it convinced him that he was too young and energetic to become a hermit, so he left the law flat and went on the road selling olive-oil. A veil must be drawn over this period. Eventually he drifted into the Art Students' League in New York. There, conscious that he was approaching his proper niche, he worked like a fiend, and in a year and a half was ready for the garret phase of his novitiate. In due time he left amateurishness behind in the garret and, a full-fledged illustrator, boldly signed a lease on a studio on the south side of Washington Square.

As might be expected, he was not, while working, in a mood to discuss with his model the pros and cons of a claim to the French throne. And so Hooley, who on the whole preferred signs of listening in his auditor, addressed his monologue to Coley.

"So many times I have heard my grandfather, the Prince, say to my father: 'Louis, I am no longer young. Soon I shall die, disappoint'; but you, my son, must never forget you are a——'"

"A Hooley?" interrupted Coley gravely.

Hooley rolled his eyes fiercely.

"No-no-no-no!" he cried. "This Hoo-lee—it is not my father's name. It is not my name. My grandfather the Prince, he would cause his tombstone to move if he should know—Hoo-lee—Hoo-lee! Agh!"

"Take a rest, Hooley," said Andreas, seeing he had lost the pose.

Hooley placed the dish he had been holding on a chair and worked the cramps out of his legs and arms by a few quick calisthenics.

"Say," cried Coley, "was he really a so-help-me prince? Pay his dues regularly and attend all the meetings?"

"Eh?"

"Was he a real prince?"

Overwhelmed with indignation, Hooley made three or four false starts, then sputtered: "Ah! If I might show you my papers!"

"Did you ever hear of my father, the President?" queried Coley gravely. "He was a great writer. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Ah! He was a bold man with the

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cutlass. He would toss a thick book in the air and slash it in halves before it fell. Ah! how the old gentleman loved to show his skill with the cutlass! In the orchard he would with one deft stroke cut the core from an apple, leaving the apple still hanging from its twig. And I have seen him strike an arm off a footman for playing a trombone on Sunday. He used to pitch for the Boston Nationals when he was a young man, my father, the President. One day he said to me: 'My son, when I was your age I faced the west and threw a baseball high in the air. My days here are numbered, but I want you to promise me that ten years from now you will go to Denver and wait for that ball to come down!' He was a great man, my father, the President——"

Indignant comprehension was slowly dawning on Hooley's face. Suddenly he flew into a rage.

"Agh! Your father, the President!" he cried, waving his fist under Coley's nose. "You are making jest with me, young man! Me, a descendant——"

"Don't get sore, Hooley; he was only kidding!" broke in Andreas.

"Ye-eh—I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world," said Coley contritely.

Hooley glared at him for an instant, then he tore off the robe and caught up his coat.

"I shall go!" he declared. "I refuse to be insult'!"

Andreas hastily dropped his palette and brushes and tried to calm Hooley down. Coley joined him and apologized beautifully. But Hooley stuck to his grievance and refused to be mollified, and at last, seeing it was a hopeless task, Andreas paid him for the time he had worked. Hooley departed, banging the door behind him.

II

THE NEW MELCHIOR

"Exit Hooley, on heels," said Coley soberly. "Gee, that's a shame, Andreas! Throws you out of a morning's work. That's my style again. Every time I open my mouth I bite somebody."

Andreas made no reply. He walked slowly to the big open window and looked out over the Square. The morning was the first instalment of a fine, high, August day. A rain the night before had washed the dust from trees and grass, and, all drenched with sunshine, the park was fresh and green against the old red-brick houses on the north.

"Say, let me take a glim at the other two stunts you're working on, will you?" asked Coley, eager to be placating.

Andreas pointed to two canvases stacked against the wall. Coley turned them face out and, squatting on his heels before them, delivered his judgment.

"Say—this is going to be swell, this one of the shepherds. Good composition, Abe! You've got your nerve with you to make that hill so big. Who are the gents stepping down the pike in this other one?"

"The Wise Men again, on their way to Bethlehem. You see, I'm using them twice, and I'm sort of specializing on old man Melchior. I've got an idea I can make him carry the burden of both pictures, especially the stable one. The deuce of it is, getting the right feeling into him."

Coley straightened up and walked over to the canvas on the easel.

"Maybe it's just as well you got rid of Hooley," he remarked, after scrutinizing it for some minutes. "He isn't the man you want."

"Well—not exactly—but he would have done——"

"Nope. He hasn't the right kind of foliage. He's got a bomb-thrower's beard—you want a lad with a fine, long, bushy thicket from his eyes to the middle button of his vest. The whiskers are the whole thing, Androcles. It can't be done without the proper shrubbery."

Andreas took up his palette and began to paint in a section of the stable wall. Coley inserted his left hand in his pistol pocket and, gesturing grandly with his right, declaimed:

"Speaking of whiskers—My friends, there are several reasons for whiskers, such as—er—laziness, egotism, weak chins, the desire or the necessity for a disguise, and industrial conditions.

"Under the first head comes the Spanish-moss style of horticulture, and the best specimens are found in rural communities. Hermits are in this class. The second class—er—the second! When a man thinks he has cause to be proud of something he has in his safe, garage, or cerebellum, he advertises his pride by sowing his chops in winter wheat. Small-town bankers, inventors, and

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village oracles are found in this division. Whiskers raised for the purpose of defiance and those put forth to scare the wife must be mentioned at this point. The roots of these herbs are all fastened in vanity.

"Now, then, for the incognito canto. In our little world are many men who for personal reasons see fit to hide. When they can go into retreat, all well and good. But the majority of males have to carry their hiding-places around with them. Hence whiskers, which in this case are composed of two parts fear and one part hair. Often when I encounter some mobile underbrush I look to see if the man lurking behind it is an escaped convict or a defeated candidate for alderman. The weak-chinned guys are found in this division. The last chapter, industrial conditions, refers to barbers' strikes— Aw! flap your ears, Andreas—just once, to show you're listening!"

"Eh? What'd you say?" asked Andreas, frowning slightly as he stared at Coley.

"You didn't hear a word of my little spooch, did you?"

"No," frankly.

"I thought not. You look as though your top floor had been sublet for the season."

Andreas dropped his brushes and palette on the table.

"I've got to get hold of a model, Coley—that's what's worrying me."

Coley had staved it off as long as he could—the reckoning had to come. The easiest thing was to try to be useful. He hurried a thick little ledger down from its shelf and began to flip through its pages.

"Let's see what the rogues' gallery has to offer," he cried with his most convincing optimism. "Here we are—" and he began to read the notations Andreas had jotted down in it: "'Julio di Morgano, toothless, emaciated, scraggly white beard—miser or old-farmer type. Died—' well, that lets him out. Here's Martin Binney—'old man, hatchet face, white clipped beard—' Say—here you are! I'll bet he's just the boy. Listen! 'Joseph Dickinson—about sixty-five, looks older—tall, slightly stooped, fine white Walt Whitman beard, aristocratic, dignified, quiet——' "

"Let's see!" Andreas took the book from him and went on reading. " 'Patriarch, old astrologer or nut inventor type. Fair clothes. Phone drug-store, Gramercy 56428; they will send messenger. Do not mention posing when phoning.' "I remember him—he might be just the man. Gramercy——"

"Don't mention posing when phoning, eh? What's the idea?"

"Gramercy 56428—Huh? Oh, I don't know. Gramercy——"

He hurried into Brackett's room, where the telephone was, called up the drug-store, and delivered his message. Finally Mr. Dickinson, summoned by the drug-store's ton-footed messenger, agreed to call at the studio within the hour.

Andreas returned to the front room, vastly relieved and chanting something about love being like something else.

Old Mr. Dickinson arrived well within the hour, and at sight of him Andreas's spirits went soaring. In spite of his long white hair and beard there was still something young in his face—far younger than Hooley—giving him a look of mystery that made Andreas actually gloat. It was a fleeting quality that came for an instant and then hid itself again in a tired, age-old look which suggested æons of tramping over the earth, seeking vainly for the answer to an endless riddle. He was the living embodiment of the Melchior Andreas wanted to paint.

"Could you give me all your time till the job is done?" asked Andreas, coming to the end of his questioning. "It ought to be good for at least three weeks."

"I shall be glad to give you first claim on my time," said Mr. Dickinson.

"Fine—fine! Can you begin right now?"

"Very well."

Andreas had been working for an hour when Coley, who had been taking a nap, awoke, furry-mouthed and foggy. He strolled out into the studio, yawning and blinking.

"Mr. Dickinson—Mr. Harkness," said Andreas briefly.

Coley essayed something pleasant about the nice weather, inspecting the model at first lazily and then with a quickened interest. Mr. Dickinson's replies were polite but not eager, and he attended strictly to his business of posing without even a glance at Coley. Coley studied him for a moment and then went over to a shelf that held several large letter-files. This was Andreas's morgue, and contained illustrations and covers clipped from magazines. With only a vague memory of what he was looking for, Coley began going through its contents. An

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PANDORA

SHE SEEMED QUITE TOO SMALL AND NICE AND YOUNG TO BE BURDENED WITH SO MUCH ANXIETY.

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illustration clipped from a desert story, showing an old, bearded prospector lashing a pack-saddle on a burro, caught his eye. Quickly he compared it with Mr. Dickinson. The likeness was unmistakable.

Knowing that most elderly male models take themselves very seriously and attach as much importance to their share in producing a picture as the artist does to his, Coley thought he would please the old man with a little recognition. He held up the illustration.

"You posed for this, didn't you, Mr. Dickinson? Fine likeness——"

Then he stopped short, for Dickinson had straightened up, his eyes flashing and his lips tightly compressed, and was gazing right through his well-meaning questioner.

III

PANDORA

Andreas stalked impatiently back and forth between the Magi and the window, finding occasion for gloom at either end of his walk. A cold, sullen rain was beating against the window-panes—a premature fall rain intruding on summer. And in the "Giving of the Gifts" the painted Melchior was waiting for certain essential portions of his anatomy which couldn't be supplied him until Dickinson arrived. It was half past ten, and the best "Wise Man" in New York was over an hour late.

"Hey, Coley!" Andreas rasped out finally, "what time is it?"

Coley was propped up on the couch with his morning paper, engaged in the pursuit of a "pome" that would land him in the "Colyum," a column of clever verse and neatly turned paragraphs on the editorial page of the *Tribune*. Not wealth but glory was what Coley secretly prayed for from his muse. Sometimes his dreams soared to a Thin Volume, published by Mitchell Kennerley, or displayed on Christmas counters in a gray Mosher cover; but an appearance in the "Colyum" was his immediate goal.

He did not even lower his bemused eyes from the ceiling to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"It's the same time from here that it is from where you are," he answered airily. "What do you think of this for an idea for a pome? A blast against the evils of drink—what I know about rum, you know. I'll start it, 'Old Omar was a bloomin' liar—'"

"This blamed clock can't be right. It says twenty-five minutes of eleven," put in Andreas.

"Then it is twenty-five minutes of eleven. I set the thing last night."

"But old Dickinson hasn't shown up yet."

"And time stands still where he is not?

" 'You are late, Father William,' the young man said,
'And you look like you'd been out all night.
Why weren't you safely at home in your bed?
Do you think at your age it is right?'

Shall I speak to him, Androcles? My manner in dealing with elderly incorrigibles has been much admired."

Andreas was leaning out of the window for a closer inspection of the Square. Dickinson was not among the few bedraggled people in sight.

"Just my luck if he's busted a leg or something," he said as he slammed the window shut. "Hope the old boy isn't sick. I'm going to call him up."

But the telephone yielded only the information that Mr. Dickinson wasn't in, that no one knew when he would be in, or where he had gone.

Andreas came back and seated himself, erect but despondent, in what he called his psychological chair.

"Oh, come on, cheer up, Abe! It isn't so bad as all that!" said Coley, letting his feet to the floor and standing up.

"I can't do anything without a model."

"I'll pose for you," Coley volunteered, feeling of his chin. Andreas smiled faintly, but did not take advantage of the offer. Coley sauntered over to the easel and surveyed the Magi. Despite the absence of his right arm and shoulder—Andreas, becoming dissatisfied with their construction, had painted them out the day before—Melchior was by far the most striking thing in the picture, with his burning, sunken eyes in which hope and adoration and deep sorrow melted together in a living light, seeming to look far beyond the Child on whom they were fixed.

"You've done something there, feller," said Coley with sudden sincerity. "He's got the whole story right in his eyes."

Andreas's face lighted a little.

"I got it all from old Dickinson," he said slowly. "I never really knew what that picture was about until I had him. I can't

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do anything without him. I'm all primed up for this and there's no use trying to monkey with anything else till Melchior is all done."

"Yeh?" Coley in the face of such earnestness had nothing to offer but a practical suggestion: "Well, there's no use in giving up and picking at the coverlet, is there? The old guy's late, that's all. In the meantime you can be tinkering up the hardware and costume side of the pic."

"I suppose so," Andreas admitted; "but, hang it, I'm all tuned up to get in some good licks on Melchior this morning, and I can't seem to get any more life into his face until I've done his whiskers right."

Coley got himself a piece of paper and his large, soft composing-pencil, and retired again to the couch. Just as he got the pillows arranged to his satisfaction, the downstairs door-bell rang. He postponed his lyric against drink and hastened to the push-button by the telephone. Then, being irrepressibly curious about all visitors, he stood ready to open the studio door.

This visitor was a girl—a rather shy-looking girl, but not shrinking—who somehow, in spite of her long dark coat and damp umbrella, seemed full of color in the dark hall. She stood for an instant looking up at Coley, who was fumbling at the neck-band of his shirt as he held the door open.

"Is my father here?" she asked.

Coley, succeeding at last in making his collar-button perform its functions, turned to Andreas.

"Andreas, there's a young lady here who wants to know if her father is here."

Andreas, gazing morosely out of the window, did not answer.

"I'm afraid we have no fathers here," said Coley brightly.

"But has he been here to-day?" asked the girl.

"Not a father has darkened these doors this day, unless the iceman is a father. You aren't the iceman's daughter, are you?"

"Of course not. Please don't joke about it—I'm serious. I'm worried. My father should be here this morning."

Coley saw that her irritation at his flippancy was a good deal modified by anxiety.

"Who is your father?" he asked, a little more politely.

"Mr. Dickinson—Mr. Joseph Dickinson."

"Andreas," Coley called, "here's the daughter of your missing patriarch! Come in, Miss Dickinson."

Miss Dickinson came in, sweeping by Coley with the stateliness of a lady much taller than she would ever be, and went straight to Andreas.

"You are Mr. Johnson, aren't you? I'm Pandora Dickinson, and I'm very much worried about my father. Do you know where he is?"

Andreas gazed at her blankly.

"No. He ought to have been here at nine o'clock."

Coley drew nearer. Many times he had announced that in his judgment a girl was never so beautiful as when about to burst into tears. The little catch in Miss Dickinson's voice had led him to believe that she might weep at any moment. He stared at her, fascinated.

"I know he was to be here—that's why I came to look for him," she said hurriedly. "He wasn't at home last night at all and I'm afraid that something has happened to him."

Andreas was not wholly oblivious to the fact that Miss Dickinson was an extremely attractive girl, but at the moment he was chiefly interested in the missing model.

"Tell me about it," he said, a little bluntly.

"He's very particular about keeping his appointments, and I knew he would be here if everything was really all right," she explained. "I shouldn't have come, I know, because father has no idea I know about his—his doing this sort of thing, and of course if he'd been here he'd have found out—and that would have been very sad. He's so proud—but I've known what he was doing for ever so long. He's never stayed away from home at night before, though, and I was so worried I just had to come. But you won't tell him I came, will you?"

"Why no, if you say so," Andreas assured her. "But where do you suppose he is?"

"I haven't any idea—but I thought you might have."

"Why?"

"Because he was posing for you. Don't you see? He takes things awfully seriously—being on time and not missing his appointments and that sort of thing—so he couldn't have missed coming here without letting you know." She stopped with the air of putting the responsibility for a huge amount of very grave trouble upon him. It had at least the effect of making Andreas more anxious about his model.

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"Where does he go when he's away from home?" he asked, accepting the responsibility to the extent of feeling that if the old man had actually disappeared he would have to help find him.

"He doesn't go away from home, except to work." Although very much worried, she seemed no nearer to tears than she had been when she came in. Coley could stand the suspense no longer.

"Excuse me for butting in," he exclaimed, "but is there really a mystery here or are you trying to make one of a man's just staying out all night?"

Miss Dickinson's gray-blue eyes became almost black and she leveled them straight at Coley like two weapons.

"My father isn't in the habit of staying out all night, and if you can't do anything better than make nasty insinuations, I wish you'd please attend to your own business!" she said frigidly.

Coley was injured innocence all over.

"Oh, you're getting me wrong!" he protested. "I didn't mean that I really thought I was butting in. I'm not—I am in. I have to live with Andreas, you see, and when his work gets balled up he's about as companionable as a hammer-headed shark. And yet I don't want you to gather the idea that my motives are entirely selfish —er—er—" his voice trailed off into an ineffectual murmur.

"This is Mr. Harkness," Andreas spoke up. "He wants to help if there's anything wrong. Sit down, Miss Dickinson."

Coley hastened to drag the mission rocker up by the windows, where visitors were always seated, but when he arrived Miss Dickinson had sat primly down on the edge of the big red wing-chair.

Leaning back in his beer-crate chair, Andreas was making mental notes of the good drawing in her profile, clear cut against the light from the windows. But it was Coley, the alert, who first remarked the fine dark hair over which her little, snug-fitting hat was jammed, the changing lights in her gray-blue eyes, the delicate angle of her slightly tilted nose, the quick shadings of color in her softly rounded cheeks. She seemed quite too small and nice and young to be burdened with so much anxiety, and Coley was eager to make amends for his early flippancy.

"All I meant," he explained, "was that lots of men do stay out all night—oh, quite harmlessly—without their daughters knowing anything about it. You know what I mean—there doesn't have to be a mystery about it at all. Why, I remember one night when Andreas didn't show up and I got excited and telephoned to police headquarters and worked up some large, fat worry about it. And next morning he turned up without any fractures in his skull, and I found out——"

"Oh, dear!" said Pandora, clasping her hands with the first signs of nervousness she had shown, "I wish you wouldn't talk as though you were making fun of me. I don't want any mystery, but can't you see how it—how it puzzles me?"

"Where do you live?" asked Andreas.

"On East Twenty-second Street. We have a big room in the basement and a back room. My father sleeps in the big room, but I always know when he's there——"

"Did he go home after he left here yesterday afternoon?"

"I don't know—I was out a little while in the afternoon. I didn't like to ask at the house, because it would look so silly being worried if there was nothing to be worried about. I thought I would just quietly find out if he was here first. I would have telephoned, but—well, I didn't have a nickel to telephone with," she finished quite frankly.

There was nothing new or surprising to Andreas in finding people without a nickel, but Pandora somehow had a look that was not at all penniless. His face must have shown a faint gleam of astonishment, for Pandora, her cheeks flaming, hurried on:

"We keep the money we use every day—what we use for little things like telephoning and car-fares—in a little box. There's always enough there, and when I want bigger amounts my father always gives them to me. All the change I had in my pocketbook this morning was three pennies—so I went to the little box, and it was empty."

Andreas got up and started for the back room.

"Excuse me a minute," he said.

While he was gone Pandora fumbled nervously with the handle of her umbrella. Her eyes avoided Coley's. He was watching her intently, and conceiving thrilling reasons why an old man with a beard and a pretty daughter should disappear with the family collection of small change.

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Soon Andreas returned, changed from his painting clothes into those he wore when he went out where people would see him.

"I can't do anything without your father," he said. "Suppose we go up to your place and see what we can find out. He may have turned up. If he hasn't, we'd better see if the folks in the house can't tell us something about it."

"I—I hate to ask them," said Pandora slowly. "My father doesn't like to have me talk very much with the people in the house, and he'd feel dreadfully if we talked to them about him."

"I know—but if you're worried, that's the most sensible thing I can suggest," Andreas said bluntly.

Coley had kicked off his sneakers and was hurriedly tying his shoe-laces. Andreas beckoned him into the back room.

"You stay here, Coley. The old boy might show up here——"

"I want to be in on the sleuthing," Coley protested. "I'm the best little Watson in the parish."

"S-s-sh," cautioned Andreas. "Don't let her hear you talking like that—she's nervous enough now. If you come along you'll get to faking up dramatic stuff, and that'll scare her all the more. You stay here."

Coley ran two fingers nonchalantly through his hair.

"Oh, very well, Sherlock! But if you don't get your memoirs properly written up, don't blame me." He leaned close to Andreas and concluded in a whisper, "Peach—eh wot?"

Andreas turned away without replying. Coley finished tying his shoe-strings, but before he could get back into the front room, Andreas and Pandora had departed. He went to the window to watch them emerge from the front door and start across the Square. Pandora seemed to be talking volubly, gesturing excitedly and looking up into Andreas's face. It gave Coley a feeling of being shut out, which disturbed him for a moment—but only for a moment. He went back to his paper and soft composing-pencil.

But what the pencil did on the paper consisted entirely of eccentric and complicated geometrical figures. Coley was busy wondering how in the world a girl with a last name like Dickinson happened to have a first name like Pandora.

IV

THE BASEMENT ROOM

Obviously Pandora was embarrassed at receiving a young man in what might be called her apartment. As they entered the house she hesitated at the parlor door, but Andreas followed on sternly, down the stairs to the basement.

Pandora looked quickly at the table, where any letter or message would have been placed for her, but there was nothing.

"There's one thing I didn't tell you." She opened the door to the small room in the rear. "When I came in last night all the things on my table were turned topsy-turvy, and the bureau drawers were open, with everything scattered every which way."

Andreas stood in the doorway and glanced around. It was a neat and dainty little room, all quite in order now.

"Was anything missing?" he asked.

"No; only it was so queer for my father to touch things at all—he never does, you know."

"Could it have been anybody else?"

"Nobody else has a key, and we always leave the door locked when we go out." Her logic seemed quite convincing, but Andreas looked searchingly down into her face.

"I thought you said you didn't know whether your father had been home yesterday or not?" he said.

Pandora bit her lip with a quick little intake of breath.

"I know it," she replied earnestly; "I did say that. I wasn't sure he had been home, and I didn't want to have Mr. Harkness thinking my father had— I—I don't know who else could have been at my things. But he didn't take anything away, I'm sure of that."

Andreas began to have a queer feeling of poking about among shadows.

"What kind of a man is your father, Miss Dickinson?" he asked abruptly.

Her eyes opened wider with a little startled look. Before she could answer some one rapped at the door. Pandora partly opened it and a massive figure in black loomed up outside.

"Oh, Mrs. Jaqueth!" Pandora exclaimed. "Did you want to see me?"

"Yes." Mrs. Jaqueth's deep, guttural voice rumbled. She held her own in the

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doorway, so Pandora, her subtle hint failing, opened the door wide.

"This is Mr. Johnson, a business friend of my father," she explained, flushing slightly.

Mrs. Jaqueth was the fattest of fat landladies. If such a thing had been respectable, she might have won renown in a place where such sights as she are exhibited. But she was both too respectable and too sensitive, which robbed the public of much legitimate wonderment. She had a gray, dropsical face with many loops of flesh sagging from it, faded eyes, and grayish hair quite unrelated to the flat, black flapjack arrangement that barely escaped abutting over her brows. The bristles from a large mole on the side of her chin stuck out like a frayed paintbrush.

She scanned Andreas with a listless kind of curiosity, but made no acknowledgment of the introduction.

"There's been a woman here twice this morning, looking for your father," she said to Pandora.

"Who was it?" asked Pandora nervously.

"I do' know. She left this letter." Mrs. Jaqueth with obvious reluctance handed over a letter, unstamped, addressed to "Mr. Joseph Dickinson." "And somebody keeps telephoning to find out if he's in yet."

Pandora took the letter with well-assumed carelessness.

"Has he been in this morning?" she asked.

"No, I ain't had a sight of him. I never knew him to be so sought after." Mrs. Jaqueth's listless, faded eyes remained continually on Andreas, as though by long looking they might take in what normal eyes might have seen at a glance.

"Do you know what time he went out after dinner last night?"

"He wasn't here to dinner. It was Thursday, too, and Mr. Dickinson always eats a lot of boiled chicken. I don't know as I remember him ever missing Thursday night dinner before. He wasn't here to breakfast this morning, either," she concluded with a challenging note in her voice.

"Yes, I know," said Pandora quickly. "He went out quite early, and if any one asks for him again you can tell them I don't know just what time he'll be back."

"Yes," rumbled Mrs. Jaqueth, and slowly wheeling herself around she moved morosely into the hall.

Pandora closed the door.

"Something is the matter with her," she said with a worried little sigh. "She doesn't ever come down those stairs unless she has something on her mind. I don't believe she said all she came down to say. I'm going to see if Lottie knows what is the matter."

Lottie was a big, frowsy blonde in a soiled shirt-waist and petticoat, who emerged from some inner room that was probably the kitchen when Pandora called her.

"Did my father leave any word for me when he went out yesterday?" Pandora asked her.

"Nope—he didn't say anything about you at all." Lottie looked lazy, but she at least had the advantage over Mrs. Jaqueth of having wide-awake eyes. She stared frankly at Andreas as she went on: "He just asked me to lend him my sewing-basket."

"Sewing-basket? Why, what in the world——"

"Mebbe he wanted something that was in the work-basket," said Lottie knowingly. "He—oh, there's the door-bell again. I bet it's the boy from the drug-store." Quite good-naturedly she went off to answer the bell.

Pandora looked puzzled.

"Isn't that odd? I always keep his things mended for him, and he could have found my own work-basket if he had wanted it. Oh dear, Mr. Johnson, every new thing mixes me all up! What do you suppose it all means?"

For the last fifteen minutes the realization had been growing on Andreas that he was becoming involved in a lot of petty difficulties that weren't at all the kind of things he wanted to be bothered with. Why should he spend his morning listening to the woes of Pandora Dickinson? A surprisingly attractive girl she was, for the daughter of such an eccentric old body as her father; but here she was piling up bewilderments out of something that would probably turn out to be quite simple if she would only give time a chance to straighten them out. The worst of it was that, in spite of all the common sense he could bring to bear on them, they bewildered him too. The several trivial happenings that had followed in the wake of his model's failing to show up that morning somehow wove themselves together to give him the feeling of a mystery—a vague sort of mystery quite out of proportion to anything he could figure out.

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"THERE'S ONE THING I DIDN'T TELL YOU. WHEN I CAME IN LAST NIGHT ALL THE THINGS ON MY TABLE WERE TURNED TOPSY-TURVY, AND THE BUREAU DRAWERS WERE OPEN."

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It was probably Pandora's fault—woman-like, she was getting scared over nothing, and, very much like a woman, managing to make him believe that the nothing was something. He had undertaken to investigate her father's absence on a kindly impulse, strengthened undoubtedly by the human hankering most people have at times to play amateur detective. Like most amateur detectives he was letting a lot of irrelevant chatter—and Pandora's nervousness—build up a riddle that really did not exist.

"Honestly, Miss Dickinson," he began, "I feel absolutely certain——"

"It was the boy from the drug-store," Lottie interrupted, appearing in the doorway after an incredibly rapid trip up-stairs and back. "Somebody wants Mr. Dickinson again."

"I'm going to see who it is!" cried Pandora. "Please don't go until I come back, Mr. Johnson. It may explain everything, and I've bothered you so much I would like to be able to tell you if it's all right. You will wait, won't you?"

"Of course," he assented.

Pandora gave him a quick, grateful smile, and ran out of the room. Andreas sat down to wait. Refuse to be entangled! How did people refuse to be entangled? When children take you for granted you can't disappoint them, and after all — it suddenly dawned on him—Pandora was nothing but a child. That made her all the less amenable to common sense, but put it up to him all the more strongly not to fail her.

His reasoning and his sentiment were getting him into a fine muddle when an odd sound from the doorway rescued him. It was Lottie, standing in the doorway again, giggling.

"Hullo!" he said, partly to cover a strange feeling of embarrassment that Lottie's giggling caused him. Her only reply was to giggle some more—a frank, childish giggle that had a weird sound, coming from a grown woman. And all the time she stared at him steadfastly.

"She's a nut!" he concluded to himself, and picked up a magazine that was lying on the table. But in a moment he was conscious that she was standing beside him, and when he looked up at her she giggled again.

"What's the joke?" he asked abruptly.

Whatever the joke was, she did not put it into words. With a quick, awkward movement she thrust into his hands a brown-paper bag clumsily tied up with twine; then, clapping her hand over her mouth and bending almost double with the humor of it, she lumbered hastily out of the room.

He was staring at the strange little bundle when Pandora came in, all excited.

"It was a woman, and she wants to speak to my father, and she won't leave any message!" she cried.

Andreas jumped up.

"Well, that doesn't help us any, does it? I guess we'll have to wait. I'll be going back to the studio—he might be there waiting for me. If he is, I'll call you up. And don't be worried, Miss Dickinson. I'm sure there's nothing to be anxious about."

"Oh, I keep saying that to myself—perhaps I'll get to believe it if he doesn't stay away too long. But you were awfully good to come up. And you will telephone if he's there? But don't let him know you have seen me."

"Surest thing in the world," he said heartily. He picked up his hat. "Oh, that girl—Lottie—gave me this package. What do you suppose it is?"

A little laugh rippled into Pandora's face.

"Oh! You made a hit with Lottie. That's a little present—she always gives foolish little presents to people she likes. It's probably something awfully silly."

"Had I better keep it?"

"Of course. You wouldn't want to hurt her feelings."

Andreas had a strong suspicion that his present consisted of the feet of the Thursday-night chicken, but he slipped the package into his raincoat pocket.

"Good-by," he said; "I'll call you up if I find out anything. And don't you worry, will you?"

She held out her hand to him, and smiled faintly.

"Not very much—thank you."

V

ANDREAS SEES A GHOST

The studio was not overrunning with hilarity that afternoon. Mr. Dickinson continued not to appear and Andreas fumed loudly because he could not be at his work.

Perhaps the rainy day had something to do with the gloom that overwhelmed him

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as he stood gazing at the unfinished Melchior. The whole world seemed to be in a conspiracy to keep him from finishing the picture, and, to make the gloom a little heavier, a cheerless doubt assailed him about whether the thing was worth having started.

These moments of depression came to Andreas regularly with every piece of work he did. He knew they were temporary, but that knowledge was of no use in putting them to rout. Quite frequently Coley was the one who banished them. But this afternoon Coley was busy with work—real work on a moving-picture scenario. The idea had sprung full-blown into his head while Andreas was telling him about the visit to Mrs. Jaqueth's boarding-house, and he started putting it on paper without waiting to hear the full account of what had happened.

He sat on the couch in his room with a drawing-board on his knees for a desk, his left hand pulling at his front hair, busily writing.

Andreas at last got out his model-book. It was ridiculous to tie up his whole work because of old man Dickinson—there must be plenty of other bearded old men to be had. But as he looked over the names and called up their owners before his mind's eye, they seemed utterly impossible. He considered sending for Hooley again—apologizing abjectly for Coley's flippancy and begging him to come back. But another pause before the picture showed him how useless Hooley would be to him now. He might as well stick a false beard on his wooden lay figure and expect to get inspiration from that.

Old Dickinson had become the life of the picture to him, the magnet of suggestion that drew from him all the insight and understanding that would give to his work any truth and value it might eventually have. The seared old face, furrowed with the prints of unguessable spiritual battles, veiled mysteriously and with a fitting dignity by the noble beard, was like no other face; and day by day, through looking at it, Andreas had found his conception of how weary old eyes must have looked out upon the new-born Light of the World, crystallizing into something that he could translate with his brush.

He flung the model book back on the shelf and looked at his watch. Four o'clock. There was no use in even pretending to hunt up another model to-day. To-morrow, if Dickinson didn't show up prompt and early, he would have to begin searching for a substitute.

If old Dickinson didn't show up—that would probably mean Pandora again, with more tales of telephoning and missing nickels. Poor kid! After all, he couldn't blame her; it was a case of something even more serious than a missing model with her. She couldn't have friends or she wouldn't have come to him for help. Her queer old duck of a father had probably left her mewed up in that dismal basement away from all chances to make friends, and if the other people in the house were as weird as Mrs. Jaqueth and Lottie, they couldn't offer her much in time of trouble.

He hadn't called her up yet—there had been nothing positive to call her up about. But he might as well—perhaps a cheering word from him would help out. And when he finally got her on the telephone and found that the afternoon had shed no light on her mystery, and she seemed so glad to hear from him, it occurred to him that it was only decent to ask her if she wouldn't go out to dinner somewhere with him. It would divert her for a couple of hours and maybe cheer her up. Her eager "Yes" made him feel like Santa Claus. He hung up the telephone-receiver in a perceptibly brighter state of mind and put in the rest of the afternoon touching up the already finished picture of the shepherds.

At half-past five Coley finished his scenario, and Tommy Brackett, lessee of the back room, came home. Tommy was a lawyer with rapidly thinning hair and the legal mind's proper contempt for artists and their easy-going folderol. He found them amusing cusses, though, on whom it was a pleasure to bestow the gifts of his more practical nature; and he was even inclined to boast among his business friends of the crowd he lived with "in Washington Square—artistic, you know, and a bit crazy, but really awfully interesting." Association with them furnished him with a useful lot of patter that gave him at home what he considered an enviable reputation as an appreciator of the arts.

When at the studio, however, it was always the rôle of hard business man that he chose to assume, viewing all matters in a practical light and having no patience with utterances not founded on what he

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called logical premises. He had a passion for looking on both sides of a question, so that most of his opinions could be reduced to "Yes and No;" and he loved to expound, following the "er—er—er" style of exposition.

Coley, fresh from his scenario, which had to do with the abducted father of a beautiful daughter, must needs talk about what he now quite confidently called old Dickinson's mysterious disappearance. Tommy demanded the whole tale and listened with the air of weighing details most judicially, while Coley let flow a narrative highly colored by his afternoon's struggle to provide excitement for a moving-picture audience.

Andreas, brushing up his clothes and going through the other preparations for dining out with a lady, listened with a grin.

"Use salt freely while swallowing that narrative, Tommy," he remarked as Coley came to a "to-be-continued-in-our-next" close.

"Well, it's true as far as the truth goes," retorted Coley. "When a yarn is as full of holes as this one is, it's the duty of a man with imagination to fill them up."

Tommy, having looked on both sides of the question, pronounced his judgment, which was to the effect that they had better remain on the fence.

"I'd advise you to keep out of it," he said. "It may be a mystery and it may not; and if it should be, you can't tell what you may get mixed up in. It's always better to steer clear of these things. They're all very well in a book, but you never can be sure of their turning out right in real life."

"Well, you stick in the audience, Mr. Tiresome Business Man," said Coley. "For my part I want to be up warming my feet at the incandescent gutter where the spot-light man can draw a bead on me when he gets around to it. Remember, Tommy, Action Archibald bangs the bull's-eye three times while Prudent Paul is looking over the gun to see if it was made by a good, reliable firm. Also, the guy with the tightly compressed lips is a fine picture of reserve, but he don't start any sound-waves, and the lad with the conservative ear doesn't stop any. Don't forget that it's the innocent bystander who always gets shot in the leg."

"That answers your question, does it, Mr. Brackett?" inquired Andreas solemnly. "Does Mr. Harkness make himself clear?"

"Want a diagram, Mr. Brackett?" demanded Coley. "Let fig. one represent an idea. Dotted line leads from fig. one through hard, impervious bone, indicated by shaded area, to fig. two, the left lobe of the brain——"

Tommy smiled complacently.

"In words of one syllable," he said sweetly, "go chase yourself."

Coley promptly turned his back on Tommy.

"What's on to-night, Andreas?" he asked carelessly. "Big eats?"

Andreas pulled the collar of his raincoat up and the tails of his sack coat down.

"Not so very big," he replied. "I'm going to take Miss Dickinson out to dinner and see if I can't cheer her up a little. Probably we'll go over to the Safety Valve. Better come along with us. Chances are I can't be festive enough if she's really in the dumps."

"Sure," said Coley eagerly, "if you'll tip her off beforehand that I'm not really just a slap-stick comedian. I don't think she likes my line of chatter."

"N'yah! Only keep your theories about her father for your movies until she gets over being nervous about it. I wish you'd come along and help me out with the party. Why don't you throw in, too, Tommy?"

Tommy was turning back his cuffs preparatory to a little work with the safety-razor.

"Can't do it. I've got to go up to the Knickerbocker to see a man," he explained.

"How about yer, Coley?"

"Willing, not to say eager, nay, frantic with joy. Meet you at the Safety Valve?"

"Yes—grab a table for us, will you? We'll be along in half an hour or so." And Andreas departed.

The Safety Valve was not on the tourist's map of New York, and so it remained what tourists hope to see when they go slumming in what they call Bohemia. It was a club of ultra-liberal professions, loudly devoted to free speaking and the untrammeled pursuit of unconvention. It fell short of that Utopian latitude of unconventionality which forgives and even understands convention, but it provided a forum for many pent-up ideas to stretch themselves in, and a refuge noisy enough to let any one with an impulse of radicalism seek outlet in speech without feeling that he was exploding a bomb.

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Many people who were not members came to its little basement eating-place—some because in so doing they fancied they were mingling with the wickedest exponents of immorality in the country—anarchists and scoffers at the holy bond of matrimony were said to congregate there in all their brazenness; some because a man could go there unshaven and uncollared without being thought anything worse than a Socialist; some because the weird daubs exhibited on its walls were the outward sign of an incredible openness to new forces in art and literature, or because the poseurs one found there had at least a picturesque quality of being different.

Coley and Andreas went to it often, because the food was good and inexpensive.

The little dining-room was nearly full when Andreas led Pandora in from the hot, gas-lighted hall, but Coley had saved them a small table near the door. As they sat down, Pandora looked around eagerly. Three shirt-waisted matrons at the next table might have come from Mrs. Jaqueth's back parlor, from their looks; but when one of them lighted a cigarette and the other two called loudly for a second cup of coffee, with gay giggles and a "Let's go the limit, girls!" Pandora was aware of something quite un-Jaquethian in the atmosphere.

"They're not as wicked as they think they look," whispered Coley. "One of them's a milliner's assistant and the other two are music-teachers—and this is their idea of adventure."

A long-haired man and a Dutch-trimmed girl, talking and smoking very hard in the corner, were pointed out as two of the notables of the place, and the vehement group at the big center-table spoke for themselves. From their argument high-peak utterances such as "the revolution will do that!" "real people," and "in another hundred years the proletariat," rose occasionally above the clatter of the room.

It was vastly different from the six P. M. gatherings at Mrs. Jaqueth's board, and Pandora got her first amazed glimpse of feminism in the contrast. The lady boarders she was used to were not brilliant talkers—they had long ago subdued their views to those of their self-appointed oracle, a hardware salesman of tremendous horsepower as a monologist, who held on to the floor even when he had run out of material, by such sage remarks as "Yes, they certainly do lots of thinking these days." The women here rode the conversation like Amazons, practising vigorously that militant precept, "When a man's head bobs up, hit it!"

"Isn't it fun?" cried Pandora, neglecting her food in her attempts to keep track of everybody in the room and follow the talk of her two companions all at once. "Everybody's so interested!" She was surprisingly alive and interested herself, after the troubled figure she had cut earlier in the day. To Andreas and Coley she was as eager and unaffected as a small child—and as delightful. All her depression had quite gone.

"See that young chap who just came in?" asked Andreas. "He's nineteen years old and he's writing a history of all the philosophies of the world, and he's the champion one-stepper of the Safety Valve."

Coley—in excellent voice—kept up an almost unbroken flow of description, biography, and commentary. In a very short time he had completely reversed Pandora's early opinion of him by his buoyancy and wholeheartedness. Or rather, with additional material to go on, she had got a better focus on his flippancies and learned where to catalogue them. It was impossible for him to keep from playing on her eager unsophistication, and he became wildly extravagant. Perfectly harmless men with long hair and weak chins were given amazing criminal traits, the meek-looking girl with the Dutch hair-cut was invested with a most horrible murder record, and the storeroom where the anarchist members checked their bombs when going in to dinner was described in detail. But in the midst of her most horrified astonishment Pandora would break into a smile that was partly at Coley, and partly at herself for having been taken in.

"Who's that, Coley?" asked Andreas suddenly. "Don't look yet—he's standing in the doorway. Now you can look."

Coley turned his head in time to catch a glimpse of a very pale man with sunken cheeks, deep-set, glittering eyes, vanishing through the doorway.

"New one on me. He looked like the ghost of Enoch Arden."

"Who was it?" asked Pandora eagerly, turning around to look.

"Nobody we know," said Andreas hastily. The man may not have been staring at Pandora after all, but the sight of him,

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and the strange look on his face, suddenly reminded Andreas that the girl was walking in the shadow of a possible mystery.

Pandora pushed away the plate that had held her second helping of French pastry—a delicacy with which Mrs. Jaqueth's patrons were unacquainted.

"You don't know what a treat this all is to me," she confided to Andreas. Then, quite soberly, "I keep forgetting that I ought to be worried; it's awful hard to worry when you're having a good time."

"Worrying doesn't get you a thing," Andreas assured her, and Coley chimed in with: "You have to learn to grab your high moments as they come, otherwise you get cheated out of a whole lot of enjoyment in life. Good times are spontaneous stunts—you can't plan 'em beforehand, and you mustn't handicap 'em by dragging in things that belong with other moments. Ain't that so, Androcles?"

Andreas smiled at Coley in the rôle of philosopher.

"Oh! that's good, stock ear-drum music, Coley. I won't give you any argument——"

Coley laughed good-naturedly.

"That was kind of a 'the-world-is-round-and-two-and-two-make-four' bombshell, wasn't it? Hadn't ought to slam out those fast ones that way."

"Do you have your own flag, too?" asked Pandora gravely.

Coley looked at her in amazement, then his face broke into a smile.

"Get that, Andreas? Out of a clear sky, too!" he exclaimed. "You're a bit of a kidder yourself, Miss Dickinson!"

"Oh, no — not really," she protested, laughing. "But I'm awfully interested in foreign languages and customs and things——"

"We give in," Andreas interrupted. "But you mustn't condemn us altogether. You see, we've played around with fellows in our own line of work for so long that we're kind of wild, so you must make allowances when we lapse into our native patois."

"Oh, I like it!" she said frankly. "Only it's something like Lottie singing—the fun of listening to her is trying to guess what the tune is. And I must go home now—if my father should be there and not find me——"

"I'm going along as part of the escort, if you don't mind," said Coley. Here was a girl with life to her, and a sense of humor—a dozen variations of the theme: "It's blamed seldom you find a girl with a sense of humor" flashed through his mind as something he wanted to tell her; and he wanted to make sure that she really liked him. He even began, as they started across the Square, with "You didn't think much of me when you saw me this morning, did you?" quite as if Andreas hadn't been on the other side of her. But Andreas was not listening. As they passed under one of the lights, he had seen, sitting alone on a rain-drenched bench, the man whose scrutiny had bothered him in the dining-room. He seemed to be waiting for them, peering strangely with those burning eyes out of that pallid face. As they passed him Andreas looked at him searchingly. The man turned his head away, got up hastily, and slunk down the walk.

When they got to the Washington Arch Andreas stopped.

"I'll have to let you go on alone," he said. "I've an engagement I'll have to hurry for." And almost without saying good-night he started back across the Square.

Was that man watching him, or Pandora? Did he mean harm to her? Who was he, with his strange, haunting eyes? Andreas almost ran across the Square, but the man had disappeared. Tramping around for fifteen minutes did not discover him, and at last, calling himself a fool for being so fanciful, Andreas went home.

As he turned on the light it fell on his picture, still standing on the easel. Something in it caught him. He held up his hand, shutting off the lower part of the old Wise Man's face. The eyes— His mouth opened in a startled, unuttered exclamation. The eyes were the eyes of the man in the Square.

Andreas stepped back, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his raincoat.

"I'll be——"

His fingers met the package Lottie had given him. He drew it out of his pocket, still staring at the picture, and pulled off the wrapping. In it, tightly wadded together, was a mass of snow-white hair.

The next instalment of " ***Once Over*** *" will appear in the October number.*

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The COURTING of BRIDGET

by

RUTH SAWYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

O YE know—" said Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls, as she threw herself down on a patch of brown moorland beside Paddy and his geese— "do ye know, I can see nothin' at all, at all, to all this courtin'—this dandtherin' home from mass wi' a lad—or meetin' him, secret-like, down by the Lazy Bush afther dark. An' it's a kiss to-day—an' a ring to-morrow—an' the banns in a fortnight; an' always this time o' the year. Sure, ye'd think hearts were like turf—froze hard through the winther, but softenin' up wi' the spring to sprout love-talk an' kisses."

Paddy chuckled. Half-wit though he was—and turned seventy—he had long been conscious of Bridget's growing winsomeness; and had tossed the cups against this very dawning, confiding the results to none but his "childher"—the gray geese.

"Be the lads hangin' round?" he asked.

"Ye might call it that. They've been took wi' this spring thawin'—thrackin' the mud through the door o' nights, an' lookin' like they'd been caught liftin' a sheep off some farmer hereby." Bridget tossed her curls contemptuously. "An' where does all this courtin' take ye? Tell me that, Paddy! Sure, 'tis down a straight road leadin' from the chapel door to a cabin full o' childher."

The half-wit pushed his cap back on his head and pulled a wisp of his scanty thatch meditatively. "Troth, I'm not knowin' much about it. I was never courtin'—nor, by the same token, was I ever courted—but I'm thinkin' that road is one the women be mortial glad to thravel."

"Maybe—but Saint Bridget keep my feet from it! 'Tis not that I'm not likin' childher—bad scran to the woman who doesn't—but I'm like old Mary Harrigan an' her turkeys, just. Ye mind she raised a brood o' them—an' I met her on the road from market afther the sellin'. 'Bridget,' says she, 'they've turned out grand birds; an' I'd be proud to face any one o' them across the table an' own to their raisin'; but,' says she, ' 'tis not for the likes o' me to be temptin' Providence again.' " Bridget pulled a wry little face and sighed. "Haven't I been raisin' a family since I was ten? Johnnie an' me was born married—as ye might say—wi' the childher all there—handy—to be fed an' clothed an' mended an' nursed an' sent to school. They be near grown now, an' turnin' out—'grand birds,' but—" And Bridget shook her head fiercely after the manner of one who has her mind made and intends abiding by it.

It had been her custom since the responsibility of the family had been hers, whenever

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life became more than usually perplexing, or trouble over-plentiful, to search for Paddy the Gander, and blather away to him. "For," as Bridget had often explained to Johnnie, " 'tis as private as talkin' to yourself an' yet ye have all the consolation of a listener."

"Mind ye—Paddy—" she said after a moment of silence, "I'm not blamin' my father an' mother for dyin'—nor do I think it was their intention to put throuble on Johnnie an' me by havin' us first; but it's just nat'rally ruined matrimony for the both of us."

Her chin dropped into her hands and her eyes grew large and wistful. She looked past Paddy and his geese, past the moorland that encompassed them, even past Binn Ban that sentineled them; and her eyes rested on the chain of far-away, misty dream-hills—those hills which mark for every youth in Carn-na-ween the boundary of the Land of Good Fortune.

"Do ye know—" and this time Bridget spoke almost to herself— "I've never had a new dthress—nor brogues—only the passovers from Docthor Danny's old Hannah. An' for all these years I've been gettin' the childher off to school I've never had a day o' schoolin' myself—not one." A sob choked her and a pair of tears trailed down her cheeks. "I'm eighteen—an' I can't write a word, nor read a word—not a word out o' all them books the Lonely Man's been sendin'—beautiful books—an' me not knowin' their names even. It hurts—cruel—sometimes."

Another pair of tears followed close on the heels of the first; and then others—faster and faster. And Paddy—seeing—joined in sympathy.

"Whist, darlin', whist, if Paddy was a knowledgeable man, now, an' could learn ye! But Paddy, sure, is a good-for-naught; he be's foolish entirely, savin' what he knows o' the childher an' the faeries."

Bridget laughed. "A throuble held back for long be's worse nor a spring flood dammed up—if it ever breaks, 'twill cover ye an' your neighbor besides. Faith, if we don't stop, Paddy, them geese will think they're ducks an' take to swimmin'." And Paddy—as quick to catch fun as sorrow—laughed with her.

"Have ye had another book from *him?*" he asked at last, his mind going back to what Bridget had said.

"Aye, yesthernight—that makes five, one for every year he's been gone. Isn't it wondtherful how he remembers us? An' what do ye think?—I've rare good news for ye—I have! Johnnie has been made foreman o' the quarries!"

" 'Twas *his* doin'," said Paddy proudly.

"Aye, I'm thinkin' it was. Doesn't it beat all how a sthranger like our Lonely Man could dthrop straight off the Lazy Bush—as ye might say—into Carn-na-ween, an' fetch luck along wi' him?"

"Aye, luck an' a grand, big heart."

"Thrue for ye! 'Twas the heart that bought the quarries an' opened them afther the Marquis—curse him!—had closed them because he was losin' a few pence a day keepin' the lads at work. I mind it well: 'The price o' stone has gone down,' says he; 'an' the quarries are not payin',' says he, 'an' I'll close them for a bit till we see will the market improve.' An' never a thought for us in Carn-na-ween. Sure, we'd have starved if it hadn't ha' been for the Lonely Man—bless him! An' now he's made Johnnie foreman, wi' three shillin's raise!

"I tell ye what—" and Bridget jumped to her feet, youth, courage, and enthusiasm swaying her like a strong wind— "Johnnie'll be fetchin' me to Donegal next Fair Day an' buyin' me new brogues an' a dthress an' fixin's—an' when the childher be a bit more grown we'll leave them an' thravel. Aye, we've it all planned since yesthernight an' Johnnie fetched the news home. No weddin's for us—we'll thravel an' get learnin'." She paused an instant for breath. "I tell ye, when the next lad comes by wi' his courtin' smile handy I'll threat him to the two ends o' my tongue—an' both sharp!" And away she danced over the brae to the road.

Usually she looked back often, to watch Paddy herd his geese and wave his several last farewells. But now her mind was busy with this courting trouble and she looked neither back nor forward—only at her bare feet as they paced off the length of road that lay between the moorland and her cabin. The sound of wheels roused her, and she looked up to find Doctor Danny and his old gray mare nearly abreast.

"Brave evenin'!" she called out; and then, seeing that trouble rode with him, she asked with a teasing laugh, "Well, have they been afther askin' ye to be physician to the King again?"

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This was one of the best loved jests among Doctor Danny's people; a jest that brought always a smile to the lips and tears to the eyes—remembering as they did. For at the beginning, had he not pushed forever out of reach this promise of a brilliant career that he might stay with them, and all because—but that is another tale.

Doctor Danny drew in the mare and dropped the reins. "Aye, it is a brave evening that holds such good news of ye and Johnnie," and he leaned out to gather Bridget's brown little hands in his and pat them gently.

"Faith, I never saw good news rest so burdthensome on a body afore. What's ailin' ye, Docthor Danny?"

"It's what is ailing Carn-na-ween that's bothering me. It's a pestering, nagging trouble that hangs on and I can't seem to cure it."

Bridget looked perplexed.

"It's the Marquis, acushla. Why are ye all so hard with him? There is so much he would do for ye—so much he tries to do; but ye stop him at every turn—and—curse him."

"Aye, an' what else has he earned but curses?" muttered Bridget.

Doctor Danny paid no heed but went on: "If any one of ye are in trouble ye would go to the ends of the earth asking for help rather than take it from him—ye—his people—and why?"

"Sure—'tis because we are his people—the people he'd have let starve—that's the why! We'll never forget 'twas he closed the quarries, five years gone, an' any one of us would rather die facin' a thousan' years in purgatory than take help off his wee finger—an' he not lookin'."

Doctor Danny groaned under his breath. It was a far easier thing for him to face a diphtheria epidemic than to try to stamp out a community hatred.

"I'm sorry," he said a bit wearily, "for the Marquis is a brave lad with a big heart and a will to follow it. What he did five years ago was a mistake—the mistake of taking advice from other landlords. Ye remember he was hardly more than a lad, himself, new-come into the property and ignorant of many things. I hope Carn-na-ween will come to see it right for herself some day, and the lad get fair dealing. Meanwhile, I'd best let the ailment run its course, I'm thinking."

Giving a final pat to Bridget's hand, he picked up the reins and clucked to the mare. Bridget watched him disappear into the gathering dusk. "He seems sore discouraged-like," she mused soberly; and then the love every dweller of the hills had for Doctor Danny swept over her, leaving her shamed and remorseful. "We'd be doin' anything i' the world for ye—Docthor Danny," she shouted after him, "anything but lovin' the Marquis or givin' ye up to the King."

That night she sat late by the hearth. Long after Johnnie and the children had rolled into their trundle-beds and were

"I CAN SEE NOTHIN' AT ALL, AT ALL, TO ALL THIS COURTIN'."

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IT WAS THE MARQUIS OF CARN-NA-WEEN.

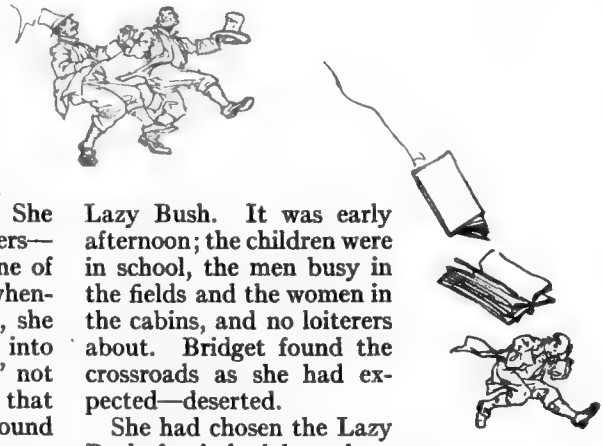
sleeping soundly she sat on — the books of the Lonely Man on her knee.

"One — two — three — four — five —I can count anyway," and again she pulled a wry little smile. "Sure, if I hadn't ha' been so proud I might have begged a bit o' learnin' from Johnnie or the other lads; or I might have asked them to read a page now an' again." She looked thoughtfully into the turf embers—her cheek pressed tenderly against one of the books. " 'Tis queer, now, but whenever a body knows naught of a thing, she always thries her best to fool folks into thinkin' she does, or else she brags o' not carin'. No one seems ever to mind that when learnin' was being passed around I was behind the door thryin' to make one coat do six childher. But wouldn't I be likin' to read!"

A few minutes later she was shaking Johnnie by the shoulder. "Ye needn't be wakin' entirely—just open the one eye so ye can hear what I'm sayin' to ye. Now—do ye think!—to-morrow bein' Sathurday, an' a half-day at the quarries—that we could go to Donegal for the fixin's, in place o' waitin' till Fair Day? Seems I've been waitin' so long I couldn't stand, just, another night atween me an' a new dthress."

And Johnnie agreed.

So it happened a week later that Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls, with new shoes—slippers they were, with a strap across the ankle; for, urged on by Johnnie's generous tongue, she had chosen the daintiest pair in the cobbler's window—and a black dress (a tidy one for mass) and a gay ribbon to bind the curls—took down the precious books from the chimney-shelf and started for the Lazy Bush. It was early afternoon; the children were in school, the men busy in the fields and the women in the cabins, and no loiterers about. Bridget found the crossroads as she had expected—deserted.



She had chosen the Lazy Bush, for it had been here she had first found the Lonely Man, alone and lonely—and had so christened him; and she felt this was the only fitting place where she could offer up her silent gratitude and thanks for all his bounty. She sat down on the gray stone and opened each book tenderly.

"One every year—an' somethin' wrote in each one—wrote by himself. If Paddy's faeries could be readin' them off to me—now!"

On the trail of the wish a thought sprang into Bridget's mind and she jumped to her feet, breathless and laughing-eyed.

"I know what!" and she clapped her hands. " 'Twas Paddy that said if ye had a wish an' ye put a primrose ring undther a faery thorn—an' ye danced around the ring three times—makin' the wish—'twould come thrue!"

Stacking the books a rod from the stone, yet still under the shadow of the Lazy Bush,

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she darted across the road to a primrose-covered bank and gathered her arms full. Then she wove a faery ring about the books—until the first flower joined the last.

"There be's great virtue in a primrose ring," she panted. Then, with a toss of her curls and a quick look down each of the four roads to make certain no one was coming, she picked up her skirts; and away and away the wee slippers danced while Bridget sang—all unconscious of the rhyme of it:

> "Three times round the primrose ring,
> Three times round I'll dance and sing.
> An' I wish—I wish at the end o' the three—
> The faeries would read my books for me!"

A large man in a hunting suit of Donegal homespun sprang over a nearby hedge. "This is a very gentle spot—the faeries have lost no time, you see," he said solemnly.

Bridget gave him but half a look. With a cry she was over the ring and down on the gray stone—speechless. It was the Marquis of Carn-na-ween.

He took a quick stride over the road after her, gathering the books under his arm as he came; and after the fashion of a man who finds himself at home anywhere, he stretched his length under the bush beside her. With a book opened in one hand he looked up at her quizzically.

"Let me see: 'To Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls from the Lonely Man, in memory of the time when she pointed him the way to friendship.' Hmmm—and here's another: 'To an Irish lass—a book of her own Irish poets.' So you like poetry?"

Surprise and mortification had bound Bridget's tongue, but indignation now loosened the knot: "Well, why shouldn't I be likin' poetry?—tell me that!"

"WHEN LEARNIN' WAS BEING PASSED AROUND I WAS BEHIND THE DOOR, THRYIN' TO MAKE ONE COAT DO SIX CHILDHER. BUT WOULDN'T I BE LIKIN' TO READ!"

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The Marquis smiled. "Well, why shouldn't you! Now I suppose you've read every poem in this book?"

Fear tightened the knot a bit and Bridget answered clumsily: "I'm not sayin' I've read every one. Sure—'tis a big book."

"Sure and it is," agreed the Marquis. "What I would like to know is, why you want some one to read them for you. It can't be—why, surely—" he hesitated, scanning Bridget's face narrowly. "Surely you can read?"

Righteous anger broke the knot entirely: "Read, is it ye are askin'? Do ye think because ye are the Marquis, just, an' a fine gentleman wi' money to hoard an' quarries to close—if ye like—an' I'm naught but one o' your poor tenants—do ye think I've no learnin' at all? I'd like ye to know I'm an O'Connor—an' we harken sthraight back to King Connor, Chief o' the Red Branch Knights an' Ulster; an' there be's a shannachie or knowledgeable man in every generation of us. Why—ye couldn't find an O'Connor—livin' or dead—wi'out learnin'." She stopped for breath, but an irritating smile on the lips of the Marquis drove her on. "An' if ye want to know why I was askin' for some one to read them books to me—I'll tell ye: 'Tis because I'm fair sick of the sound o' my own voice readin' them—that's the why!"

With a toss of her curls she faced him squarely—eye to eye—daring him to doubt her. The Marquis answered her never a word. He turned to the book of poems and read one after another; read until the sun went down behind Binn Ban and the night wind sprang up. And Bridget listened, her chin deep-buried in her hands—her eyes on the far-away hills—looking as one toward a promised land.

The bells of the kine coming home to their byres roused her at last and she jumped to her feet, ashamed of her long, silent listening.

"Ye'd betther stop." She held out her hand for the books. "Sure, if ye'd ha' kept on much longer I'd ha' been as sick o' your readin' as my own." And with that she left him, taking the home road, straight as the crow flies.

The next day she was by the hearth, carding wool for a neighbor, when a shadow darkened the door. There was small need of her looking up—she knew in her heart who had cast the shadow; and only for the hunger that had been hers so long she would have sent him quickly about his business with a good tongue-lashing. As it was, she left the first speaking to him—keeping hard at the carding.

"God and Mary be with ye! 'Tis a brave day," he said, giving the Gaelic greeting.

"Aye, if no one blights it." Then—still without looking at him: "What are ye doin' wi' the Irish? Sure, it sets mortial sthrange on your tongue."

The Marquis flushed. "I have a right to the Irish, though no one in Carn-na-ween seems ever to remember it. My mother was Irish and a Gaelic speaker; she taught me to speak it—and to love it."

Bridget stooped lower over the wool to hide the burning of her own cheeks. " 'Tis a pity, just, ye've taken afther your father."

"How?"

"All English an' landlord, faith."

A sharp answer sprang to his lips—but it got no farther. Long since the Marquis had learned the wisdom of bridling his tongue; angry words were but a poor remedy for hatred; and he knew that if he was ever to win his people, he must do it with patience—silently working their weal.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Aye, if ye'll keep your feet out o' the wool an' mind your place," and Bridget set her lips tight—fearsome that the wish to have him read on in the books might spring out unawares and shame her again.

"His place." The Marquis's mind caught at the last words, bitterly. What dreams he had had of that place in Carn-na-ween. With his father's inheritance and his mother's Irish heart and yearning toward his own people, what could he not have done for them! He had pictured himself opening classes for the youths who wanted more education than the national schools allowed; starting a trade-school for boys, and lace-making for girls; turning the old lodge into an infirmary so that the sick should have proper care and medicine; and pensioning the old men who had worked hard and deserved a comfortable old age. He had seen himself always the welcomed friend at their hearthsides, and godfather to half the parish. The reality of curses and closed doors was bitter indeed.

"Where are the books?" he asked abruptly. "I'll read if you like."

"Sure, if I had what I like it wouldn't be ye there—but if it's crazy ye are to see

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"NOW, YE PICK OUT ALL THE LONGEST AND HARDTHEST WORDS, AND I'LL LEARN THEM; AFTHER THAT THE WEE ONES WON'T THROUBLE ME AT ALL."

what more's i' the books, ye can read on a bit. I'll put up wi' the bother o' listenin'."

Bridget's eyes were hard upon her work so that she missed the beginning of a laugh on the Marquis's face as he reached back on the chimney-shelf for the books.

"Ye might take the blue one—'twas the last comin'," suggested Bridget.

"What is the name of it?"

"What do ye want wi' the name when I'm givin' ye the color of it?"

"Because there are two blue books."

Bridget's cheeks flamed. "There's but one blue book, I tell ye; the other's green, aye, green as a robin's egg. Can't ye see it is?"

The Marquis put his back between them, that she might not see the twitching of his lips. He took down the paler of the two books, and opening it to the fly-leaf as he had the others he read:

" 'To Bridget, with the wish that she may read it to me under the Lazy Bush when I come again in the summer.' "

A cry from Bridget turned him about and he saw her, standing in the midst of her wool, looking for all the world like a deserted fledgling.

"Why, are you not glad he's coming? I thought every one in Carn-na-ween worshiped him." And the Marquis smiled bitterly.

"Aye, we do—an' glory be to Pether he's comin'! If only—if only—" and she shook all over with the joy of the news and the shame of what she would have to tell him when he came.

"If only you could read," suggested the Marquis kindly.

But Bridget caught only the bitter smile. "So ye are laughin' at my ignorance; an' ye've been laughin' at it since yesthernight—the grand gentleman that ye are! Curse ye—an' the men afore ye that have starved our minds along wi' our bodies, since Cromwell!"

"No good can come of curses," he said gently. "If, instead of cursing every person who hurt us, we made them atone for the hurt, how much more sensible that would be. There is no shame in being ignorant—the shame lies on those who make it possible. Now suppose you let me atone for my sins by helping you."

"Help! Do ye think——"

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But the Marquis cut her short. "Why not? Why not let me teach you to read—and anything else you want to know? You have a right to learn; and remember the world is just full of books and things, all within the reach of those who have a little knowledge."

"Do ye think I'd be content wi' a little? I'd want a lot—all there was."

"You are welcome to all I have—it isn't all there is, but it would make a fair beginning. Why, you could learn to read by summer—before *he* comes!"

They faced each other across the hearth a full minute, the appeal in one fighting the anger in the other. Then as a bit of burning turf will flare for a long space—crumbling at the last—so the Marquis watched Bridget's anger turn to dead ashes.

"'Twas not long since I told Docthor Danny I'd rather take a thousan' years in purgatory than help from ye," she said thoughtfully. "But sure, purgatory wouldn't be so terrible bad if ye had books an' learnin' along."

"Sure, and it wouldn't," agreed the Marquis.

"I'll not curse ye more; but I'll keep to the hatin', an' I'll pay ye back every slither o' help I take from ye. I'll learn from ye, though — Holy Mother Mary, how I'll learn!"

It was a strange schooling that was Bridget's. She scorned all primers, readers, copybooks, and the like; she would learn nothing save from her own precious books. If the Marquis had any preconceived method of teaching, he abandoned it at the beginning, for Bridget had chosen one of her own. She had opened the book of poetry at the first page and, handing it to the Marquis, demanded:

"Now, ye pick out all the longest an' hardthest words, an' I'll learn them; afther that the wee ones won't throuble me at all."

Her quickness and memory were nothing short of marvelous; a word once learned was never forgotten, and with it she learned the meaning and the written form of it. Fair days or foul, she met the Marquis on the moorland by Paddy's cabin; and there teacher and student worked hours at a stretch, far away from curious eyes or gossiping tongues.

Early spring gave place to mating, and mating to nesting time. Never was there such a year for bird-courting. The air was full of love madrigals from cock-crow to candle-time; and even deep in the night, from out a hedge or bush would come the drowsy lilt from some heart so overfull of love it could not spill itself by day alone. The songs did not pass by Bridget's ears unnoticed.

"I don't know what has taken the wee feathered creathures this spring," she said to Paddy one afternoon. She had closed the book on her lesson and had sent the Marquis "to mind his own doin's," that she might have a quiet talk with the half-wit.

"To hear them now ye'd think life wi' its nestin' an' brood-raisin' an' crumb-gatherin' was one grand *feis*—wouldn't ye?"

"An' so it is," said Paddy, "to them that has love i' their hearts an' sets their work to a song."

"'Tis little I know o' love; an', faith, that's one kind o' learnin' I'm not afther seekin'."

"'Tis the one kind that comes wi'out seekin'. Hearken to Paddy, now — if ye took love out o' the world, do ye think spring would come at all?" The half-wit answered his own question with a fierce shaking of the head. "God's Footstool would stay always brown an' barren, an' souls would be born withered."

"How do ye know—ye've never had love to give nor to hold?"

"'Tis not what ye've had always that ye know most about—but what ye've missed."

Bridget came down from the brae with a new uneasiness in her heart; and it was stronger the next day when she came upon Paddy again on her way to her lesson.

"The luck rise wi' ye!" he called out; "sure, 'tis sthrange how a lass wi' her tongue sharpened against courtin' can go dandtherin' off to meet it more nor half way."

"'Tis learnin' I'm afther—no more nor no less—I'd have ye mind," and Bridget tossed her curls scornfully.

"An' I'd have ye mind that learnin' is but another name for love," and Paddy chuckled.

That day Bridget took her lesson from one of her own Irish poets. She opened the book at random and read stumblingly:

"Set your love about me as a sea!
Encompassing—whose white and cooling waves
Bring peace—or should at times your soul desire,
To prove my spirit's fervour, then I crave
Love's baptism in deeps of strengthening fire—
Set your love about me as a sea!"

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"JUST WHERE THE THRAIN WILL BE AFTHER STOPPIN'"—STOOD PADDY AND HIS GRAY GEESE, WITH BRIDGET BESIDE HIM.

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The book was closed with a bang. "What's in all this love-talk, I'd like to know?" Her cheeks burned redder than turf-embers and her eyes snapped from the burning. "Sure, it seems as if birds an' poets couldn't be bidin' sensible for half a minute. Love—love—love—sings the throstle yondther, his mouth choked, just, wi' that worm he's fetchin' home for his childher's dinner; an' 'tis more love—love—love that the poets are spillin' off their goose-quills—all because 'tis the one thing i' the world rich an' poor an' creathures alike can get wi'out payin' aught for it. Sure, money an' knowledge are the only things worth havin', I'm thinkin'."

"You are wrong. The things in the world that are worth the most are the things you can never pay for: kind words, trust, and love. I would trade off all the money and knowledge I have at the next county fair for those three things, if I could, and feel a thousand pounds richer." And the Marquis sprang to his feet, as though he would be off at once to drive the bargain.

"Would ye now!" mocked Bridget. "Well, all I can say is that ye are goin' clean daft—daft as Paddy the Gandther."

In the four months that spanned her first lesson and the coming of the Lonely Man, many kinds of knowledge came knocking at Bridget's door. To one she would not hearken, but shot the bolt hard against it. To all the others she opened wide, greeting them as welcomed guests. And as no guests can cross our threshold without changing us for good or ill, so these laid their hands on Bridget's mind and heart and tongue, softening and molding. And that forbidden guest, waiting outside the fast-barred door, took courage and smiled.

It was a brave day in midsummer that brought the Lonely Man back to Carn-na-ween again. During those five years that he had been gone, the people of the hills had never forgotten for a day what he had done for them. He had never written; no message had come from him save in the books he had sent to Bridget and with the money for Paddy—that he and his "childher" might never want for corn or stirabout or tea. But the steady running of the quarries, the better wages, the relief fund that allowed half-pay to every man sick or injured—were not all these messages, messages from a human being with a heart and an interest to spend on them?

That is what the people of Carn-na-ween thought as they tramped down the road to the station—their bodies nourished and their minds content. The little platform was all too small to hold them; they spilled over on to the strip of gravel that lined the track, laughing the care-free laugh of children. Doctor Danny was among them, and Patrick Baron the agent, Tomais the bailiff, and Johnnie the new-made foreman.

And in the center—"just where the thrain would be afther stoppin'"—stood Paddy and his gray geese, with Bridget beside him. Not one of them noticed the Marquis—standing apart; not one of them but at heart had robbed him of the name that was his by rights, to put it on the Lonely Man—the name of "masther."

Round the bend of the little narrow-gage the engine came, blowing her toy whistle; and a great, wide-throated cheer broke from the watchers.

"*Caed mille failte!*—A thousand welcomes to Ireland!" they shouted.

The Lonely Man threw open the door of his carriage, his eyes full of great gladness. "The luck rise with ye!" he shouted back.

The next moment his hands found Paddy's. "How are the childher?" he asked; and then to Bridget: "Have you the books all read?"

"Aye, an' twice read," came the fervent answer.

Some one back of them gave tongue to the thought that was uppermost with them all: "God's blessin' on the masther o' the quarries!" and in a trice a hundred other tongues took it up: "Aye, God's blessin' on him!"

"What do they mean?" the Lonely Man asked Bridget.

"Ye, of course. Who else would they mean?"

"Are you sure?"

"Ask them yourself—if ye be doubtin'."

He mounted his own box, which had just been unloaded; and the crowd, thinking a speech was coming, grew instantly silent. "I would say 'amen' to that if I were sure whom you meant by 'the master of the quarries.'"

"Divil a body but ye," came the answer from somewhere.

"Then you are wrong—I don't own the quarries."

Amazement and unbelief showed in every face; and the Lonely Man, seeing, went on

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slowly: "I bought them and opened them, as you found out after I was gone, but I owned them only a month. The Marquis sent Patrick Baron, here, on the next steamer after me, and bought them back again. He said he had the right to them, after all, and he did—so I gave them up. Do you mean he has never told you all these years?"

There was no spoken answer this time—only the glad light had died out of every eye and in its place had come resentment and something very like hate. The Lonely Man wondered if it could be so.

"That was splendid of him!" and his voice rang out strong and vibrant. "The man who can do good behind a stranger's back and ask no share of your gratitude and blessing is the man you can trust. I am sorry I have no right to the thanks you have been giving me—but I haven't. All the improvements at the quarries—the better wages and all—you owe to the Marquis. Now, wish God's blessing on the 'master of the quarries' and I'll put an 'amen' to it."

But no blessing came. Every man, woman, and child turned hastily away with grim, sullen looks, scattering up the hill-road, home. In an instant the Marquis had disappeared into the woods that fringed the manor house; and when the Lonely Man got down from his box only Paddy, Doctor Danny, and Bridget remained. And Bridget tarried only a moment.

"An' didn't ye know?" she asked Doctor Danny.

The doctor shook his head. She turned to the Lonely Man: "An' it wasn't ye that made Johnnie foreman?"

Again she was answered by a shake of the head. With a sob in her throat, she turned and ran—ran as fast as ever she could down the road toward the Lazy Bush.

"Sure, my mind's such a mixin' o' doin's an' sayin's an' conthradictin's—I'm not knowin' what I'm thinkin'," she sobbed.

She saw nothing of where she was going until her feet struck on the gray stone and she dropped down on it—a huddled, anguish-spent little figure under the Lazy Bush.

"I wondther is it always so hard—this makin' up your mind all over again to somethin' new? Sure, 'tis as hurtin' as settin' a broken bone."

But at last she wiped the tears away and looked before her to the road—to where the summer drouth had left a patch of sandy dust.

" 'Twas thereabouts I made the ring—an' wished the wish. Sure, could I make another—an' would it come as thrue?"

She looked about her, searchingly. The primroses had long since withered away, but on their bank grew clumps of purple foxglove. Bridget spied them hopefully.

"I wondther, now, would the faery-thimbles, yondther, do? Sure, 'twould put harm on no one if I thried."

With lagging steps she gathered them and marked a circle with them in the dust. Slowly she walked round and round, sobbing afresh—her head bent, her heart alone making the wish.

"What are you doing?" asked a voice from over the hedge.

"Sure, I'm breakin' the summer dthrouth," and Bridget's feet kept on their way.

"It's too late for faery wishes." The voice was close beside her now.

" 'Tis never too late—if ye keep faith, green, in your heart."

"May I ask what the wish is this time?"

"Aye, ye may."

"And will you tell me?"

"Aye, I might."

Some unseen hand put silence on the two for a space—and the guest that had been kept waiting so long on the threshold of Bridget's heart, seeing the door ajar, pushed it wide open and went in.

"I was wishin'," said Bridget slowly, "I was wishin'—I could be afther payin' ye the debt I owe ye."

"Ye can," said the Marquis, dropping into the Irish that was his by rights.

"How? I'll pay if ye'll tell me."

"We'll drive a bargain over it. I'll give ye the knowledge and money I have for three things that I'm needing mortial bad. Shall I name them for ye?"

"Ye can save your breath—I mind ye said somethin' about them once afore."

"Well?" said the Marquis.

"Well," said Bridget, "two things for three things is a bad bargain entirely."

"Can ye mend it in any way?" The Marquis asked it anxiously.

"Aye, I might. . . . Now, ye could put money and knowledge against the kind words an' thrust—but that leaves love, ye see," said Bridget.

"Aye, but I could put love against it."

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"That would make a rare bargain."

"But the love was thrown in long ago, machroidhe. Were ye not knowing?"

Bridget shook her head. "I'm fearsome there are some things I'm mortial slow in learnin'."

"Do ye think," asked the Marquis after a long silence—a fruitful silence, "do ye think ye can teach the others to trust me—and care just a little?"

"Sure, they are lovin' ye this minute—only they are not knowin' it. Don't ye know an Irish mind is like a goose in a blind alley—'twill fly up an' down an' beat its wings near broke afore it will let any one dthrive it out into the open? Ye leave it to me, they'll be sayin' 'God's blessin' on the masther o' the quarries' in a fortnight—or God help them!"

"Hush, dear," and the Marquis laid the silence on her with his lips. Just then a lark soared, lilting, above their heads.

"Do ye know," said Bridget, "there be's more to this courtin' than any one would dthream of, alone, in a hundthred years. 'Tis a road all primroses an' bird-songs—an' it leads sthraight from the chapel door to——"

"To where, machroidhe?"

"To Paradise, sure. Where else would it lead?" asked Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls.

IN AUTUMN

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

OH, not for you and not for me
The languor of the Spring,
The Earth's reluctant prophecy,
Her first faint blossoming.

Perchance Love loitered on his way
Through April dawns and eves;
We find him on an Autumn day
Amid the drifting leaves.

Oh, Spring is done and Summer's done
And soon comes Winter's cold,
Yet mark to-day beneath the sun
The wide heath's sudden gold.

Like high-blown flame the tall trees blaze,
Curving before the wind.
Ah, these the all-defiant days
That mock the death behind.

So yet a space, a little space,
Give Love our hands to hold.
Not ours the young Spring's pallid grace,
But Autumn's flame and gold.

Not ours to miss or mourn the May,
Since singing through the sheaves
Love finds us on an Autumn day
Amid the drifting leaves.

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"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

CHAPTER XXIX--THE SIGNAL

CHRISTINA'S face looked thin and her eyes were set with fear. She came slowly on, like a person in a trance, half hanging back, half drawn with ropes. She stopped at one end of the little table, a few feet from Ten Euyck.

"Put out your hand and offer me that letter."

She put it out and he seized the letter and the hand in his.

"And now, my dear, I admire the tales your sister tells you; later on, I shall tell one, too. None the less, she is now lost, and through your fault. As Herrick is."

She lifted her white face and questioned him, with the darkness of her eyes.

"Let him go! After all that he has heard? How could I? You gave your signal and now I must give mine. It's been a hard fight, Christina! And to the victor belong the spoils!"

He dragged her slowly toward him by the clenched hand he held, his hungry smile flushed and yet cold with hate, feeding on her desperate compliance. And as he drew her past the table Christina caught up the lamp and struck it with her whole force into his face.

There was a tremendous noise of crashing glass, and then darkness, filled with the smell of oil. Christina's slender strength had found force for such a blow that the lamp had been put out before it could explode; and what it had been put out upon was Ten Euyck's head. He floundered back; dazed, cut, with the sense battered out of him. And at the same moment the last knot yielded to stiff fingers and Herrick staggered to his feet. He dropped over the balcony to the ground, and Christina ran toward the sound of him, in the darkness. "Oh! oh!" she said, and clung like a child upon his breast.

But for a little crack under the door into the hall, the blackness had swallowed every shape. This was all in their favor. They stood listening, holding their breath, knowing that Ten Euyck was there before them but not able to see where; and then he fired. Herrick followed the lead of the flash and leaped upon him. Ten Euyck sank to one knee, but he had gripped Herrick as he fell; the two men struggled to their feet, and across the room and up and down they fought and clung and swayed and trampled, upsetting chairs, their feet slipping and grinding on the smooth floor; and though the shots continued to sound, they were fired downward and Christina guessed that Herrick had forced Ten Euyck's hand toward the ground and was struggling for possession of the pistol. She could hear their breath sobbing in the darkness.

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Suddenly their black, struggling bulk crashed down on the piano and the shots ceased. The pistol fell to the ground. Ten Euyck's voice gasped out, like rending cloth: "All six are fired! That's my signal!" Then there was an oath, a lurch, a sound of blows, the table tipped over with a smash, followed by the thud of both men falling to the floor; there was a groan, a pause, and then some one rose and came slowly toward Christina through the dark room.

In a childish terror of broken nerves, "Bruce!" Christina shrieked. Then her shrinking, outstretched fingers touched a rough, damp sleeve, and "Bruce!" she sobbed contentedly. They met with a bump, and clutched each other, laughing with joy, in this little moment before the last. Already they could hear the hurrying men, dark figures blackened on the darkness, the terraces came alive with sound, lights showed and were gone; and Herrick, holding the empty gun, sought vainly to put Christina back from him. She held to him, leaning on him, hardly breathing.

"It's death, dear!" she said. "Forgive me!"

"Oh!"

She felt him bend his head and, lifting up her face, she set her mouth to his.

From the carriage sweep without there came—two short and one long—three notes from the horn of an automobile.

CHAPTER XXX

"AND LOWER THE PROUD!"

The door from the hall opened, letting in a flood of light. At the same time a man came through one of the windows. He was the first of a number. But out of Herrick's very hold Christina slipped and caught this man by the arm; drooping now with her last strength, half smiling, half in tears. "Oh, Heaven and our fathers!" she cried in a faint wail, "but you were a little late! Mr. District Attorney, your mail!"

Kane took the torn and blackened sheets she had never once let go, and answered as he looked them through: "Late! Well, I've got all but one or two of those who detained me. It turned out something of an obstacle race!"

"And I depended," Christina gasped, "on a quick curtain! It must have been a hard fight that kept you from picking up your cue! But all's well that ends well——"

"Indeed?" said Ten Euyck's voice.

The detectives had picked him up; and, conscious though collapsed and shaking, he now leaned against the wall. His voice rose with gathering wildness in a series of sharp breaks. "She traded me? You wouldn't prosecute the sister, Kane, if she landed me? You cared so much more about blackmail than murder—was that it?"

"That was it. In this case."

The sheriff and his men had scattered to search the house; and Kane stood looking in grim amusement at the scene—the smashed glass and china, the overturned furniture, the jewels lying amid the wreckage of the supper, the spreading pool of oil, Ten Euyck's handcuffed disorder, and the scarecrow dilapidation of Herrick—Christina, too, with her torn golden dress and disheveled hair.

The strangeness and the triumph of it all loosened a tongue naturally silent. "Is that news to you, Ten Euyck? You know how long I've suspected some extraordinary criminal, some bootblack's dream of a social light using the Arm of Justice merely as a means to avenge personal slights. You best know the money I've seen spent to keep things safe, the influence I've seen exerted. I must have given you many a good laugh. But now I think the laugh's on you."

As deliberately as Ten Euyck had done, he drew forward the same little gilded chair and sat down. "When our friend Miss Hope left her sister's house—at five o'clock in the afternoon, having already been missed for hours—she started to outface you, if she could, and get back that confession. But, fortunately, she changed her excellent mind, and flew to me to make her bargain. Fool that I was, do you know what I did with my angel in disguise? I had her arrested for murder!"

Herrick drew a sharp breath. Ten Euyck maintained a curious, hysterical impassiveness.

"I had listened to her very convincing story, I had agreed to her bargain, but I thought she was substituting a fictitious sister for herself. I held her for a few days while, in the Pascoe neighborhood, I corroborated what I could of her account—and then, you know, she's a very persuasive person! So that I believed her; I treated with her for her assistance in landing positive proof of you—particularly at home,

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as it were, among your friends; and I sent her—oh, under surveillance!—to a little hotel up the river here, kept by old retainers of your family, where you would be sure to be recognized. Thence she sent you her piteous capitulation and cry for help. You, of course, responded in a panic that you couldn't meet her there until she was properly restored to the public gaze, free of scandal. But you were only too eager to meet her somewhere; she refused to return to New York, and you suggested this place. Its situation filled both her and me with hope that it was the very place we sought, particularly when your yacht crept up stream and dropped anchor at its foot. Thus a brave lady came to her battle, and the law—as usual a little lagging—followed her."

"Stop!" cried Christina. "There's something wrong! Look at him—he's grinning!"

The detectives had returned with news of an amateur printing establishment in the basement; but Kane, too, looked curiously past them to Ten Euyck's writhing smile. And now Ten Euyck spoke again:

"I congratulate you, Kane, and the young lady. You have taken admirable measures. But they did not extend far enough. They did not take in the Ingham household." He had scored his first point. He had all their attentions, now. "Mine did. Nor did I leave this valuable document quite without a record. To-day I put into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Ingham still another sealed envelope, containing a complete account of Allegra's dealings with their son. I had two of my men sign it after me. I need hardly say that, save as the discoverer of her guilt, it does not mention me. Unless I reclaim it in person tomorrow morning they will break the seal and read my charge. Do you think they will not follow it up?"

Christina turned with a shrill cry to Kane. He met her only with a grim regret. The labored taunt had died miserably from Ten Euyck's voice; and the threatening, pleading hopelessness of his eyes, too, hung on Kane's face. Then, because he read no change there and no mercy there, he turned again upon Christina:

"Can you move him? Can you? He promised you your sister's safety. He can't give it to you if he takes mine. I told you I had something to tell you. So far as the Arm of Justice goes, she was my partner—my senior partner. It was *her* game!"

Christina swayed as she stood. "You're lying—lying! I don't believe you——"

"Yes, you do. So does Kane. Look at him—he knows! His instinct cries out that it's true. That's how we met. It was her business. Those were her ruffians. She wrote the letters that I ordered. I took their miserable little rag, hounding the poor for money, and made it an arm of Justice indeed—I never touched a really respectable person! But your sister, Christina, your own sister—your own good name—"

"You can't help me?" Christina said to Kane.

He shook his head. Then the sound of a woman's scream rang through the outside dark.

As quickly as, on that night in August, a shot had followed the woman's shadow, another and another shot now followed that scream. The sheriff and two of his men ran down the terrace, and as Herrick caught Christina back from following them a man plunged out of the shadows and rushed through the front door into the house.

The next moment he stood facing them above the yellow valance of Herrick's little balcony; his pistol still smoked in his hand. He looked wildly all around, as if the number of people bewildered him, called out something in Italian about searching for a spy, and then at sight of Herrick the most fearful hate and terror gathered in his face.

Herrick had scarcely recognized him for the little soft Italian who had wept that afternoon at the restaurant, when he lifted his gun and, with a scream of raging panic, fired straight for Herrick's heart. His deflected bullet harmlessly plowed up the floor, for, in the very instant that he pulled the trigger, Nicola Pascoe stepped in through one of the terrace windows and shot him dead.

"You!" Christina cried. "Where's my sister?"

Ten Euyck jumped at him with an oath. "Silence! Be silent!"

Nicola said to Kane, jerking his head at the limp figure that swung down across the balcony rail: "He murder his wife!"

"Oh, Heaven!" said Christina. "That scream out there! His wife? Do you mean my sister?"

Nicola, thrusting back a great sob of pride and grief, looked at her, past the grasp of the detectives, with a grin of pride and

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hate. "You fool of hers!" he jeered. "Fool of us all! You think *you* ever have a sister like that?"

Ten Euyck groaned, and his head fell forward on his breast.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SHADOW'S FLIGHT

Parts of Allegra's story were never given to the world. But shortly before their marriage Herrick and Christina, at the house of the district attorney, read the full version to the end:

This is the confession of me, Allegra Pascoe Alieni, as to James Ingham's death. I write the facts for Inspector Ten Euyck, to keep his protection; but I write them in my own way or not at all. It is a good story, being about me, and, if he outlives me, may it escape him and avenge me!

I am a remarkable girl. It has taken to crush me the same as to crush Napoleon—bad luck. My bad luck began when I was born, with the two colors of my eyes. Thus a mark was put upon me, keeping me always in holes and corners unless I would be known.

If it had not been for the blue eye and the brown, my mother never would have noticed, among the children in the park, the American baby with the fair down upon its head who, when she came to look at it, was made with a face shaped like mine and who also had a brown eye and a blue. She would never have made friends with the nurse and learned what the nurse had picked up, not being supposed to speak English; how the child was named Allegra Hope, and how when it was born the rich Americans had been but four months wed, and were to wait in Italy till it could be brought home a year younger than it was.

And then came the telegram to come home; somebody was dying. At the same time the nurse was sick, and there was no one with whom to leave the child. So then the nurse brings forth her friend who has always showed so fond of the child. And there is rejoicing because she is American, and the English doctor says she is healthy, and the child is left with her.

It is treated well; it grows; it grows more and more like me, who am but one year the elder, so that all laugh to see us. And I am more like that other mother than my own, showing in what class it would have been just I should have been born. And the old creature in America does not die, but hangs and hangs. Money is sent always for the baby, and by and by, when it is three years old, it catches the fever and it dies.

The English doctor is to write to the parents, but he does not write—he does an injury to one of the great clan of the Camorra, and he writes no more, and the money is sent and spent on me, and the truth is never told.

But they there in America, thinking to be gone but a month at most, never said there was a daughter, so they know not how; now, one is to be produced.

So that when I am seven years old come the Hopes. The mother I do not like, and she does not like me. She is a fool, and in America she has, too, another child. It is a girl and it is said to be pretty; but the picture she carries with her shows a pale, shapeless child with dull hair—not like mine that burns men's hearts like fire!

Moreover, this child has things that I should have, more money, more fuss. I am proud to be what I am; my mother, who is scarcely more than a common servant, had the great luck to marry into the Camorra, and my brother Nicola at eighteen takes the oath, so I am not come alone from dull peasants and cackling Yankees, but from free men, born to judge, born to strike, born to live wild and to satisfy their blood. But all the same, as to brat, Christina, I am the elder sister and I should have all, *all!*

When I am fifteen, and of the right age for passion and to break men's hearts, my bad luck comes and breaks my own. It could not leave me with the poor to be like the poor; it raised me up so that my nose sniffed at sight of them, and then it brought me together with Alonzo Pasquale, the son of a millionaire. I ran away from school with him and we would have been happy forever, he having so much to give me, but that he grew weary of my blue eye and my brown. He told me so, for he was a dog and a devil, and I took little Filippi Alieni, and married him! It was as well to be married, and he was a gentleman, with money. All was done as a wise girl should do; and yet see how my luck pursued me!

His people cast him off, on my account, and Nicola, who has been the best of brothers to me, got him into the Camorra, where

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"JIM LAUGHS LOUD AND GIVES ONE CRASH OF CHORDS. IT IS HIS TRIUMPH, AND I COULD KILL HIM FOR IT! I AM ALL ONE FIRE OF HATE!"

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his gentlemanly manners would make him able to get, first, confidence, and then money, from the best.

Yet when I had been but three months married and was not yet sixteen, he gets himself caught. And in prison he tells, he betrays his comrades, so that he is released; and for this Nicola does not kill him. No, he keeps the secret of that disgrace, and ships us to America, where I am to introduce my husband to the Hopes.

One of those to whom he had confessed loses his place, and then, by blackmail, that he will give my husband's treachery to the Camorra, he gets from him all the money that he now has. So that I have to lose him quickly; to take the little, ah, so little! there is left, and slip away. I do not wish a Camorra knife in my back.

I am afraid to go to the Hopes, for there he will follow me, and he is a sniveling thing to make a fuss and spoil all. So I ask for work to teach Italian. And so I meet with the great Jim.

Hail and farewell, my poor Jim! You cared too much! I would have been glad to marry you, as you made me so weary begging of me. I was very happy with you, and I think you loved me better than any one. But you were very silly to leave me when you found me out, when that little whimpering puppy came.

And then the Hopes lost their money and I wrote to them no more. Because of her sick conscience, Mrs. Hope was always trying, in sly ways, to find where I was. And it seems when her child was come to fourteen years, it chanced upon my old letters and learned all. Heavens, what a row it raised! And some letters forwarded to me that they had tried sending me to Italy were all about how she cried for me. "*Bene!*" I thought, "she sounds like a tiresome little minx; but at least it is a thing to know!"

So that by and by—when Filippi is clumsy in getting money from Italian families and goes to jail for four years, and they dare to put me there for two—when I come out I go to my sentimental miss, who is now more than sixteen and makes already a little money. Not a dollar has she made since but I have had the half of it.

As soon as ever I see her I know the thing to tell her is that I have been in prison for stealing. I do not tell her I am innocent—I tell her I was starving! I tell her about Ingham, but not his name, and with all the blame for him; and how he will not marry me because I am without money or place, and leaves me, when I am eighteen, without a dollar and without a name. All, all, because society had kept me from my place in life.

Eh, me, you should have seen her! She used herself like a maid to me, and a mother and a little lover, all in one! And I might have done very well with her but for my bad luck. Nicola has a misfortune and comes to this country with Mother Pascoe and wishes me to work with him in the Camorra. Oh, how could I guess that would be a mistake—how could I guess the growing brat will grow so far and high? I am glad enough to make a little butter to my bread.

But who would think that all the while this monkey-girl was looking in the glass of my grace to steal and steal and steal from me? And would steal once too often, for the moving-picture show! That was, indeed, the justice of the gods!

All this time I have made Christina keep me secret. I have the brown and the blue eye, to be noticed everywhere, and I do not want the police upon my hands—nor yet Filippi! So I say I am too sensitive and proud to face a person in this world except my little sister! Only I want the poor, good folk who brought me up. So when she is eighteen she begins to buy for me this farm, and here she welcomes my mother and Nicola.

Nicola has joined with friends who have long run among people of our nation in New York a business called the Arm of Justice, and on the farm we live in innocence and peace, and conduct that business excellently. And here comes at last the sick puppy, Filippi, not to be kept off, who can but sit quiet and lick his paws in the background, that Christina shall not know of him.

And then, it is the first year of Ten Euyck being coroner, and a man who has been paying us dies. And Ten Euyck, nosing, nosing, comes upon our trail. And he sees how we have had nothing to do with the death, only the man had no more to pay and so he killed himself. And Ten Euyck sends for me, and tells me he is sorry for me and he will not inform against me. He tells me of a young girl he knows in the highest of society, for whom a friend of his had so

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great a fancy he was almost ready to marry her, and I knew he was that friend. And the girl dare not but lead him on, but all the time she prefers some one else and is in trouble; and he tells me all he has found out, and he says: "I would not tell this to you if I did not think you grateful to me, and too discreet to use it otherwise than as I wish, when you know liberty is in my hand!" So I know what I am to do, and the girl goes mad. And he pays me by and by, but not enough.

We are going mad, too, for money, for our bad luck is always there! That man who made Filippi pay has found us out, and exacts of us more and more. We are in terror of the Camorra, and of Ten Euyck, who has let none see him but me. He comes always to the farm like a caller, when I have sent all away but me; he will put nothing in writing; and he drives his own machine.

Then Christina engages herself to Ingham! Was it not enough to break the heart! What use is it to work, to struggle, to be beautiful, and to have nothing? And here is this silly girl, not worth my little finger, who has all!

Three times more I work for Ten Euyck. And one day he is raging against Ingham and Christina, and what he would give to know against them any more than Ingham's dissipation, and I think: "Maybe I can make something out of this!"

By and by I rejoice to hear that she has trouble with Jim Ingham. He is not the boy I found him. He has let himself go wild so long he can not tame himself all at once, and then he is exacting, like a fiend, and jealous and suspicious, not believing in himself, nor anything, nor anybody; and I laugh to myself, if she should know why! Ah, even had I not always the memory of him, it would enrage me that that chit should marry him! For now my womanhood is at its height, and surely he would find me fair again—save for Filippi!

I think, at last, what a fool I am not to have divorced Filippi long ago! I wonder how much Filippi will take to set me free, and he makes a horrible fuss and will take nothing at all! But this spy is begun all fresh, killing him by inches with demands for five thousand dollars. And he asks also five thousand now, not to report Nicola, who has remained silent and a friend to us! It is all like a mad spider's web which but entangles more and more. And I think I will get that ten thousand from Ingham because I do not publish the story I have told Christina. Or else from Ten Euyck, because I do.

I send the Arm of Justice letter to Ingham's office that it may be forwarded to Europe. And then I hear from Christina that she cares for him no longer and has written him, and already he is coming back to argue with her. Oh, my luck, my bad luck! If he has lost her already, he will fight my lies! He will connect my letter with her broken promise—for he will know, despite the lies, that the girl there told about is I—and he will ask her if she knows a girl with a brown eye and a blue, and what may he not guess and put into her head about my business? I am in despair, but I think I will get ahead of him, so she will not listen to him. I say to her:

"That man who ruins my life years ago, that was James Ingham! I could not let it go on, dear sister. But don't let him know where I am."

He comes straight to her, before he has my letter, and all she says to him is: "You have never known all these years that I had a sister." And then she tells him her sister's name, and he goes away.

But Nicola ever hopes that perhaps he will pay, and at four o'clock watches his window for my ribbon. Then he sees go in my friend Filippi, and he thinks that very queer. Oh, that Filippi! He wants Ingham should marry Christina! And, the mad creature, he tells Ingham: "If Allegra makes trouble for you, say to her just these words, 'What do you know of the Arm of Justice?'" And Ingham had got my Arm of Justice letter. And he guesses what I have told Christina.

So he gives Filippi word for me: "Will you tell Christina the truth or shall I?" And to Christina he sends word: "If you will have a talk with your sister to-morrow morning, I think you will find she has news for you."

It seems to me that any person of a pitiful heart must be sorry for me now. Here am I, born for love and to command and charm, having always planned so wisely and dared so well, tied to Filippi and to lowly life, the spite of Ingham on my heels and tattlers on all sides, just when I need all my wit to win my love back!

I must see him at once and beg him to be merciful to me. And, indeed, he has loved

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me so much I think he can not resist to be a little kind.

We have never told Christina that we have a car. She can not afford us one, and we do not want her to know we have a dollar but from her. But we come in our car, Nicola and I, and he waits across the street from Ingham's house, under the windows of that Herrick. So soon as Ingham is in, I enter. Afterward, when I read about the elevator boy, I remember that I have on a favorite of Christina's dresses. For, naturally, of hers I take what I choose.

Well, there is nothing to be done with Ingham—he is mean, mean through. He will give me up to the police. He has heard before of the Arm of Justice; he says that he will break it. And yet all the while my heart beats, "He is really mine! He was mine first! He belongs to me!" Yes, while he calls me "Injured Lady," "Married Lady," and plays on the piano, saying all things that are cruel to me, I can not bear he shall be for her.

I take out my pistol that I carry against the Camorra, and I swear I will kill myself. He laughs at me; and right in my face he plays and plays, like an angel who is a devil too.

I tell him that Filippi married me when I was an ignorant child of poor people, for the sake of the Hope money; how he brought me to this country and deserted me, and came back after I thought I was free. And he does not speak. But he does not believe me. I fall down on my knees and tell him how I love him, and only him! How there never was any other man who had my heart! I tell him how I feared to let him know I was married. But how I am trying all the time now to get free, and not for years have I been a wife to Filippi. I take his hand and cover it with kisses and with tears, and I implore him not to leave me—I shall die if he leaves me! I swear to him if I lied to him it was for love of him.

He pays no heed to me at all.

It throws me into a great, helpless rage. I spring up and round the table; and Jim, who has not ceased to play, laughs loud and gives one crash of chords. It is his triumph, and I could kill him for it! I am all one fire of hate! And I lift my arm and Herrick sees my shadow on the blind. Then, at that moment, there is a soft, quick knocking at the door. And Christina's voice saying, "Let me in, both of you! Let me in!"

His letter has frightened her for me. This little fool has come to see what he plans. I have lost him, perhaps to her. And, if I lose her, too, I have nothing. Jim Ingham breaks into the march from Faust, exulting; yet says, now all in fury:

"Shall I let her come in? Shall she be the first to whom I tell what you are?"

I snatch up my revolver from the little table where I have cast it and fire into his heart.

It has not taken one breath, and I die of fear! I snap off the light. Christina has her key that she has forgot to give him back, and there she stands in the doorway—the light from the hall on Ingham, fallen back dead. And when she turns her eyes, there is the revolver in my hand. My teeth knock one on the other; but I say: "When I would not lie to you, he made his love to me again!" She jumps for my revolver and puts it in her dress. She says only, "Run! I will fetch a doctor!" And she is gone.

For me, almost in a second, it is too late to run. Upon the threshold I stumble on Christina's cloak and scarf that she has had on her arm—her cloak of grayish blue, dropped in the dark. I have just the sense by instinct to throw this cloak over me. I am in panic, and I bolt the door! I wish only to hide, and yet I can not hide! I am wild! I try the closet. It is locked! I run behind the portières. I have no plan—nothing but fear. Till, with the feeling of the curtains close about me, I remember how I once slipped out of the rooms of a man I had been to see on business, for the Arm of Justice. He had called the people out of the front room into the back, the room where I was, and as they all had come in, I had slipped out.

[It was here that Christina and Herrick lifted their eyes and looked at each other.]

How to get them in here? I drag in Ingham's body. The bed's head is toward the portières. I am in its shadow, and I stand close in my cloak, colored like those portières. Then I hear Deutch's voice, and I remember that the cloak is Christina's. So I put the hood over my head.

It is Deutch who makes all easy. He expects to find Christina there, so he is all what you call one funk for her. When he holds the portière aside for that policeman, I am close behind and I touch him. He turns one glance and he screens me almost completely. He steps back a little toward

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"WHEN DEUTCH HOLDS THE PORTIÈRE ASIDE FOR THE POLICEMAN, I AM CLOSE BEHIND AND I TOUCH HIM."

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the front room, holding the curtain back and out just a little; it goes near to cover the whole small step to the door. The police have cleared the halls. Herrick leans from the balcony. I have pinned my hat inside my coat, and in the inner pocket are my slippers. To come out while those men are working there, at the closet, is terrible. Yet it is but a moment's flash; and a trolley-car and my automobile they make good noises. I have scarcely got to the back stairs to go up, when the people begin peeping out again.

But they do not peep at the back way. Once or twice, when I hear doors opening too close to me, I turn round and look down the stairs, as if I were just hesitating whether to go where the crowd is. I am like that when the policemen at last come down from the roof. When they see me, I call out to an old lady, who has but then opened her door: "Don't go down. The police have turned everybody out of the hall. They made me come back."

I have in my hand Christina's key, that looks like all their keys, and I swing it. I clutch my cloak about me, as if I am half-dressed. I am in my stocking feet, and I tell her my hair is all up in crimpers under my hood. Then I go straight up to the police coming down from the roof, who have not yet heard of any woman, and ask them: "Is it safe to go back to bed?" I say my husband is away and I am afraid to return alone to my apartment.

So, returning to my apartment, I keep on to the roof and across into the next house. There is an opening of some feet between the two apartment-houses, but I go up to the front, where the cornices join, and creep and balance along the little ledge behind them.

I walk boldly down those stairs where all is still; I choose a moment when the night-boy takes some one up in the elevator; I cross the office; Nicola faithfully awaits me with the car—and I am away, away!

And then Ten Euyck will pay me nothing. He is furious I have shot Ingham and he must give me his protection—he says it is a dishonor! And he says what I told in the Ingham letter was a lie, and he will not pay for lies—they are wrong always, for they do not work. He is so good!

Well, money I must have; we must all have. Then I think Christina can some way get it; but not to know it is for me. So I try to blackmail her with my own story! There is one who saw my shadow and has already set out to prove it not Christina's. He comes nosing in the park and the boys fly at him. Then I bethink me of a way to rid myself of him—and perhaps of Filippi—at one stroke. I tell Filippi that Herrick, just come from Italy, is the new spy of the Camorra. I tell him last night, for this is the day when Christina is to dare to trust Herrick with my story. I tell Filippi the hour; and he has gone to wait, very quietly, outside the Hope house, and put a bullet in his back as he goes up the steps.

It is my hope. Now, as I take this to that beast, Ten Euyck, I do not wish to leave one triumphing joy in the hands of her whom James Ingham did prefer, whom miserable Fate has in all ways preferred to

ALLEGRA PASCOE ALIENI.

Christina dropped the manuscript. Her hand was a little cold as it clung to Herrick's.

"They meant, all of them, to destroy us; and it is they who are destroyed. They meant nothing but greed, and they have lost all. Through terrors, through such strivings! She meant me such hate; and, from that night's beginning she has wrought only my happiness!"

Herrick kissed the cold hand. He said: "How about *my* happiness? If it were not for Ingham, I could wish them peace. They worked in a mysterious way such wonders to perform!"

The End of "Persons Unknown."

But there's a new serial beginning on Page 337

"ONCE OVER"

By JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON and FRANK LEON SMITH

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This NEW WORLD of OURS

by HUGH BLACK

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP," "THE GIFT OF INFLUENCE," ETC.

Editor's Note: **Here is the first of a series of short articles by Dr. Hugh Black, minister, writer, and teacher, interpreting the changes in religious and social beliefs which are following upon modern discoveries in science. This first article discusses, with rare sanity and poise, the unsettlement in the modern religious world. Dr. Black has had singular opportunities to sound the temper of the country. Since he came to America from Scotland eight years ago, he has spent a great deal of his time among our colleges and universities, dealing intimately with the problems of thousands. He knows thoroughly the questions that are agitating men's minds to-day; and, out of his rich experience and his rich endowment of mind and spirit, he has been able to help many people to a new view-point and a cleared outlook.**

That is the promise of these articles.

WE ARE living in a new world. Change has been gradual, and yet in the mass has been very rapid. So that we look out upon a world very different from that of any previous generation. Nowhere is the change so radical as in religion. This is to be expected, since religion has to do with the fundamental aspects of life.

Sooner or later we must make adjustment to the world in which we live, if only that we may fit in comfortably with our environment. Success in all types of life consists in acquiring adaptation to environment and adjustment to change. Change in physical climate is usually slow, otherwise life would have perished off the earth; but plant and animal life has to adjust itself to the change, or disappear. Change in intellectual climate is also slow, but is none the less sure, and theological and all established forms of thinking have to make adjustment.

The process is often difficult and sometimes painful, though some of the pain may be of the nature of "growing pains." Men of an older generation find themselves out of sympathy with the movement of thought and the new point of view of life around them. Their attitude often is one of lament for the past and fear for the future. They assert shrilly that things are going all wrong, and trace every modern evil to the fact that the world no longer stands in the old path. Sometimes the difficulty is due to the fact that they have settled down on an ancient foundation of creed, and have never had the courage to reconstruct their intellectual life.

Recently I received from a friend a letter in which this sentence occurs: "Things here are much as usual, except that a generation is growing up whose views I do not profess to understand." This is the fate of all of us to some extent as we grow older, but it should not be so general. It is because we stand still, and let the procession of life go past us. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, said that he never knew a man above forty who could be got to believe in his theory. He meant that usually at that age a man's mind has lost its flexibility and become almost impervious to new subjects.

The process has been repeated many

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times, and will not end with our age. Men reach what they think is final truth, and knowledge gets put into neat little compartments. They can settle back in comfort in a world which they have learned to know —when, lo! that world of thought lies in ruins at their feet, and they are homeless. This is such a time, when old landmarks are being blotted out and old lines are fading in the light of wider outlooks. Men meet the experience in varying spirit according to temperament and training. Some dread the passage through the cloud, even when they feel sure that nothing can be lost of the eternal realities. Some have so tied up the spirit with an accustomed form, that they speak as if religion were imperiled if one touch even the carved work of the sanctuary. Others face the outlook with courage and faith, rejoicing in it as a strong man to run a race.

In some ways the most pathetic type is that of the defender of the faith, who will not admit that anything has happened, and who shuts his eyes to the fact that we are living in a new world. He appeals to authority which his opponents reject. He is a fighter who is merely lashing the air or, like Don Quixote, running a tilt against a windmill. This belated controversialist wages wordy battles over positions that have really been evacuated. He identifies Christianity with doctrines which have ceased to mean anything to the modern world. A new world view has turned the flank of old problems. The ground has shifted, and the real interest is elsewhere.

NOT "IN THE GAME"

It is also true that many *oppose* religion through ignorance of the movements that have taken place within the Church. Some can be discovered railing at theology, when their whole knowledge of it is confined to what they learned at Sunday-school thirty years ago. They never go on the assumption that their own line of work has stood still all that time, and would resent it fiercely if medicine or surgery or engineering to-day were judged by the methods or results of thirty years since.

Sometimes in a football game three or four of the players struggle madly in a corner of the field, to the amusement of the spectators, when the ball is not there at all, and when it dawns on them that they are not in the game they rise from the mud feeling as silly as they look. The trouble with their counterparts in the religious field is that they never seem to realize that they are not "in the game."

A very successful business man sneered at theology the other day in my presence, and when I asked him to what he was referring he muttered something about the damnation of non-elect infants. Before such an exhibition one does not know whether to open one's eyes very wide or shut one's mouth very tight. It is like objecting to the modern church because of the New England witch-trials, or to modern medicine because an ancient doctor sometimes tried to cure a disease by giving a dose so nasty that he was sure the devil would refuse to stay in the same body with it.

WHY CREEDS DIE

The first thing to do is to acknowledge that there has been change, and that it is inevitable. Even the stalwart who stands in the old paths and defies the new is himself the victim of change. There is an immense *change of emphasis*, even when he thinks he has not altered a single item of the old creed. As a matter of fact, certain points are dropped out or glossed over; some parts of the faith have vanished, and some have been transformed. We can see this clearly if we look back at the controversies of the past. To-day practically no one will attempt either to defend or to deny the proofs for God and religion that used to be offered. We neither accept them nor refute them, but simply ignore them. They are dead issues, because the whole world has swung away from them. There is a modern point of view which gets its work in with all of us more or less.

Creeds do not die because they are disproved, but because they cease to interest.

Sometimes the religious mind deceives itself as to the amount of change, by interpreting doctrines and forms in a sacramental and symbolic sense. The true mystic is indifferent to historical fact; for he values it only as representing something more important than itself, as embodying a spiritual idea. Such a type of mind is not troubled by common difficulties about miracles, for the simple reason that the miracle only stands for something to be understood by the soul.

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Of course there is a great truth in this for us all. We are united not by common opinions, but by a common spirit and a common purpose. If we were always held down to the most prosaic and literal interpretation of everything, there could be no union for any human purpose at all. In a political party, or a social reform movement, or a religious organization, no two members see eye to eye alike in every detail, or even would describe in the same terms the ideal for which the party stands.

At the same time to make too much of this is dangerous. It is surely important whether an event on which faith builds is really true in the strict sense or not. Man rests his life on reality. Disproof of God, for example, would sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—make an end of religion. It is all right to rest on spiritual ideals amid the flux of this changing world, so long as we do not deceive ourselves about the fact of change.

THE PREVALENT UNREST

The purpose of these articles is to understand the causes of unrest in the religion of our time and enforce the need of restatement, and if possible to indicate the lines of the probable statement. I am not trying to prove the truth of the old, nor am I trying to present a system of theology in place of the old. The last thing I would want to do would be to encourage the desire of people to get their intellectual clothes ready to wear. The most I seek to do is to suggest for a transition time like this a point of view that may enable some to hold their footing. It has been my good fortune to spend a large part of the last few years among the colleges and universities of America, and I can say at least that this point of view has helped many over a dangerous time of unsettlement of conviction.

That there is great unsettlement of conviction we must confess. No one can know the modern religious world without feeling, however vaguely, the unrest. The modern world is racked with self-analysis, and the result is a deep disquiet. We do not know where we stand. Many brought up in the old traditional orthodoxy and maintaining it in form have an uneasy feeling. Even where they retain the old forms and phrases, they know in the bottom of their hearts that it must be with a difference, realizing that the words need at least new interpretation to make them true and real.

Others feel as if the bottom had fallen out of their intellectual world, and being of more radical temper than others, have cast away the old phrases altogether, and sometimes have "thrown out the baby with the bath." Others are the open prey of all fads and movements, new religions and the revival of old superstitions. Man's religious nature demands satisfaction, and everywhere we see the pathetic spectacle which moved Paul on Mars Hill—of men erecting an altar to the Unknown God.

There are elements in the situation that make for comfort and for courage. Amid the change of the old order we are inclined to lose perspective. With the many things that seem to be shaken, we forget that there are things that remain. Human nature stays pretty constant, and the needs of life do not alter. The world's past in religion can not go for nothing, any more than in other regions of life. There is always an element of permanence in all transition. It is only a temptation of youth to think that we can start fresh, and shake off all the burden and the glory of the past. The modern man is not a new and original creation. Fortunately there is a lot of the old man in him—and some of the old woman.

We can afford to face our present and our future with courage and with faith.

MAN IS INCURABLY RELIGIOUS

The first great fact to keep hold of is that *religion is of the very nature of man.* It is not something alien to him, or something enforced on him, except by the necessities of his social life. The time has passed when it can be easily explained as the invention of priests, as some shallow thinkers used to declare. That is surely to put the cart before the horse. Priests do not create religion, but religion created the priests. Men are religious by nature, as they are rational and esthetic by nature. It does not mean that they are always religious or all alike religious, any more than they are always or all alike rational. When we call man esthetic, we do not mean that all men are born artists, though we may believe that all have some share of the faculty.

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When we call man religious, we mean that religion has its source in human nature and in human life. That is why religion is universal.

Even if somewhere, some time, a tribe of savages were to be found without religion, it would only mean that a group were so far below the level of man, so inhuman, that they had no religion. Herbert Spencer, with his candid mind, speaking of the universality of the religious feeling, says:

"We are obliged to admit that it is as normal as any other faculty."

RELIGION AND THE DINNER-PAIL

All history declares that only two things eternally interest man, two subjects never fail. Poets have said that these two things are Love and War, but in this they have taken the part for the whole. Of the two perennial subjects the first is economic, and the other is religious. The history of man is the history of Economics and Religion—the physical basis of life, and the spiritual motive of life. Men have always had to struggle for the wherewithal to live, and have always been interested in finding out why it was worth while to live at all. We need never be afraid that men will lose their interest in either of these subjects.

Some superior moralists speak in contempt of bread-and-butter schemes, and of what they call the gospel of the dinner-pail. They berate the ordinary man because so much of his life and thought are given to the means of living. They denounce modern politics because so much of it is economic, because the ideals of the ordinary man are for a fairer distribution of the material fruits of labor. But everything in life, even religion, is dependent on the economic state. The superior moralist needs some substitute for the dinner-pail before his ethics are possible.

On the other hand, some have thought that the way of progress is to ban the whole subject of religion, to give up the long passion of the saints and be content to live on a lower plane. It is as futile as the other attempt. Man, to remain man, can not live by bread alone. However we may attempt to explain religion, it is rooted in the nature of man and nourished by the life of man. With capacities above all opportunity for full satisfaction; with deeps in our nature revealed now and again in flashes even to the shallowest; with powers abortive, and instincts starved, and attributes that never reach maturity; with visions that elude us and mock us; with life that confines us and yet taunts us with something ever beyond—we can not escape the doom of man which makes him incurably religious.

If religion is of man's nature, we need not fear for its future, still less fear that it is not going to have a future. There will be conditions that for the time seem to menace it, and conditions that tend to maim or hinder it, but the absolutely worst condition it has to meet is the temper of men who refuse to *let it change*. Precisely because religion is of man's nature, it can not remain unchanged. That would be to doom it to death. We believe that knowledge and art will not pass from the earth, though we recognize mental conditions and social conditions that discourage and hamper them. It is precisely the same with religion.

The institutions that religion creates will, and must, alter. The practical organization of religion in forms like the church will change. The intellectual embodiment of religion in a creed must be amended to suit every access of new knowledge. These may change and pass, and we sometimes tremble as if for the very Ark of God when change they must. But religion itself can not die, till the soul of man dies. If religion is made by the social forces that make man, its reign is secure. The days of its power are not ended, if we had eyes to see and hearts to understand.

NEW TRUTHS SOAK IN SLOWLY

A second reason for courage in facing the changing order is that it has not come on us as a cataclysm, but as *an orderly movement*. It gives us time to adjust ourselves. We rather like to be sensational about ourselves, and we speak grandiosely about this age of transition. That is a true enough description, but there is nothing theatrical about the change of scenes. The world is always passing through transition, and is wonderfully patient with its children in giving time to let things soak in. No doubt there are sharp crises when the soul of man seems wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. But usually change is gradual. Even when it

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looks sudden, as in a French Revolution, it really has been prepared for long, and the sudden crisis is only the climax of a slow process.

Our new world-view is largely the result of modern astronomy and modern biology, but the revolutionary discoveries which made the points of departure for these two sciences are not so desperately modern. For one we have got to go back at least as far as Newton. It has taken more than two centuries for the truth to filter through. It is more than fifty years since Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, and we are only applying the principles of evolution now.

CREEDS MUST CATCH UP WITH ASTRONOMY

Indeed, to the eager believer in progress the change seems disappointingly slow, and he is impatient at the tardy rate at which the world appropriates the gains of knowledge. In spite of the Copernican astronomy the minds of many are still geocentric. In thought they live in a world which is the center of the universe, and not a planet which is as a speck in the vastness of infinity. We have not completely adjusted ourselves to the new universe, and above all we have not accepted the manifold implications.

In the same way the thought of evolution dominates all our theories and methods in every region of knowledge, but we have not submitted to the logical conclusions. The old-world view still lingers, not only in the speech and thinking of the masses, but in the philosophy and theology and ethics of the learned. The creeds by which we express our religious beliefs date from a time when a comet or an eclipse of the sun was supposed to presage calamity. We still use language in prayer and praise that does not agree with what we now know of the world.

But slowly and surely the traditional history and theology have been undermined. Ever more minds are hospitable to the modern views of nature. Some of our present acute distress is because the process has been hurried a little to-day by a succession of scientific discoveries and by the increase of technical skill. The rate has been somewhat accelerated.

Men have not yet had time to relate the movements in the various departments of knowledge so as to get a consistent view of the whole field of thought, but there are certain presuppositions which are acting everywhere. They are like leaven leavening the whole lump. Presuppositions like the uniformity of nature and the law of continuity are accepted and used by men in every branch of investigation. The results of sciences like geology are gradually being absorbed. Most educated men no longer deny the great age of the world, the comparative antiquity of man, and the fact that death is not a punishment but a law. Bit by bit new knowledge is accepted, and our view of the whole gets stretched to take in each fresh proved addition. But all the knowledge from different quarters has not been digested and assimilated, and no wonder men ask if it is all going to agree.

No wonder the question arises, if men accept the modern view of the world, can they still be Christians? Has anything happened to affect the essential truth of Christianity? Is the old gospel capable of being for our age the power of God unto salvation?

OTHER AGES HAVE KNOWN "TRANSITION"

A third comforting reflection is that *our age is not unique* in its experience of a changing order. There are some historical analogies, with many points of resemblance to our own age. We can find times with the same seemingly sudden breakdown of the standards and sanctions of life. We see a similar critical process laying the old order in ruins. We see the same confusion both of thought and of morals. Even the same types of men are reproduced—some cynical, some skeptical, some despairing. A part of the population turns to the easy creed. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. We see some rich wallow in stupid luxury, and some poor ready to bury discontent if there is only enough "bread and games." We see social unrest going hand in hand with intellectual and moral confusion. We see violent reactions and frantic attempts to revivify the dying faith. And ever some noble souls, who see not the new vision, live out their life in stern adherence to duty. We see also how the world wins out to a new life, through those whose eyes are filled

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with the glory of the dawning day and whose hearts met it with joyful courage.

In many respects there is a close analogy found in *the world at the time of Jesus*. Christianity got its opportunity in the great world through the collapse of the old order. The need for some new power to restore the soul in man and to regenerate society is well seen from the "Dialogues" of Lucian. He lived at the breakdown of the Greek civilization, when the standards of social life were lost and the old religion was a spent force. I take Lucian as illustration because he reveals the situation all the more vividly that he was not a Greek. Picture a young barbarian, fired with enthusiasm for Greek life and ambition, dreaming of it, working for it—and finding out what it was at heart. This gives sting to his description, that he lived to despise what he had once thought the ideal. A man who knew that the old had broken down, and had nothing to replace it, naturally became a cynic, or—given Lucian's temperament—a satirist. Many men of intellect to-day are showing the same spirit.

All his work was critical, destructive—the proud and bitter disdain of a wounded soul. He poured his acid into society, especially the religion of the time. In his *Dialogues of the Gods* he did his most effective criticism by putting the poetry of the old religion into prose, making people laugh by showing how childish it is. He was the typical rationalist of his age, bringing everything within the range of his mordant wit. When Hermotinus says: "You will not accept anything I say," he replies, "On the contrary it is you will not say anything I can accept."

At the time when Lucian was writing, Christianity was beginning to sweep the world with its new message of God and of man. It rescued that ancient world from moral confusion, and saved it from intellectual despair. It revived the spirit of man, giving life a new hope and a new motive. It planted new ambitions in the hearts of men, and filled them with a strange peace. Society, which was breaking down, was renewed. It transformed the face of the world.

A better analogy still is the *world before the Reformation;* for, as now, it was a crisis in the life of Christianity itself. Here again perhaps the best single source for a view of the unsettlement of conviction is found in a book also called "Dialogues." In it, and in "Praise of Folly," Erasmus pours his satire on the state of affairs. The Renaissance and the Reformation were preceded by criticism. Erasmus was a true rationalist in principle, making his appeal to common sense, withering superstition by the sanity of light. True, he only barked where Luther fastened his teeth, but men like Erasmus made the work of Luther possible.

CHRISTIANITY AT THE BAR

The unrest of Reformation times was due intellectually to new discoveries which widened knowledge, and to new scholarship, including biblical. In these respects the age resembled ours. The solution then reached by the Protestant world was, however, only a makeshift. It was a change of authority from Church to Bible. That kept the world going for some time. But criticism to-day is more radical still and investigates all authority. It has put the Bible also into the melting-pot.

Whither are we sailing? On what uncharted seas?

From history we see that when an old religion died, it was always replaced by a new one. There is no religion at the bar of the world's judgment to-day but Christianity. We can only look to the transformation of Christianity itself to save the world.

Is it adequate for the task? What part of the cargo must be jettisoned?

In succeeding numbers Dr. Black will interpret other aspects of "This New World of Ours," answering the vital questions he has already raised, and raising others. The October article is called "THE FORCES OF UNREST."

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WHAT WE'VE LEARNED *about* RUM

THE article below is selected by us from some 9,000 letters as the best all-round discussion of Rum. Certain other letters have presented more extensive scientific analyses, but have confined the discussion to particular phases. Others have been brilliant in literary quality, but lacking in logical progression and care in the statement of facts. The letter below sums up the facts about Rum, with admirable comprehensiveness and a telling directness of style, and offers some remarkably sane suggestions.

The names of other prize-winners are printed at the end of Mr. Fisher's letter.

The contest itself was a revelation to us. A few pages beyond we have something very definite to say about it. THE EDITORS

RUM AND REMEDIES

BY ISAAC FISHER, VICKSBURG, MISS.

$500 PRIZE WINNER

WHAT I know about the rum or liquor question is really what I have learned from the experiences and investigations of others. The whole subject is so broad that I think what is said above is true of all persons who have tried to understand the drink problem. I prefer, therefore, to say that I have learned:—

That few persons have taken time to consider that there are four aspects of the liquor question; namely: legislative, economic, physiological, and ethical or moral. Great hosts of those who discuss the subject assume that the whole question is ethical only.

That candidates for public office are seldom in a position to make the best spokesmen against the liquor traffic, nor are their words worthy of greatest weight when spoken for the saloon.

That the only opinions on the liquor problem that are worth very much are those held by persons who have no immediate personal interest in the preservation of the saloon or in its abolition. Men and women who have demonstrated by constructive work in other fields their interest in mankind at large deserve a hearing on the liquor question when they essay to discuss it.

With these premises before me, I determined to lay aside the partisan conclusions and arguments for and against the liquor traffic, met with every day, and search for the conclusions of persons falling within the third class above. Two sets of such persons I have found: (1) The Committee of Fifty; and (2) The American Society for the Study of Alcohol and other Narcotics.

THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY

The men who composed the famous Committee of Fifty, in 1898, are persons long connected with movements concerning the highest good of the United States of America. They represented different communities, occupations, and opinions; and they were not, with very few exceptions, candidates for office; at the same time they were men of the highest personal honor. Their names are as follows:

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Hon. Seth Low	R. H. Chittenden	Wm. P. Johnston
Chas. Dudley Warner, Esq.	Father Thos. Conaty	Prof. J. F. Jones
Francis G. Peabody, D. D.	John H. Converse	Pres. Jas. MacAlister
Wm. E. Dodge	Wm. Bayard Cutting	Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith
J. S. Billings	Rev. S. W. Dike	
Pres. Chas. W. Eliot	Father A. P. Doyle	Prof. J. J. McCook
Col. Jacob L. Greene	Father Walter Eliot	Rev. T. T. Munger
Carroll D. Wright	Richard T. Ely	Robt. C. Ogden
Felix Adler	Henry W. Farnam	Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter
Bishop E. G. Andrews	Rt. Rev. T. F. Gailor	Rev. W. S. Rainsford
W. O. Atwater	Richard W. Gilder	Jacob Schiff
Chas. J. Bonaparte	Daniel C. Gilman	Prof. C. W. Shields
H. P. Bowditch	Washington Gladden	Prof. Wm. M. Sloane
Rev. Chas. A. Briggs	Dr. E. R. L. Gould	Rev. Frederic H. Wines
Dr. Z. R. Brockway	Dr. Edward M. Hartwell	Dr. P. M. Wise
Jno. Graham Brooks	Hon. Henry Hitchcock	
Hon. Jas. C. Carter	Rev. W. R. Huntington	

Before arriving at any conclusions, the Committee examined:

Prohibition in Maine
Prohibition in Iowa
South Carolina Dispensary System
Restrictive System in Massachusetts
Liquor Laws of Pennsylvania
Ohio Liquor Tax
Liquor Laws in Indiana since 1851
Missouri Local Option Law

This examination concluded, the body reported at great length upon the subject. Its findings on the *legislative* aspects of the liquor problem may be summarized as follows:

I. PROHIBITION

Successes:

Abolition and prevention on large scale of sale of distilled and malt liquors within areas covered by it.

Removed temptation from young and from persons disposed to alcoholic excess in communities where sentiment is strongly in its favor.

Promoted the invention and adoption of many useful restrictions.

Failures:

Has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable.

Has failed, of course, to subdue the drinking passion.

Evils:

Open defiance of law.

Evasion of law.

Courts have been weakened.

Two-faced and mercenary law officers.

Hypocritical and truckling candidates for office.

Unfaithful office-holders.

II. LOCAL OPTION

Possesses the merit that public sentiment supports the officials who administer the law.

III. LICENSES

Weaknesses:

Officials elected for short terms make bad licensing-agents because liquor is constantly in politics.

Where courts grant license, the former are placed under suspicion, particularly if the judges' offices are elective.

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Where commissioners grant license, they force liquor-sellers into politics for protection.
Where bonds are required, it has been found that wholesale liquor-dealers get control of retailers by signing their bonds for them.
Certificates of character for liquor-dealers have not proven of much value, since careless officials often have to receive them.

IV. RESTRICTIONS ON SALES

Apparently these have reduced the consumption of liquor, though the amount of the reduction can not be determined.

V. CHECKS UPON DRUGGISTS

The license restrictions upon druggists have checked evil to some extent, but have not controlled the sale of liquor by druggists.

The Committee found it so very difficult to draw any useful inferences as to the effects upon the liquor traffic of *arresting persons for drunkenness* that they did not attempt to formulate conclusions on the subject.

As to the results of legislating so as to *remove from the sale of liquor the motive for private profit*, the Committee held that this had nowhere been successfully carried out up to that time.

Regarding *the question whether Prohibition prohibits*—whether it has decreased the consumption of intoxicants and diminished drunkenness, the Committee said: "No demonstration on either of these points has been reached, or is now attainable, *after more than forty years of observation and experience.*"

As a basis for its report on the *economic* aspects of the Liquor Problem, the Committee investigated 33 charity organizations, 60 almshouses, 11 children's societies, and 17 prisons and reformatories, besides having the assistance of several state boards of charities and correction.

The Committee's report on the economic phase of the subject is extremely valuable because it covers, with the exception of the German Reports of 1885 and 1887, a larger number of cases than any other report; a greater variety of cases of pauperism; a much wider area than any other report, and a greater number of nationalities. Below are tabulated some conclusions which logically flow from the Committee's investigations of this phase of the subject:

I. THE SUPPOSED CREATION OF WEALTH

(Figures are for the year 1896)

Of corn, rye, and barley, 58,000,000 bushels went into the production of liquor.
In 1890, $289,775,639 represented the annual value of liquor produced.
Capital invested in making and retailing liquor was over $957,000,000.
It was estimated that 1,800,000 persons derived their livelihood from the liquor traffic.
The liquor traffic paid in taxes to support national, state, and local governments $183,213,124.

II. THE DESTRUCTION OF WEALTH—POVERTY

Poverty Due To Liquor:

Charity Organization Societies—

25% of poverty found in these was due directly and indirectly to liquor. 18% of poverty was due directly and 9% indirectly. (In some cases liquor was both direct and indirect cause, making seeming discrepancy.)

22.7% of males were poor because of their own drunkenness; 12.4% of females had come to want because of their own intemperance. 3.8% of males were poor from drunkenness of others; but 17% of females came to want through drunkenness of others.

14% of aliens were poor from liquor, 17% of native-born citizens, and 25% of naturalized citizens. 19% of whites found were poor from liquor, and 9% of negroes.

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Almshouses—

37% of persons found in these had come to want through use of liquor. 32% of cases were due directly to liquor, and 8% indirectly.

42% of males were poor because of their own drunkenness, and 16.5% of females because of their own. 6% of males owed their poverty to drunkenness of others; but 12.7% of females had come to want through the drunkenness of others.

23% of aliens were poor from liquor. 29% of native-born citizens poor from liquor. 43% of naturalized citizens poor from liquor. 33% of whites found in these were poor from liquor, and 17% of negroes.

Destitution of Children—

45%, at least, due to intemperance of parents.

43.5% of children of native-born parents were destitute because of drunkenness of parents; 49.5% of children of foreign parents were so destitute; and 60.5% of children of foreign father and native or unknown mother owed their want to the same cause.

46% of children of white parents were destitute because of intemperance of their parents; and 39% of children of negroes.

Crime Due To Liquor—

50% of cases of crime were due to liquor in connection with other causes.

31% of cases of crime were due to liquor as a first cause.

ECONOMIC FORCES WORKING AGAINST LIQUOR:*

I. The Self-Interest of Wage-Earners

The influence of labor and trade unions† is powerful in teaching—

Sobriety during strikes.
Moderation in drink, by requiring it.
Sobriety, by refusing at times to help reinstate men discharged for drunkenness.
Temperateness, by often refusing to admit drunkards.
Sobriety, by excluding drunkards from sick benefits.
Sobriety, by fining members for intoxication.
Sobriety, by excluding liquor from all of their entertainments.
Sobriety, through desire of union men to elect only sober men to fill the high positions in the unions.

II. The Self-Interest of Employers

Employers have been moved to prohibit drinking by their employees—

To set good example for other employees.
To guard against temptation.
To prevent accidents.
To secure better work.
To secure more economy.
To secure greater responsibility in positions of trust.

ECONOMIC FORCES WORKING FOR, OR FAVORABLE TO, LIQUOR:*

The capital invested in the liquor traffic.
The number of persons who get their living from the liquor traffic.

For students of the drink problem, the most valuable findings of the Committee are the following:

The difficulties in the way of researches of this kind are enormous. In matters which affect private character, truthful reports are proverbially hard to obtain. The accessible statistics are incomplete or inaccurate, or both. The effects of intemperance in promoting vice and crime are often mixed with the effects of many other causes, such as unhealthy occupations, bad lodgings, poor food, and inherited disabilities; and it is very difficult to disentangle

* U. S. Dept. of Labor sent schedules of inquiries to 7,000 establishments, employing 1,700,000 employees. This data is based upon returns. † All Unions do not accomplish *all* of these results.

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intemperance as a cause from other causes of vice, crime, and pauperism. At every point connected with these investigations the studious observer encounters an intense partisanship, which blinds the eyes of witnesses and obscures the judgment of writers and speakers on the subject.

Although the Committee examined the *physiological* aspects of the liquor problem, I have purposely turned from their report on the subject to that of a body of medical scientists—the American Association for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics, in session in Washington, D. C., in 1909.

The conclusions reached at that meeting are summarized as follows:

Alcohol—

1. *Not a food*—Authority, the President of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and other Narcotics.*
2. *Not only a poison, but renders the body more susceptible to disease*—Authority, same as above.†
3. *Does not sustain physical powers nor prevent fatigue*—Authority as before* (also p. 45, 46).
4. *Does not aid digestion*—Authority, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium.‡
5. *Injures the entire system*—Authority, Dr. C. H. Hughes, Editor *The Alienist and Neurologist.*‖ Alcohol abstracts water from the tissues, function fails, then destruction of the vital organs sets in.
6. *Impairs fecundity*—Authority, same as in 1.*
7. *Impairs mentality*—British Association for the Advancement of Science.§
8. *Abridges life*—(Authority, Sir Victor Horsley.¶) Through—

A. Diseases Due To Alcohol Alone

Acute alcoholic poisoning; acute mania; delirium tremens; chronic alcoholic insanity; alcoholic epilepsy; alcoholic neuritis.

B. Diseases of Which Alcohol is Frequently a Determining or Contributing Cause

[Under this heading Mr. Fisher mentions twenty-five diseases. We have not room to print the list.—EDITORS.]

C. Other Agencies

Accidents caused by alcohol; infant mortality due to alcoholism of mothers; premature deaths caused by alcohol.

When we turn to the discussion of the effects which alcoholism has upon man's *ethical* relations—his duty, whether to himself, his family, community, state, or his God—we find that there is little need for extended argument or minute cataloguing. The only thing necessary is to determine to what extent alcoholism is responsible for these sins against the "Thou shalt's" and the "Thou shalt not's."

ALCOHOL WEAKENS THE WILL

Dr. C. H. Hughes, Editor of *The Alienist and Neurologist* (Senate Document 48; 61st Congress, 1st session, p. 21), and a great cloud of other witnesses, say that alcohol extracts the water from all the tissues, and so "robs the brain of its normal functioning capacity, impairing it in mental and psycho-motor and moral capabilities." The significance of this statement is best understood when it is recalled that the brain and nerves are 80% water. The conclusion here is irresistible:

INTEMPERANCE AND DRUNKENNESS ARE WRONG

The performance of all duties, the use of all faculties are dependent upon the will, and it is wrong not to perform one's duties. Alcoholism weakens—often destroys—the will. Therefore, alcoholism is wrong because by destroying or weakening the will it prevents the performance of duties which of right ought to be performed.

* Some Scientific Conclusions Concerning the Alcoholic Problem—Senate Document 48; 61st Cong., 1st Sess., p. 19.
† Ib., pp. 19, 46, 47. ‡ Ib., p. 97. ‖ Ib., pp. 20, 21. § Ib., p. 45. ¶ Ib., p. 44.

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BEST REMEDIES FOR THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Stop denouncing anybody about the liquor traffic.

Get the truth about the liquor question in all of its aspects.

(*a*). Interest of physicians must be enlisted so that they will take a stand against liquor. They can help by—

Making clear statements as to uselessness of alcohol as a food and medicine.

Making clear statements of the injurious effects of alcohol upon animal organism.

Showing the effects of the habitual use of small quantities of alcohol.

Showing the effects of the grasp of habit.

Showing whether the pleasures of indulgence can offset the resulting evils.

Giving the correct explanation of the seeming stimulation of liquor.

Showing the relation of moderation to immoderation and loss of self-control.

(*b*) Interest students of morbid psychology in the study of causes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 mentioned above.

Get the truth about the whole liquor question *to* the people.

Here are the names of those who sent us the 96 best letters on what they know about Rum. The next 500 we haven't room to print. There were dozens of letters, too, for which we should have liked to give prizes, just as there were many we should have liked to print. These names represent the best of all the many kinds of contributions that came to us. We hope that our next series may bring us as many and as good.

We shall return all the contributions to the senders as soon as we are able, unless they expressly desire us not to. But, remember, there are more than 9,000!

$500

Isaac Fisher, Vicksburg, Mississippi.

$100

G. S., New York, N. Y.
E. H. Williams, M. D., Montclair, New Jersey.
C. M., ———, N. Y.
Gordon Thayer, New York, N. Y.
Luther A. Ryer, Jersey City, N. J.

$50

J. B. Cooke, M. D., Stamford, Conn.
G. T. Ladd, New Haven, Conn.
J. B., Waukegan, Illinois.
M. J. W., Chicago, Illinois.
Herman Kuehn, Minneapolis, Minn.

$25

Ulrich F. Mueller, Carthagena, Ohio.
W. McDowell, M. D., Seattle, Washington.
James Samuel, Marietta, Ohio.
Rock Sleyster, M. D., Waupun, Wisconsin.
L. G. Copes, Buffalo, N. Y.
John Rosa, New York, N. Y.
George Sergeant, Dallas, Texas.
Paul Paquin, M. D., Asheville, N. C.
J. H. Moses, Washington, D. C.
C. H. W., Duluth, Minnesota.

$10

D. M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.
A. A. Graham, Topeka, Kansas.
Henry W. Booth, Birmingham, Michigan.
E. K. Ellenbogen, M. D., New York, N. Y.
A. A. Hopkins, New York, N. Y.
Frank W. Dusey, Creston, Iowa.
D. C. L., Marfa, Texas.
David H. Edmonds, Santa Barbara, California.
J. L. Herring, Derry, Pennsylvania.
Malcolm C. McLean, Campbell River, B. C.
Jos. V. Collins, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.
Alexander Scott, Brooklyn, New York.
Wm. H. Crabtree, Upland, California.
Gertrude C. Davenport, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.
Robert M. Kerr, Louisville, Kentucky.
Wm. Block, Dulzura, California.
Wm. Sparks, Globe, Arizona.
C. S. Partridge, Washington, D. C.
J. E. Fritts, Wakeeney, Kansas.
Henry M. Gray, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
Samuel Wilson, Newark, N. J.
D. E. Atwell, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.
Rev. J. Donahoe, St. Paul, Minn.
L. R. Ebert, Astoria, Oregon.
E. E. Moseley, Pine Bluff, Ark.

$5

Ward A. Scranton, Detroit, Michigan.
C. T. Sweet, Jacksonville, Florida.
S. Estelle Munn, Los Angeles, California.
Wm. H. Ross, Boston, Massachusetts.
Hugh L. Collins, Windsor, Vermont.
E. C. Cahill, Berwyn, Pennsylvania.
S. G. Aggeler, Ferndale, California.
Frederick Severence, Richmond, Utah.
Wm. H. Watts, Sandusky, Ohio.
V. J. Wulff, Racine, Wisconsin.
Susanna M. D. Fry, Alhambra, California.
H. T. Colestock, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.
George F. Kelly, Superior, Wisconsin.
John R. Stratton, Baltimore, Maryland.
F. Stuart Chapin, Northampton, Massachusetts.
Henry Olerich, Omaha, Nebraska.
Mrs. F. B. Williams, Syracuse, New York.
F. N. Gaiger, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Joseph G. Wilson, Ellis Island, New York.
I. N. Vick, Godley, Texas.
Malcolm O'Brien, Portland, Maine.
Bedrock Ryte, Lone Hill, California.
Clyde Elliot, Salt Lake City, Utah.
C. R., Upland, California.
G. W. A., Salamanca, N. Y.
Thos. D. West, Cleveland, Ohio.
L. E. Bernstein, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Russell A. Foust, Glen Cove, L. I.
Mrs. M. T. Johnson, Jordan, N. Y.
George A. Elder, Portland, Maine.
Katherine Anthony, New York, N. Y.
Wm. Ketwaite, Trenton, N. J.
Oscar Rustad, Moorhead, Minn.
Eleanor D. Delameter, Sonora, California.
Edwin C. Ranck, Cambridge, Mass.
J. A. Pierce, Denver, Colorado.
R. P. Hobson, Washington, D. C.
George Smart, Cleveland, Ohio.
Frederick C. Howe, New York, N. Y.
Lillian Burt, Columbus, Ohio.
Ralph Reed, M. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.
E. Reinhart, High Point, N. C.
J. Danziger, Chicago, Illinois.
J. H. Gray, Joliet, Illinois.
Ed. A. Tuttle, New York, N. Y.
John McKay, Port Arthur, Ontario.
Albert S. Gray, Chicago, Illinois.
Charles P. Gildea, Butte, Montana.
Nzua W. Perreira Vitulu, South Gilboa, N. Y.
F. E. Curdullo, Durham, New Hampshire.

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THOSE RUM LETTERS

THEY began a day or so after our bottle appeared on the stands, at first by ones and twos, then by the hundreds. We looked over the first ones as if there were no more to come, and before we knew it we were snowed under. A storm of a few more than nine thousand came down upon us, from everybody and everywhere, almost two-thirds from women, and four-fifths from the farms and small towns of the country. We have dug our way out now, bringing a few hanging in our hair and clothes to give you a taste.

But we have a tale to tell after these thousands of pages of testimony. Very little of it could we give you in the few we have printed. We did our best; but they were a sort of despairing selection, there was so little to choose between in the nine thousand.

Deep feeling was written across every page. It was a flood of sincerity before which appraisal seemed almost impossible. Whatever the voice, whether of the bootlegger fighting for his bread or the Congressman declaiming for his law—they all rang true. Not that the flippant and the playful were lacking. There were those replete with such maxims as "In vino veritas, in soda sanitas." But their humor was always that of the man whose vision is so clear and broad that he can afford to smile a little at the more foggy enthusiasts.

Time after time we read—"Whether I win a prize or not, I want to add my voice to the cause—". Few but ended with a good wish for our work.

But, after all, it was the great weight of intimate human thought that impressed this sincerity upon us. There were times when we felt a little embarrassed at being taken into such confidence by these hundreds of unknown lives. Here was revelation no mere prize contest could evoke. Here was enthusiasm that put all the letters nearly on the same level. That's why it was hard.

Plunge your hand into the sheaves anywhere. It's about two to one you will draw out one of those little bundles of writing—broken, or bold, or wincingly fine, as if drawn in pain—a woman's story. Over and over again it evoked the perennial shadowy figure of the woman in some far-off corner toiling with all faith to hold together the flying fragments of the home or piecing them together after the disillusionment. Soon you can read these rapidly because you know through the halting lines what's to come.

And when you have gone through hundreds of these you begin to feel, as Jack London did, that "the women know." Most of the loud talking about the liquor question is done by the men, but more than half of these letters were from these silent workers who seemed to be quietly waiting, waiting. That's the picture that flashed to us through these many anxious letters from the mothers, wives, and daughters.

Pick again: Here's the typical man's voice. He sits down after his many years of working, watching, thinking, to tell us how things were when he was a boy; how his town or his state fought out the old question of low, high, or no license; how he has kept his eye on the bitter cost of the traffic in dollars and souls, on its part in the political game, on the rise and success of its foes. He has browsed in the Census Reports, heard the speeches and read the papers. And according to his temperament, his interests, his experiences, he appraises the existing remedies, corrects them or condemns and replaces them with others. He can not give us all the facts, the statistics, the lively experiences, the newspaper items that have tempered his mind. But he gives us the result of his years' thought, and drives it home with a good charge of sincerity.

Such letters taught us much. One thing we shall remember in the future: that bare facts about a question do not exist; and if they did they would not be worth much. Facts are as many and various as there are people to use them. It is only when figures and experiences have been transmuted by a human life and outlook that they have any reality, color, warmth, or motive power.

Pick again: Here is the average citizen in a small town. He does not look far nor wide. He has been watching only the things that have directly influenced the family he has been trying to raise—the complex little strands of the town's social, political, and economic life. You can see him working gravely with friends and neighbors through all the changes of wet and dry, low and high license, always where his best

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intelligent interests lie. He tells you what his town has found best or what it is working for. And when all is done, you feel that the good man has done well, but that no inference could be drawn which could be applied to any other town in the country. You dimly sense the many fine forces and influences which he can never wholly get over to you, which make his story unique; but you get no farther.

Pick again: Here is the uncouth, or sturdy, direct or strangely embarrassed tale of the toiler, the lumberjack, the miner, the roving son of the road, the "blanket-stiff." Sometimes they dance about the question with a high humor, behind which you see grim knowledge of the harsh facts of the toiler's drinking. Sometimes you are afraid of the breezy cynicism that seems to know unanswerably the strict value of the good people's attempts to regulate or prohibit.

Wild and full of high color are the pictures these arouse. You see the frenzied drinking themselves to death in the blazing ruins of San Francisco. Everywhere you see them after long hours of grueling toil lined up before the bars, their faces set hard with the determination to get a few moments of full, free life at whatever cost. They scorn our remedial measures or curse our trend toward Prohibition. Most of them call honestly for some adequate substitute for the saloon, and nearly all close with an invocation of a Socialistic order. Read these and see whether the workers want to drink.

Pick again: Here is the student's word. He may not know the taste of Rum nor have watched its workings in his own home or in the streets of the city. But he has pored over the evidence, and tells us with arrays of figures, experiments, and authorities that alcohol is a food or a poison, an economic asset or a liability, a source of crime and insanity or not. He even tells us what Shakespeare says of it, what place it had before Noah's time, and what part it has played in the rise and fall of the Roman Empire! He tells us everything that is *recorded* of alcohol, boils it down, analyzes it, and passes tentative judgment. We put him aside in a safe place. He is the arsenal. To him Prohib and Anti go for the good round figures to hurl at the other side. He has facts of a kind—but we know he has not the only kind.

Pick again: Here is what we have been expecting—the personal confession of the drinker. Often in a still courageous hand, more often neatly typed to hide perhaps a telling script. Sometimes with the calm retrospection of victory, or with the faintly veiled doubt of success. More often with the frank despair of helplessness. You read of the first drink. You see the alcoholic ancestry standing behind the boy, and the absent or insufficient power of home forces. And then you travel up and down the old peaks and depths of self-struggle. You hear him curse his treating companions, the too loose or too stringent laws, the saloon, the vileness of liquors, his birth, and himself. And you stand by as helpless as he is.

WHERE THE STRIFE IS KEENEST

And then there is the determined voice of self-interest. Sometimes with a gracious breadth of mind it speaks; sometimes it is a rasping and sharp voice; but in the end it is always for its distillery, its saloon, its drug-store, its blind pig, its hip-pocket dispensary, or the simple right to drink where it pleases. Often he will admit with unction all that the Anti says against liquor. In many cases he points out vital phases of the question which the other side does not or can not notice. It was sometimes hard to keep a level head before the unillusioned defendants of Rum who look at it without romance or idealism. These if any are the real foes of the "women who know." They know the White Logic so well and they use it so well.

And here is the religious enthusiast who waives all arguments for one exhortation. Here the psychologist who tells us the clues which temperament and nervous organization have to the drink habit and unravels the threads of heredity, environment, and will.

Most keenly the question was felt in smaller towns. Least was heard from larger cities, the New York and Chicago contributions being unnoticeable. More came from the Far West, from states like Texas and Oregon where Prohibition is being fought over the last ditches, or where, like Kansas, there is still controversy over the results. The small towns where changes of policy have been frequent, where special state laws like the Brooks Law in Pennsylvania and the Ohio System have forced the question to the front every year—states

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where the suffrage question is most acute—these brought the greatest harvest.

It was a splendid response, in quality and quantity. The abundant variety of facts and the swirl of points of view made us feel as never before the immensity of the problem. It would have been hard for the most open-minded of readers to keep his feet in the storm of evidence and emotion. You would be made to feel vividly the political and financial strength of the organized liquor traffic and the emotional force of the Prohibition movement.

Apparent inconsistencies would confront you at every turn. You would find clergymen recognizing the social functions of the saloon, and saloonkeepers bitterly bewailing the iniquities of their trade. You would find women lamenting the high price and vile quality of the liquor whose baleful influence they score in the same breath. And if you turned to the scientific evidence, the physician's, economist's, lawyer's, sociologist's letters, they would leave you dawdling on the fence. You would find the physicians at loggerheads with each other as to whether alcohol is a food or a poison, the economists unable to agree either that rum is an economic wastrel or that Prohibition is an economic danger, the sociologists not decided as to how far rum is linked with crime, vice, and insanity, the psychologists not of one mind as to the parts temperament, environment, and heredity play in the individual and social grip of alcohol.

But then the great wave of personal confession, two-thirds of the whole mass, and nearly all of it from women, sweeps you irresistibly out of the tangle of scientific evidence and clean off the fence. It flashes upon you with burning intensity that whatever the psychologist says about the possibilities of individual or social reform, whatever the physician says about alcohol as a poison or a food, whatever the economist and sociologist say about its cost in dollars or lives,it has seared deeply into the hearts of the great silent majority—the mothers, wives, daughters—the home-keepers; and you must feel that behind this flood of emotion is the enduring force that will carry us on to the true solution.

A blind, groping force it may be. It doesn't know just what instruments to use. For the time it has eagerly taken hold of Prohibition, though it is more intimately and keenly aware of the personal, social, economic difficulties of a Prohibitory law than are all the scientific specialists. But the National Amendment looms up quite clearly as the most solid remedial measure it can lay hands upon.

These personal letters make you realize what William Allen White recently pointed out in reference to Kansas, that though Prohibition does not prohibit, though it kicks back hard, like the nervous system of a man who has quit the stuff, and brings at first a train of apparently worse evils in its wake, it at least clears the paraphernalia of drink from the atmosphere of the growing generation and gives youths a chance to live without meeting on every hand the drinking suggestion. For that if for nothing else this emotional force puts its faith in Prohibition, despite the ready-made theories and the double-edged facts of the special students, and it will always be the strongest ally of the movement.

THE WOMEN WILL SETTLE IT

The sociologist has many remedies in his pocket—licensing plans and social-center movements. The physician prescribes, the psychologist offers systems of training, and the evangelist exhorts. But it is when the Prohibitionist shouts to the voter, "Come, kill this thing once for all," that you hear the impassioned response from the home. Whether the woman votes or not, she has shown us that it is she who has felt most sharply the edges of the question, that she is going to use the nearest thing at hand to help herself and her kind.

And when you have dug your way out, you feel that the question is going to be settled, not so much through the physician's laboratory, through the economist's, sociologist's, or psychologist's study, or the revivalist's tent. It will be settled through the home, through the women in it, through their educative power, through their votes, and through the deep feeling that lies back of their many letters. You feel that no one knows alcohol as they do, and that when the time comes no one will strike it out as mercilessly as they will.

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"The NATIONS' AIRY NAVIES"

by

T R MacMECHEN

PRESIDENT OF THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue."

THIS IS THE WAY THEY TRANSPORT FRENCH AEROPLANES.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

A German dirigible airship recently covered 2040 miles in 34 hours, and had fuel left for 16 hours more. Another flew the whole distance across Germany at 65 miles an hour. Another—a marine Zeppelin—flew 1067 miles in 31 hours, nearly all the way through fog so thick that she was invisible from the ground.

A new Italian semi-rigid dirigible can make 62 miles an hour. Five of the Italian semi-rigid dirigibles can each cover a radius of 620 miles.

A French aeroplane traveled with the wind from London to Paris—222 miles—in two hours and fifty minutes.

At an elevation of 5000 feet a military German dirigible cast bombs capable of destroying everything within a radius of 250 yards. Invariably they hit the mark within a circle fifteen feet in diameter.

The *Zeppelin V.* hit a target at a distance of 6000 feet across the air.

TO ESTIMATE the outcome of war in Europe, you must reckon in the unknown factor of aerial battle. Already, the Turko-Italian War and the Balkan have shown some of the new possibilities, and the world has realized that modern battles are to be fought in three elements—in the air as well as on sea and land. But the great "airy navies" of Europe have not yet been tested. Events so far have given only a faint indication of the tremendous forces that can be unleashed—of the terrific new kind of conflict to be waged in the clouds.

I have told the readers of EVERYBODY'S in these pages something about the achievements of airships—describing the triumph of air travel and predicting the passing of the ocean dreadnought. But even in the year and a half since the publication of my latest article, aerial history has been making rapidly. Speed has increased. Cargo capacity has increased. So have control, accuracy of aim, the art of navigation. And so, too, has the realization among European nations that Germany has been

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leading in the development of aerial battleships.

For it is Germany that I mean when I speak of air progress. Germany alone has developed, in the *rigid* dirigible, a genuine air battleship. While she has been perfecting it, other nations have experimented with other forms of air craft. France has put her faith in a flock of aeroplanes more numerous than any other country's, aided by semi-rigid and non-rigid types of dirigibles. Russia, with similar kinds of craft, has excelled in aviation, but shown herself notably deficient in the mechanics of repairing and testing. Italy has built half-rigid dirigibles superior to the French type in size and speed. England has depended principally on big seaplanes. Germany, studying and using all these other forms herself, has made them subsidiary to her arch type, the Zeppelin.

It was hardly more than ten years ago that Germany saw her vision of air empire and, seizing on Count Zeppelin's idea, began to build. She has worked with scientific thoroughness and precision, with a fine unity of purpose and a splendid devotion. She has studied the air, invented new kinds of guns, devised new explosives, perfected air-tactics, developed a new art of navigation, coordinating her work into one great whole.

THE DIRIGIBLE'S RECORD

Consider some of the things her type of dirigible can do—has done.

The modern Zeppelin is able to cruise for twenty hours at an altitude of from 6500 to 9000 feet. This is her "safety zone"; but still not the limit of her ascent: For four hours she can stay at a height of 9800 feet. That is the reason for *Germany's faith that her inferior naval fleet, directed by her dirigibles, could crush any superior fleet on the water.*

Recent over-sea maneuvers show how this might work.

A marine Zeppelin, acting as the flagship of a German naval squadron, took the sea-admiral up into the air, where it hovered in the safety zone while the admiral counted and classified the sea-fleet of the distant "enemy," and located submarines in the ocean which lay, transparent, below him.

By wireless, he ordered every movement of his own ships, which lay below the horizon, where they escaped the eye of the enemy. He directed them where to attack the enemy so that ship after ship of the foe might be annihilated before others could come to its aid.

At night he could turn on a powerful searchlight, of 40,000 candle-power, and from a height of 5000 feet "spot" anything on the surface.

And he was perfectly safe, not only because nothing could hit him—as we shall see presently—but because he was invisible, at 9000 feet, even in broad daylight. The ships are covered with aluminum paint—a very recent device for protection against sun-expansion and rain, whose dazzling brightness makes them difficult to see in clear sunshine and quite invisible against a gray sky. And noiseless motors now add another element of protection.

Such ships now fly sixty miles an hour. Recently, one of them flew all the way across Germany at *sixty-five* miles an hour. And in sight of an enemy, when a Zeppelin flies before the wind, its speed is seventy to eighty miles.

Do you see what this means? What are the chances of a dreadnought, making less than half that time, with a Zeppelin in pursuit? What of its chances at night—with the terrible searchlight flashing its beam for an instant to pick out the target, and the attacking airship vanishing at sixty miles an hour into darkness?

Weather makes little difference to a Zeppelin. It fears neither strong nor gusty winds if they blow horizontally; it is affected only by vertical drafts, against which it now protects itself by its speed and its powerful rudders. Late in 1912, a marine Zeppelin flew from Friedrichshafen, on the Swiss frontier, to Berlin, by way of the North Sea, in thirty-one hours—a distance of 1067 miles, covered in fog so dense that the ship was never seen from the ground till shortly before her arrival. Nor could the ship's commander see the ground; but he steadily maintained by scientific reckoning a course due northeast to the sea, and never failed to know his position exactly. By wireless he communicated with all the military and weather stations through eastern Germany during the entire cruise.

Imagine what can happen when a fleet of such ships as this slips through a fog, noiseless and invisible, to hover over a hostile country.

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE TRAINING-SHIP *HANSA*, A GERMAN DIRIGIBLE, LEAVING HER HANGAR.

Nor does such a performance as this thirty-one-hour trip measure a modern Zeppelin's endurance. This same ship carried fuel for fifty hours. Constantly, Zeppelins are growing more powerful, and their commanders, learning more of the highly developed art of air-navigation, are getting more endurance out of their ships.

Last May the new *L. 3*, giant of all marine Zeppelins, answering the Admiralty's specifications for a true air-battleship, made a superb record. She started from Friedrichshafen and, after skirting the entire French frontier, pursued a zigzag course across the empire and far over the North Sea, *covering 2040 miles in thirty-four hours* with a running time throughout her trip of sixty miles an hour. At Berlin, her destination, the vessel still had fuel enough to run sixteen more hours. And the new Zeppelins now being turned out are able to remain in the air almost three days and nights without fuel renewal.

But what of their active fighting powers? What can a Zeppelin *do?* And what can other fighting machines, air, land, or water, do to her?

Steel-capped torpedoes are a sea Zeppelin's heaviest missile. Torpedoes that hit with the force of a naval shell and pierce four to six inches of armor. That is, they will pass through a battleship's upper deck to the armored deck below, tear it, and explode the ship's magazine. With this weapon a Zeppelin could sink the strongest dreadnought at one blow.

Then there is a quick-firing gun that sends two-inch shells of Belgian macarite which will destroy power-houses and depots of supply; and the stream-like fire of the machine-rifle for troops on the ground. With the aid of gravity to give it greater force, such bullet-like fire does more damage than a field cannon firing shrapnel

As for aim, repeated tests have shown that a Zeppelin can shoot with appalling accuracy and effectiveness, and at long range. From the height of a mile or more the aim is absolute. At that altitude, and three miles away, gunners, with weapons moving in their pivots as easily as rifles, sight accurately. At the height of a mile and a half, they can send a 1½-pound shell of macarite deep below the water-line, to reach a war-ship's unprotected hull. They can blow a hole a foot in diameter through both skins of a battleship and put it out of action in thirty minutes. With its semi-automatic

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A ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP FLYING OVER DÜSSELDORF.

gun, the Zeppelin can at the same time rain bullets upon the most vulnerable points of the ship.

In February, 1913, the military *Zeppelin 15*, operating at an altitude of 5000 feet above Hagenau, the shooting-grounds near Baden, cast loaded bombs of 220 pounds filled with a special high explosive Invariably they hit the mark within a circle of fifteen feet diameter and showed themselves capable of destroying everything within a radius of 250 yards.

Is it clear why the German Admiral Von Tirpitz complacently accepted England's building program of sixteen battleships to Germany's ten? Germany already knew that the day of the dreadnought is past. And now Admiral Sir Percy Scott, inventor of the most advanced British artillery, admits it, to the amazement of his countrymen.

So much for the dirigible's fire downward. It is almost as deadly in firing *across the air*.

Not long ago the *Zeppelin V.*, during target practise over artillery ground, while circling around its mark fired across the air a distance of more than one mile and frequently hit an aeroplane thirty-three by twelve feet which was suspended from a huge kite. Several hits were scored at a distance of more than 6000 feet—its longest dependable range.

Not much hope for an aeroplane that ventures within range. And, remember, a rigid dirigible carries guns for firing in every direction—guns on top of the hull, below it, at both sides. This is, indeed, the great military advantage of the rigid system.

Meantime the Zeppelin itself is practically invulnerable. What conceivable artillery, which at the best requires a minute for aiming, can hit a pencil-like craft moving sixty miles an hour, at 6000 feet or more? There is no way of discovering the ship's level, and therefore it is practically impossible to time a shell so that it will pierce the airship and *explode inside*, as it must do to be destructive. Only a gun that has the reach for shooting straight—not in an arc—for, say, 9000 feet, has any chance. Such a gun, too, must be pointing almost vertically.

And during the minute it takes to aim, the Zeppelin has covered a mile!

Moreover, it is a part of aerial strategy to make the actual appearance within gun reach very suddenly. While maneuvering last February, the training-airship *Hansa* appeared so abruptly above the gunners on

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the Doeberitz artillery ground that they could not aim before she had cast dummy bombs. The missiles dropped squarely on the mark, and the airship had been gone three minutes before the artillerymen were ready to sight the floating mark.

By the same token, the airship can see artillery long before it is ready to fire, and can very easily make a detour.

The dirigible has already been under heavy fire in the Turko-Italian and the Balkan wars. In the first, Italian airships, at a position 6000 feet above Turkish artillery, were almost omniscient so far as the enemy on the ground was concerned, and quite safe as well. The field-guns, though their tails were planted in the sides of sand-hills to give a nearly vertical aim, were wholly inefficient in shooting up—as indeed all artillery rapidly tends to become when fired upward.

And here, from a special correspondent of the London *Sphere*, on service before Adrianople, is an incident of aerial warfare that further confirms the air-ship's safety:

> I saw a drama in the air. While I watched the smoke clouds of the Bulgarian siege guns, something twinkled and glittered to the left of the four tall minarets of the great mosque of Adrianople. It was the smooth silk of an airship which caught the rays of the sun. This cigar-shaped craft rose slowly and steadily to a fair height, though, I believe, it was tethered at one end. It rose above peaceful ground into a great tranquillity, which lasted about ten minutes. Then suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and a shell burst to the *left* of the airship. I gave a great cry. It seemed to me that the frail craft had burst into nothingness. But a few seconds later, when the smoke was wafted away, I saw the airship still poised steadily above the earth, untouched by the death machine. A second shell was flung skyward *far to the right*, and for an hour as I watched shells rose continually around that airship, trying to tear it down from its high elevation, but never striking it.

One hour of immunity for a *stationary* balloon! Under the fire of the remarkably effective French-made Creusot guns!

But, even though the airship may be secure from land or sea attack, how about the aeroplane, on whose "superior speed" other nations have relied to offset the Zeppelin's guns?

Germany, herself holding all the aeroplane records for really practical performances, has proved that her dirigibles have little to fear from the "hornet" of the air on which France has been depending. Its sting has been drawn by the necessity of being armed. For the heavier the aeroplane, the less its speed and the shorter its stay in the air. And aeroplanes able to carry guns firing shells that explode on contact—the only missile dangerous to a Zeppelin—are no faster than the dirigible.

Take England's big sea-planes, built for attacking the Zeppelins. When war-loaded, these sea-planes are at a grave disadvantage because they require half an hour to climb half a mile, while a Zeppelin can rise to 6500 feet in eight minutes. It was this tremendous ascensional power that enabled Count Zeppelin, in command of the *Z. 1.*, to run away from a swift pursuing aeroplane during the last Kaiser maneuvers, when he flew over an invading Red army and "destroyed" its aeroplane baggage train by dropping a big bomb.

Yes, but a sea-plane or a small destroyer, some one objects, might easily get above the Zeppelin by starting on its long climb in advance of the airship. Once above, it could fly about as long as its fuel lasted, and drop destructive bombs on the dirigible.

Germany's actual tests, however, clearly show that this plausible idea of dropping bombs on moving airships is a fallacy. For even if a bomb could be dropped straight, it takes too long to fall. In Tripoli the Arabs discovered that in a clear sky they could see the bomb hanging below the plane and the movements of its operator in releasing it, as well as the falling bomb itself. Invariably, therefore, they simply got out of its way.

Now, an aeroplane has to fly at least 2000 to 2500 feet above a rigid airship to be safe from the two guns mounted on top of its hull. And at that distance, the gunner on top of the dirigible would see the bomb long enough before it began its fall, so that the airship wouldn't be *there* when the bomb arrived. It would have traveled 1100 to 1200 feet forward and a number of degrees to one side.

Methods of dropping bombs on moving airships have proved no more reliable than "systems" for playing roulette.

So the fast destroyer and its bombs are a delusion. Light machine-guns of short range have been invented for service against the airship. But these guns can not reach over much distance, while the Zeppelin's point-blank fire will always outreach theirs.

Moreover, a shell passing clear through

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ONE OF RUSSIA'S HALF-RIGID DIRIGIBLES, SERVING AS A SCOUT OVER AUSTRIAN TERRITORY.

one of a Zeppelin's twenty gas-cells will not sink the ship. It is still able to retain its shape, hold its remaining gas, and continue its journey. This is not theory, but the showing of repeated practise. Several earlier Zeppelins have hurled their own propeller through a cell and emptied it of gas, without interfering seriously with its journey. If the gas supply is already low when a cell is damaged, the loss can be compensated by driving the hull forward at a slight inclination, which gives the engines and planes great extra lift and makes up for the loss of a whole cell. Besides, ruptures are now readily repaired on board.

No, an aeroplane has little chance to harm an airship. Its bomb-throwing is useless, its guns can not reach. About the only effective attack for an aeroplane is the one reported in the papers as I write—the story of an aviator who hurled his aeroplane at a dirigible and sacrificed himself to destroy the enemy. But this can not be a frequent resource. How often, at sea, does a destroyer succeed in wrecking a battleship by hurling its deadly torpedo at close range? The air incident is a parallel. It is a desperate resort, and likely to be vain. . . . The dirigible shoots too well.

Realization of Germany's true vision of air-empire came to the nations of Europe with the Turko-Italian war. It was appallingly clear from the damage done by small Italian airships what havoc the big Zeppelins might work. There could be no clinging to faith in the dreadnought or the aeroplane as a match for the dirigible.

Europe began to get the idea on which Germany had been working for ten years. The other nations had been regarding aviation as a sort of auxiliary to armies and navies. Germany had been putting her army into the position of auxiliary to air-fleets. Her theory has been that the first great work shall be done by the air cruisers, which, in sufficient numbers, can destroy bridges, railways, food supplies, and ammunition trains—can disrupt mobilization. Then, when the enemy is helpless, the enormous invading army becomes simply an army of occupation, ready to move when the air fleet's wireless gives notice.

Millions are needed, of course, for the army—to speed up her great hosts—to form motor machine-gun companies to attack the crippled enemy.

But the air-fleet is first. And that is why when military Germany wanted

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$500,000,000 for increased armament, she wanted—and got—$37,000,000 of it for her air navy.

The other nations see now, and admit incompetency. The French General Staff confesses that it made a big error in regarding airships as useful only in scouting, and French opinion now proclaims that only the most powerful airships can accomplish the real work of war. England's First Lord of the Admiralty recently said: "The time has come when we must develop long-range airships of the largest type. We propose to enlist the service of some great English manufacturer in the construction of rigid airships."

Both nations have begun recently to build big units—perhaps too late. Germany, meantime, does not intend to lose her enormous lead. The Zeppelin works now possess two great factories, one at Friedrichshafen, the other at Berlin, employing two thousand trained workmen. Together they can turn out fifty to sixty Zeppelins a year, which is beyond the power of any other nation. There is a German air fund of $12,500,000 for ten marine airships of the largest type—that is, seven times larger than the original Zeppelin—separate from the estimate of $25,000,000 for army airships. The Zeppelin works are now building six ships at a time, two for the navy and four for the army.

Besides, Germany has developed the practical possibilities not only of the dirigible, but of all other types of airships and aeroplanes as well, assigning each to its proper rôle in her great air-service. She has been working steadily on the air problem for ten years, taking forward steps all the time.

One of the most dramatic steps was making the airship also a cruiser. Armies had found the Zeppelins too big to haul. Smaller airships were needed, which could be folded and carried. But such craft could never be anything but auxiliaries to creeping forces. Von Tirpitz—a sailor—saw the solution: made the airship a sea-cruiser. It grew larger to accommodate itself to the immensity of ocean distances. It became a real fighting ship, able to carry armor-piercing guns, and to reach directly vital points impossible to attain in war-time except through the air.

Germany is not giving away such secrets as these. Visitors may go all over a Zeppelin for a few cents; other nations may learn enough from the study of Zeppelins to imitate them; but the real secrets may be obtained only from drawings and formulas or by taking a ship and her motors apart. So far French and British engineers have failed to imitate the German airships successfully.

EUROPE'S AIRSHIP ROLL

Matched against the powerful German air-fleet, the very much smaller and slower dirigibles of France, Russia, and England may be considered unimportant. Only six of the French fleet are armed even with light weapons, and these can only be fired from cars under the over-hang of their gas-bag. They are powerless to protect themselves against an attack from overhead by German aeroplanes; so that it is extremely doubtful if they ever get very far on their sole mission of attempting to drop bombs on German soil. The remaining sixteen of the French fleet are insignificant.

France would have been better prepared if her factories had not been largely engaged in turning out the same type of inadequate airships for her allies, Russia and England.

Of these Russia musters ten and Great Britain four.

To-day, Germany has eighteen Zeppelins—fifteen in the army and three in the navy—equipped with formidable fighting power; six of the number could, if required, reach Paris in four hours or London in eight. Cruising at great altitudes, or flying by night, they can pass invulnerable above all dangers, and fly for thirty-six hours above French or English territory. And the wind from England to Germany almost always favors a swift return.

Aside from the Zeppelin fleet, there are the two powerful Schuette-Lanz rigid airships, the larger one mounting guns on top and in sponsons on the sides of its hull, capable of firing in all directions. Nor are the latest Parsevals—nine of them, each with a machine-gun in the bow and a bomb projector in the floor of its car—at all negligible.

Well disposed in thirty great revolving sheds, which these airships now enter or leave without risk of being damaged by a sudden wind blowing athwart the entrance; scattered all along the Russian and French frontiers and up on the North Sea and out

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on the island of Heligoland, the German air-fleet is ready.

At Königsberg and Breslau, near the Russian side, are stationed four Zeppelins. The *Z. 5*—with the great shooting record—belongs at Posen, right on the border. Two are stationed at Cologne, two at Metz, two at Strasburg, and two at Friedrichshafen, waiting to swoop over France. At Berlin is another. There are three at Cuxhaven on the North Sea and three at the island of Heligoland, munitioned to operate with the German naval fleet.

The chief rivals for air supremacy are eight Zeppelins and a swarm of French aeroplanes—possibly a thousand, of which only about fifty are armored with real offensive power. Most of them, however, carry light arms for defense against hostile aeroplanes.

Five great French flying camps dominate the German frontier—at Toul, Verdun, Chalons-sur-Marne, Bar-le-Duc, and Épinal, where at least forty of the largest aeroplanes are ready to cross into Germany, to begin dropping bombs on great railway junctions and bridges, and to strike a blow at the hated Zeppelins.

But Germany, too, has her aeroplanes—about eight hundred of them—and each Zeppelin is escorted by from twenty to thirty of the largest size, which act as her scouts and destroyers. And here is another evidence of the thoroughness of German preparedness in the air: For four years every Zeppelin has worked with its aeroplane squadron to perfect tactics for engaging an enemy. Wireless signaling between the mother ship and her "planes" was perfected three years ago. The cloud of "destroyers" assists greatly in minimizing the dirigible's vulnerability in the presence of an enemy on land or in the air.

Spread out, like a huge fan, for a hundred miles in front of the airship, these scouts—some of them fast planes carrying two men and no equipment but a wireless with a ninety-mile sending range—seek out the wind and the enemy, and relay the news by wireless to intermediate planes and thus to the master airship. Thus protected, the dirigible, superbly ready, goes out for conquest in the clouds.

They can paint other pictures than grim scenes of destruction, the experts who know the powers of the dirigible. They can show us magnificent airships plying back and forth across Europe in the service of travel and trade; and huge, beautiful boats crossing the ocean in a few days, on regular routes. They can show us these great ships, anchored in their own element like our great sea-going monsters; floating in the air at the top of Eiffel-like towers, by short frontal cables, and by a stern cable reaching to the ground, allowing the boat to swing with the wind. Gangways, reached by elevators, give access to the ship from the top of the tower, and a flexible gas-main inflates the ship as she rides at anchor. . . . It is a pleasanter picture.

FREDERICK PALMER

Special Correspondent for EVERYBODY'S in the Great European War.

Mr. Palmer is the Dean of American War Correspondents. This is his record:

Greek War of 1895-97; Philippines in '97-98, returning with Admiral Dewey on his trip around the world; 1901, back to the Philippines and the expedition for the relief of Peking; 1903, Central America and the Macedonian Insurrection; with the first Japanese army, 1904-5; two years later, with famous around-the-world cruise of the American battleship fleet; second Central American investigation; 1909, the Turkish revolution; 1912, the Balkan War, for EVERYBODY'S; this year, the Mexican War, also for EVERYBODY'S.

Mr. Palmer is by this time in Europe. It is probable that he will cast his lot with the French; but of course he may change his plans as his judgment of conditions at the front directs. He will not attempt to cover the news; but will interpret the big dramatic events as he sees them from his broad experience; and he will also give us the human intimate touches he gets from close contact with the peoples involved.

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The Opening

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

OLIVETTE

DANCE on, thou gay little Olivette!

A butterfly with a broken wing hangs dying on a leaf; a thousand butterflies flutter happily in the sun; the butterfly with the broken wing dies alone.

Even as the others, dances Olivette!

Is there sorrow and suffering in the world; are there tears to shed and burdens to bear?

The cheeks of Olivette are plump and pink and her eyes are bright!

Somewhere is a cold, still form on a bier of black, with candles at head and foot; there is a crucifix and a sobbing prayer and a solemn chant.

The limbs of Olivette are lithe and young, and molded in Venus cast!

A book of wisdom lies open beneath a white light; a warrior battles despairing on the heights, and dies for the cause of truth; a woman of pure soul and purpose devotes her years to aid poor humanity; a genius wastes to ashen dust that he may wrest from Nature her most helpful secret; a drowning man throws his life-belt to a child.

The laugh of Olivette is joyous and free, for there are men to smile and gifts to take and careless caresses to give; and the world is happy and blithe!

The world; ah, the world! Well may the gay little Olivette laugh in her glee, for the world itself has led in her dance; and the cold, still form, and the book of wisdom, and the battling warrior, the tears and the prayer and the solemn chant, are all unheeded; age and youth they dance alike, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, brain and brawn; and the lone butterfly dies on the leaf.

Dance on, O Olivette!

Dance on, for the eyes of Fate are upon thee!

II

JACKMAN

"I got the idea for this gripping drama from a corset advertisement," said the famous Jackman, flecking his cigarette ashes onto the floor. "Just an accident; a

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little blur in the printing. We'll call the play 'The Beauty Spot.' Everybody in the piece is unfaithful except the husband."

"There's nothing new about that," objected the manager. He was a man who, from motives of prudence, must not be described, and he was noted for his artistic daring. He had been one of the first bulwarks of the drama to recognize the beauty of prurience.

"I knew you'd say that; so I held back the nub." The famous Jackman laughed, and brushed his sleek hair. He knew life, did Jackman. He spent his days on Broadway and his nights in the cabarets; so he knew life; to the dregs—particularly. "The husband turns unfaithful himself, and the wife reforms; but it is too late to reclaim the husband, so she commits suicide. There's a great moral lesson in it."

The manager was thoughtful. The famous Jackman was worth serious consideration, for his labors in the cause of art were notable. His last three plays had made him rich.

"You don't reform the wife until late in the last act, of course."

"Certainly not. The other acts are all devoted to scenes of debauchery. The public will eat it up."

"Well, you know what they want," considered the artistic producer.

"I certainly do." The famous Jackman smoothed his mustache complacently. Under his eyes he had pouches which no massaging would efface, and his lips were thickened and shapeless. "The public coughs up its little two dollars for me, every time. I know life."

"I'll take the piece." The decision was prompted by a startlingly original artistic thought. Fate had at that instant sent the thought down to Department G for transference to him. "We'll make it comedy."

"What!" The famous Jackman knotted his brows. Under his well-massaged skin there was a mottling which seemed determined to force its way to the surface. It would some time, and stay. "Why, this is a drama, man; a good strong drama with a punch!"

"We'll make it a comedy with a punch!" and the artistic producer's eyes glowed with the fervor of creation. The color of his eyes will not be stated. "We'll carry the moral lesson just the same, but give it a happy ending. You're all right, Jackman; you know life; but I know the public, and they're being sickened with all these licentious dramas. What they will want next is the same thing in comedy. Go around to the box-office and think it over."

It was the famous Jackman's turn to become thoughtful. Any heartfelt statement from the artistic producer was worth serious consideration, for he was absolutely certain in his judgment. One out of every seven of his plays was successful.

"Well, it could easily be turned into comedy," the author finally granted. "Instead of working up sympathy for the hoodwinked husband, we'll give him the laugh. It will be harder, though, to tack on the moral."

"We'll just say it's there. Nobody gives a cuss for it, anyhow; except for the sake of the children." There was a short silence. Again the eyes of the artistic producer began to glow. "It would make a great musical comedy!"

"Not!" The voice of the famous Jackman rose almost to a shriek. Every artistic fiber in his nature was outraged. "What kind of a boob do you take me for? Split my royalties with a lyric writer and a rag-time composer? Me? Why, you—" and hereupon he called the proposer of that Philistine scheme a list of epithets so lurid and so reeking that even the artistic producer was convinced without further argument.

"I guess you're right," he admitted. "We'll put a few musical and dancing specialties in the second act. I wonder what Jerry Tompkins is doing."

"Doing a die, in the thin air out West. He's a lunger, you know. Poor old Jerry."

The manager was shocked.

"Poor old Jerry," he repeated. "Good entertainer, he was. By the way, he owes me five hundred."

"How could it happen!" laughed Jackman. "Well, you'll want somebody who's a big card with the public. Get Olivette."

Fate, sitting aloft in her nebulous interspace, followed the famous Jackman down the street with somber eyes; and though she glanced into his brain and into his heart, she did not smile!

III

MISS DEVINNIE

"Another of those atrocious sex things!" Miss Devinnie's soft tones were full of

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regret. She was a very beautiful woman, even off stage. Her eyes were tired with her knowledge. "Is there nothing else?"

"'Not that pays," smiled the artistic producer. "Stand up and turn, will you?" Miss Devinnie stood up and turned. She would do excellently.

"'Sweetbrier' is having a run." She offered this as a clinching argument. "It's as clean and wholesome as a spring morning."

The manager grinned. It is pleasant to have one's judgment vindicated.

"It did six thousand dollars last week, and 'The Dripping Soul' did eighteen thousand. Now see here, Miss Devinnie." The manager's tone was kind. There are two sorts of actresses. One is valued for her work. Miss Devinnie was of that sort. "The part is good, it fits you, the piece is certain of a long run, and we'll pay your regular price. Do you want it?" He was very anxious about it. She was exactly the type—and she could act. Very rare!

"Of course I do," promptly replied Miss Devinnie. "I can't refuse a good offer just because these are the only parts to be had. But why is there nothing else?"

The answer was prompt and smiling.

"Because the public will pay more per week to see these things than anything else; so we're all doing it."

"Not all!" and there was indignation in her tone. "There are a dozen managers who won't touch these things."

"Why aren't they offering you good parts?"

"The public is a rotten bunch!" suddenly flared Miss Devinnie. "Who else is in the cast?"

"You're first," and the manager rang for a contract blank. "Oh, yes. Olivette is to do a dance in the second act."

Miss Devinnie puckered her brows. Olivette was the prettiest of all the young dancers, the most graceful, the gayest. She made other women look old.

"Then it must be arranged that I am off stage when she is on." The manager made

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"NOT!" THE VOICE OF THE FAMOUS JACKMAN ROSE ALMOST TO A SHRIEK. "WHAT KIND OF A BOOB DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? SPLIT MY ROYALTIES WITH A LYRIC WRITER AND A RAG-TIME COMPOSER?"

a note of it for the famous Jackman. "Whom are you considering for the part of *Claudia?*"

"Bernice Adair."

"Too little. That part should be played by a big woman; rather stout, and slow."

"It says here: 'small, slender, vivacious, very pretty.'"

"Impossible!" Miss Devinnie was far more earnest about this than any other consideration. "She stands right next to me through half an act. Don't you see how inartistic that would be? Really, now?" and she smiled engagingly. "Even the lines of that part should not be vivacious."

The manager made a note of it for Jackman. Miss Devinnie, because she was not "gay," would play the gay young wife perfectly. If she was to make a hit of "The Beauty Spot" she must not be handicapped.

"I half promised the place to Miss Adair," observed the manager, crossing her name from the list. "By the way, she's desperate for a job. Mother in the hospital, you know. She's just the part, as Jackman described it."

"Jackman didn't know you could get me," smiled Miss Devinnie. "I simply must not be made to seem clumsy. I'm dreadfully sorry for Miss Adair. When do we rehearse?"

Fate, thoughtfully toying with a golden curl which hung at the nape of her neck, reached over to her automatic filing-index and produced the card of Miss Devinnie. She made a check mark on it and put it back with a sigh. She glanced down through Department G and into the vapored corner where "The Beauty Spot" was under attention. The sprite who had in charge that gripping drama, a dark-eyed sprite with a retroussé nose, was working energetically, a strand of her black hair down over her flushed cheek. Fate wafted away the pearl-gray cloud from that corner.

IV

BILLY

Billy was a young-looking man with a long face; and he sat in his little cluttered office, just within call of that artistic producer who had been one of the first to recognize the beauty of prurience. He had sharp

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eyes, a sharp nose, a sharp chin, a sharp smile, a sharp tongue, a sharp brain.

"All this bunk about 'The Beauty Spot' is just regular feed," he told the artistic producer. "That bestial moment in the second act is the only attractive press dope we have. It's good as far as it goes, for it's the most disgusting and revolting thing which even Jackman has put together."

"What more do you want?" demanded the artistic producer. "If you play that up from the beginning, and condemn it enough, won't the public flock to see it?"

"At the start, yes," admitted Billy, who held his place as chief of the press bureau because he was as far-seeing as the manager himself. "But six weeks after we start, our chief competitor will copy our big scene and make it even more revolting and disgusting. There isn't a grain of honor in that office."

The manager was silent. He saw the truth in Billy's remarks. It was discouraging to devote a lifetime to one's art, and have the fruits of one's toil stolen.

"We'll have to get a permanent sensation —one they can't duplicate," went on Billy, knitting his brows. "We can't get any good material out of Devinnie, I suppose."

"Only for her work," sighed the manager. "She's a cracker-jack actress; that's all. We have to have them, you know." He was almost apologetic. "And they're always cranky. Miss Devinnie won't stand for any big advertising; she only wants a reputation as an artist; so she only gets three hundred and fifty a week, and Olivette gets a thousand."

"Olivette." Billy knotted his brows again. "She's our only card, I guess, and she's been played off the boards. Arrange me an interview with Olivette."

Fate made no mistake about Billy as he wended his way to see Olivette. Billy was no more the normal type of press representative than his manager was the normal type of producer. He was merely the sort of press representative who would be employed by the sort of manager who would be among the first to realize the beauty of prurience. Only, Billy was an increasing type, as was his manager; and Fate, quite nonchalant about him, jabbed a jagged hole in his card before she wafted it, swifter than thought, into the hand of the black-haired sprite in Department G.

Billy found the fairest of the dancers in a bewildering negligee which, a cascade of creamy billows, hid all that was bad of Olivette—her interior. On a velvet *chaise longue* she reclined, amid silken cushions, in a boudoir of rose-colored tapestry paneled in gold, and all about her were flowers. In the tapering fingers of her left hand the ravishingly beautiful Olivette held a cigarette, and her right hand toyed with the glittering baubles in a jewel casket. Her pouting red lips were the curve of purity, her cheeks were the bloom of innocence, her great blue eyes were the clearness of guileless childhood.

"Be seated." The beautiful, shapely hand waved toward an inlaid chair. "I presume you have come for an interview." Quite evident refinement in the language of Olivette. She was an artist, these days, and she had temperament! What an incongruous thing that the voice of the peacock is so harsh!

"Press stuff for 'The Beauty Spot,' " explained Billy, hastily lighting one of his own cigarettes. Hers were so heavily perfumed. "What can we frame up?"

"I'm to do a shadow dance in the altogether for a hunting dinner," promptly returned Olivette, lazily slipping a superbly molded arm behind her neck.

Billy as promptly shook his head.

"Too tame. I heard you handed Reggie Vansloop his green ticket."

"The tight-wad four-flusher!" The voice of the ravishing Olivette rose in a startling crescendo. "He kept on coming around two weeks after his father threw him out; and I never knew it!"

"We might use that," speculated Billy; "but it's only a three-day story. Where's hubby?"

The beautiful face lighted with pleasure.

"Cholly? Driving his coach on the Avenue. Say, you should see the new lavender suit I got him. Stunning! Can't you get a story out of Cholly?"

"Again!" A great weariness came upon Billy. Then the black-haired sprite in Department G tossed his card into the hopper and a brilliant idea shot down. "Say! Have Cholly sue you for divorce."

"What!" The pouting red lips of Olivette squared with indignation. "I'll be hanged if I do!"

Billy merely grinned.

"Wait a minute! The divorce would only be temporary, and think what a scandal you

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"STAND UP AND TURN, WILL YOU?" REQUESTED THE ARTISTIC PRODUCER. MISS DEVINNIE STOOD UP AND TURNED.

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could make. You could drag twenty of the most prominent men in the country into the mess. You could render a hundred families miserable. A dozen divorces would follow. You'd shake Fifth Avenue loose from the asphalt. The press stuff would last for three years. You'd have a reputation that nobody could equal!"

"I'm a top-notcher as it is," the enchanting Olivette reminded him, with a touch of offended pride.

"Are you? Well, Inez Cardoza has it all over you. She shot the Duke of Baloa. Yuzza draws a bigger house and a longer engagement than you do, any time. She was driven out of Russia on account of her intrigues with the royal family." He smiled as he saw the kindling eyes of Olivette. "Wake up, girlie. Remember, you have your art to consider. This trick will give you fame. You will be the most disreputable woman in America!"

Olivette sprang from among her silken cushions, glowing with resolve. The appeal to her art had won.

"I'll do it!" she cried. "But I must have two thousand a week!"

V

GRIMISS

"Impossible, old chap," drawled the handsome but dissolute man-about-town. "You can't join the party. Husbands spoil all the fun."

"But my wife!" gasped the husband. Queer little man, with the brow of a dyspeptic and a most depressing solemnity.

"You want your wife to be happy, don't you? Then stay home." This was the cynical broker.

"But my wife!" repeated the husband with the dyspeptic brow. It was a monotonous repetition—no modulation, no sentiment, no anything. Just dead.

"Alfred, Alfred!" expostulated the gay young wife, with a glance of coquetry at both the handsome man-about-town and the cynical broker. "Don't you know that husbands should be neither seen nor heard?" and with that she turned her back and went toward the drawing-room, her husband following, and the others laughing.

Before she reached the door the gay young wife turned abruptly, with a frown of business-like concentration on her brow.

"I should like to rehearse this scene again, Mr. Curt."

"Certainly, Miss Devinnie," agreed the stage-director, a thin man with a tall brow and the twin tricks of suave authority and withering scorn. "Take your places, please. Mr. Hammond, you've never been a cynical broker, I believe."

Mr. Hammond stood this scathing contempt with admirable self-repression. He looked down into the cold theatre, at the dozen scornful spectators.

"No, sir. However, Mr. Curt, I'm not playing in character to-day. I didn't think——"

"How could you think?" savagely interrupted Mr. Curt. "You're all asleep but Miss Devinnie! I want it distinctly understood that everybody is playing in character, from now on until the opening. Mr. Grimiss!"

"Yes, sir." The dyspeptic-looking little husband. He was more funereal than an undertaker.

"A little comedy, please. Comedy is your only excuse for being Miss Devinnie's husband. All ready now. Mr. Boles:—'Impossible, old chap'—For the love of Mike, Boles, bring a purse for your chewing-gum during rehearsals."

"Yes, sir," and Mr. Boles dispensed with his chewing-gum. "Impossible, old chap. You can't join the party. Husbands spoil all the fun." Fascinating-looking devil, Boles; except that he needed to shave and to discard his auto sweater.

"But my wife!" Grimiss put a dozen funny creases in his face and did something queer with his eyes. Natural comedian, Grimiss. He'd be a scream when he had on his comedy whiskers.

The cynical broker twirled at his supposititious mustache, and gave a suggestive sidelong glance of amusement at the handsome man-about-town, who needed a shave.

"You want your wife to be happy, don't you? Then stay at home."

"But my wife!" Funny as he could be. Perfect fool. No wonder his wife sought amusement elsewhere—and everywhere.

"Alfred, Alfred!" expostulated the gay young wife, with a glance of coquetry at both the handsome man-about-town and the cynical broker. "Don't you know that husbands should be neither seen nor heard?" and with that she turned her back

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BILLY FOUND THE FAIREST OF THE DANCERS IN A BEWILDERING NEGLIGEE, WHICH HID ALL THAT WAS BAD OF OLIVETTE—HER INTERIOR.

and walked up stage toward the drawing-room door, her husband following and the others laughing.

Half-way of the distance the gay young wife turned abruptly, with a frown of business-like concentration on her brow.

"I knew Mr. Grimiss was doing something to take my laugh!" she charged, with a glare of indignation at her comedy husband. "Just here at dead center, he stumbles and gives that unusual twist of his wrist! I'm ahead of him and couldn't see it until to-day—but I just knew he was doing something!"

"Of course I was!" hotly retorted Mr. Grimiss, that scowling gloom again on his brow. "You know I'm drawing a salary, don't you? You don't suppose I'm going to let the next morning notices say: 'Among others in the cast were Miss Pazazzaz and Miss Bezink and Mr. Bohunkus and Mr. Grimiss!' "

Miss Devinnie paid no attention to Mr. Grimiss. She addressed herself to Mr. Curt.

"But don't you see it's my laugh? I say, 'Husbands should be neither seen nor heard,' then I turn up stage. The laugh comes when I turn my back on Mr. Grimiss, and it continues as he follows me. I am supposed to have the laugh for my exit. Mr. Grimiss, however, does that false stumble and that queer turn of his wrist, and stops it. I can hear the laugh as plainly as if this were opening night, Mr. Curt. Mr. Grimiss waits until just the right instant. The laugh checks up, then it starts again and it's his laugh."

"Don't the principal comedian get a laugh anywhere in this piece?" Mr. Grimiss was profoundly disgusted. "You've cut three out of my script, and I won't stand for any more. Look at the business as written. The wife has the line 'Husbands should be neither seen nor heard,' then she turns up stage. The husband follows, but '*he gives up.*' There it is, underscored with a beautiful red line, if anybody cares to look. '*He gives up!*' I can't wear a sign on my back, can I?"

"It does not say that you are to take my laugh!" Miss Devinnie was positive about that. "I interpret '*he gives up*' to mean

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that you show no signs of following to expostulate with me. How about it, Mr. Jackman?"

Mr. Jackman, sitting savagely in a rear orchestra seat with his knees up, paid no attention to her, except that he disdainfully turned to Curt.

"Grimiss gets the laugh. It makes him a bigger boob."

"Certainly," agreed Curt. "It should be stronger. Grimiss, can't you do something to heighten that point? You're supposed to show that you're fooled again."

"That turn of the wrist does it, I think," argued Grimiss. "It's like a shrug of the shoulders, and that skip stumble calls attention to the fact that I'm going to do it."

Mr. Curt once more fixed on him the eye of scorn.

"You pulled that the night Lincoln was assassinated. Haven't you any new stuff? Of course you haven't! Jackman, we need a touch of comedy business there."

Jackman scowled.

"Let him show his mind at ease by lighting a cigarette. He does it with a patent lighter, but scratches it on his trousers like an old-fashioned match. I'm giving you that out of a farce I'm writing."

"Suppose we try it," said the stage-director doubtfully. "Take your places, please. Miss Devinnie. Where's Miss Devinnie?"

Miss Devinnie walked reluctantly on from the right.

"Do you mean to put burlesque into this piece?" she demanded.

"That is a matter entirely between the author and myself, Miss Devinnie." A snarl had leaped into the stage-director's voice—even to her. And she was usually so adroit in avoiding it! Curt relented. There was a separate code of ethics for stars. "It is one of the most rigid principles of art, Miss Devinnie, to subordinate a part for the whole. For the benefit of the piece, Mr. Grimiss must have this laugh. All ready, please. Mr. Boles, 'Impossible, old chap.'"

Art having once more triumphed, they went through the scene again, and Mr. Grimiss took Miss Devinnie's laugh. It was a rank injustice; but Jackman had decided, and he knew life! Hadn't his last three plays been knockouts?

"I'm not quite sure about that cigar-lighter turn," pondered the stage-director.

Mr. Grimiss was quick to reassure him. He was so eager that he walked down to the footlights, while Fate, still somber-eyed, put a check-mark on his index-card.

"If you'll leave it to me, I can work it up," he called down across the empty seats. "I'll guarantee a roar on it."

"And they call this art!" grieved Miss Devinnie!

VI

MR. HYDRA

Mr. Hydra shaved his face and donned his fresh collar and ate his dinner in a hurry, for to-night was the opening of "The Beauty Spot," and it promised to be the most salacious of all the season's offerings. Besides, was not the beautiful Olivette to dance? Olivette, the most depraved young woman on the American continent!

It was notable of Mr. Hydra that he not only had countless heads, but he also had countless bodies to go with them. He was a man, a woman, a boy, a girl; he was a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a chief, a rich man, a poor man, a beggar, a thief.

The principal business of Mr. Hydra, however, was to manufacture. He had made "The Beauty Spot;" he had made Jackman, who knew life; he had made the artistic producer who was among the first to realize the beauty of prurience; he had made Billy; he had made, crowning achievement of all, Olivette! For years now, more recklessly each year, he had danced the dance of Olivette, until she had grown up to dance it for him; so why should he not pour money at her feet, and follow in the dance he had led? And the cold, still form and the book of wisdom and the battling warrior, the tears and the prayer and the solemn chant, are all unheeded; age and youth they dance alike, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, brain and brawn; and the lone butterfly dies on the leaf!

VII

SIMPKINS

"Impossible, old chap. You can't join the party. Husbands spoil all the fun."

It is the handsome but dissolute man-about-town who drawls that, and he does it with a leer at the gay young wife. Fascinating-looking devil, Boles, in his smart evening suit and the latest in collar and shirt. He is the ideal of the period, as Abraham

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"DON'T THE PRINCIPAL COMEDIAN GET A LAUGH ANYWHERE IN THIS PIECE?"

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Lincoln used to be, as George Washington was, as were all the heroes when life, instead of being gay and merry, was sober and humdrum. A hundred young men take careful note of Boles. They would like to be as he is, in appearance, in manner, in speech, in morals. Mr. Hydra, six hundred of him, chuckles at Boles, chuckles approval of his sentiments, his leer, his attire. Why not? Mr. Hydra has made Boles. A hundred women gaze fondly on Boles. He is their ideal of manhood in these days of the dance of Olivette. Time was when they would have scorned him, but not now. Times change when life is gay and merry.

"But my wife!"

A roar of laughter from those six hundred yawning mouths of Mr. Hydra. The little husband with the side-whiskers is irresistibly funny, with his grimaces and the queer thing he does with his eyes. Then the situation! The fool husband is about to be dishonored by wholesale, and doesn't know enough to prevent it. All the incredible details are known in advance by everybody but the husband; even Mr. Hydra has been told all about it, and now there is nothing to do but wait and enjoy the triumph of art. Was there ever a funnier situation? I tell you this fellow Jackman knows life—to the dregs! "But my wife!" Roaring funny line, that. He's always saying it.

"You want your wife to be happy, don't you? Then stay at home."

The cynical broker makes that observation, twirling his glossy mustaches, and casting a sidelong glance of amusement at the handsome man-about-town. Another roar of laughter from the six hundred throats of Mr. Hydra. Oh, "The Beauty Spot" is going strong! The cynical broker is one of the hits of the play. Sleek and well-groomed and somewhat thick around the middle, as a broker should be when he becomes cynical, and vile of intention as most stage-brokers are. He is another ideal. Certain men who have just entered the period of comparative riches, speculate on the joys of life as exemplified by him, and receive a new impulse to go forth and do likewise.

"But my wife!" Shriek upon shriek of laughter now. Jackman edges his way toward the stage entrance. There is certain to be a call for the author, and he can afford to take it. The piece is "over"! There is no mistaking Mr. Hydra's approval of the goods he has so substantially demanded. Some of the regular first-nighters, who know Jackman, congratulate him. As well they may. Success is Art!

"Alfred, Alfred! Husbands should be neither seen nor heard!"

A big laugh! A cyclone as the gay young wife turns her back, after a coquettish glance at the handsome man-about-town and the cynical broker. Marvelous artist, Miss Devinnie! Why, to see her portray viciousness is a lesson in refinement! What a wonderful double mirror is that formed by nature and art. They reflect each other backward and forward until, the lineaments of each confused with the other, they become merged. Mr. Hydra, demanding demoralization, demoralizes, and is demoralized thereby. So each consumes the other. Righteous end!

Now has arrived the moment when Mr. Grimiss robs Miss Devinnie of her laugh; and the black-haired sprite in Department G works fast and furious, while Fate, leaning her dimpled chin upon her pink palm, looks down, motionless and somber-eyed. Fate, alas! makes neither love nor hate, joy nor sorrow, generosity nor selfishness. She only apportions them, and knows, sadly, that they each have their uses in their time.

Grimiss stumbles slightly and skips, he does that funny little turn of the wrist, he produces a cigarette, he produces a patent cigar-lighter, he scratches the cigar-lighter on his trousers in imitation of a match, he lights the cigarette to show his quietness of mind, and then—while the impulse-meter in Department G gives a click—he tosses away the cigar-lighter with all the unconscious nonchalance of one tossing away a spent match!

What is that wild, mad roar? Laughter! Gale upon gale of it. Oh, but that is the funniest thing ever seen! The merriment sweeps out of the vast dimness of the theatre like the gusts of a storm, wave upon wave of it, while the astoundingly beautiful and depraved Olivette, clad in garments which conceal her badness, waits impatiently in the wings, to earn her well-merited plaudits from the master who has made her. Funny? Why, Broadway would laugh over this situation for more than a year—and only the recording angel knows how long and long and long a time that is for Broadway to laugh! See the art of it.

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The foolery of the patent cigar-lighter is not in itself so funny; only that it points so absurdly the laughable blindness of the man who is about to be dishonored. Note this: There are three great jokes at which Broadway—in those years which are gay and merry—will laugh long and loud: the loss of honor, the loss of money, and the loss of anything else. 'Tis a great old street.

"*Fire!*"

It was a fool in a Tuxedo who gave that frantic shout. Not that the act was characteristic of men in Tuxedos. That was merely his variety of fool.

Fire! Have you ever heard that cry when you were where the fire could rest a tongue on you? You don't hear the cry with your ears; you hear it with your stomach. And there was fire! It leaped out from the corner where Grimiss had thrown his still-blazing cigar-lighter, just as the gaily smiling Olivette twirled out to receive the welcome of her master and her slave.

"Fire!"

There was an odd pronunciation of that word the first time it was uttered. The fool in the Tuxedo—it might have been any other sort of a fool, remember—shrieked it in a high, shrill voice, like a woman's, and he separated it into two syllables, as if it were spelled fy-err! Very curious.

Fire! In a stage box sat a big, bearded man with puffs in his countenance anywhere you looked, and with his hands crossed complacently in front of his wide white waistcoat. He was calm, because he did not care much whether he lived or died. Perhaps death might provide a new sensation. With what a wonderful naïveté this man had studied humanity, which he knew even better than Jackman. Life, to his bleared eyes, had consisted of a body!

Fire! Olivette was entirely untroubled. Why, here was an experience! Her limbs were strong and young. There was blood in her veins. Her eyes were clear and bright. She leaped into the stage box where the bearded man sat, and took him by the hand, because he had proved himself valuable.

"Come on, Pop," she gaily called, and hurried him back across the stage and out into the free air. What a breathless experience.

Fire! Breeding will tell. Margaret Devinnie rushed out on the stage and confronted that cowardly, frantic, six-hundred-headed hydra.

"Order!" she cried, and her deep, full voice was like the solemn peal of an organ. "There is plenty of time, and there are plenty of exits. Be game! I dare you, men! I'll stand right here until you're all out! Who'll stand——"

The dark-haired sprite in Department G put the card of Simpkins into the hopper, at the fraction of the second which Fate had noted upon it; and Simpkins, the sloping-browed, knuckle-jawed, fish-mouthed second assistant electrician with the colorless eyes, promptly jerked the wrong switch and blew out every fuse in the switchboard, stuck the asbestos curtain, locked the automatic exit doors and, while the red flames gathered strength for a gleeful leap, plunged the house into utter darkness!

VIII

OLIVETTE

Fire, fire, fire! The gaunt, acrid tongues of reddish yellow which shot out through the rolling smoke and lighted that dim hell flared on the faces of six hundred demons bereft of sense, bereft of reason, bereft of soul. Gallery, balcony, pit, they were thronged with swaying, snarling, gnashing fiends, whose ghastly white faces, tinged with the scarlet glow, were like distorted masks from the depths of the accursed Inferno. Red tongues shone between uncovered teeth, eyeballs protruded, nostrils spread; and over all rose a horrid din like the piercing wail of the frantic damned. And above that—Listen! Do you not hear it? —above that the hungry, crackling rush of the flames!

The door! God! The door!

A man leaped up in the front rows; a powerful man with a double chin but firm jaws; a stubby mustache, a white bow-tie, an intensely glittering diamond in his broad shirt-front, the curly black hair of a foreigner, bloodshot eyes widened until they seemed like great red balls. He pushed toward the aisle. A white-haired woman with rouge on her cheeks stood in his way, defying him in her terror. How detached was the rouge, as if the red patches had been cut from cloth and pasted on! The man pushed against her, but she still resisted in her terror, and he struck her in the face with his fist. As she sank down limp, flexible as a rag, he trod over her to the aisle. It was

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jammed. He cursed like a fiend, and with his fists tried to pummel a way through the maddened throng. He sprang out of the aisle and began to clamber over seats, while those reddish-yellow tongues, crackling hungrily in their rush, leaped ever nearer and nearer; and the shrieks and cries and prayers and curses from those six hundred contorted, hell-illumined mouths rose to a deafening pandemonium.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Each added cry gave to the man's purpose more fury, and he fought desperately on, the very apotheosis of self. At the very last row he stepped on the upturned face of a child, without ruth, without qualm. It was thus that he reached the door, and it was there that self failed him; there that he sank powerless; there that the great, fine, brute-instinct of self-preservation turned to that other great, fine, brute instinct of an accursed coward—sobs. Why? The door was closed; blocked; piled to the lintel with the trampled, suffocated, unshriven dying and dead. And the fire behind!

From that ghastly doorway there shot out on Broadway, and through Broadway to the city and through the city to the nation and the world, a thrill of horror so profound that even Fate, shuddering, bowed her head upon her folded arms, and sorrowed with her stricken charges; but lo, through that horror there came again into the world sympathy! And know this, you who have so often asked why Fate should send these vast disasters upon the world: that without sympathy there is no love, and without love no good thing. Know this, too: that if mankind were to be left unchecked to its folly, it would die and rot, soul, body, and gewgaws, of its own infestering self. For never yet, in all the ages, has it learned that pleasure is not happiness!

Suddenly Fate raised her head and gazed down. There had been the sound of castanets. It was Olivette, dancing gay and free; plump pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, lithe young limbs, joyous laugh; for there were men to smile and gifts to take and careless caresses to give!

Dance on, thou gay little Olivette, for the eyes of Fate are upon thee!

Dance on, O Olivette! dance on, dance on!

WE respectfully submit that the October fiction will be above par. There is to be a story of novel interest by Maximilian Foster. Zona Gale, postponed one month, will positively appear. Beatrice Grimshaw, who knows the far world of the tropics as few writers do, has a story of rare color and distinction. Then there's the second instalment of the new serial, "Once Over," in which the authors throw in second speed. Denny the Jew, E. R. Lipsett's remarkable Ghetto character, is ready for another public appearance. And Ralph Bergengren, creator of a delectable company of pirates, has a story whose name alone is worth the price of admission.

And if by any chance we should change our minds about some one of these stories, we'll give you another *just as good.*

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MEDICINE SONGS

Transcribed from the Indian Originals
by
MARY AUSTIN

DECORATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

IT IS the peculiarity of American Indian poetry that its full meaning is never expressed in the words it utters. These are, in fact, only a sort of shorthand note to what the Indians themselves call the "Inside Song." This "Inside Song" may be a long story, actual or mythical, a dramatic episode, or the progressive emotional phases going on in the mind of the poet—any one of these giving rise to the music, dance, and phrase that inseparably constitute an Indian song. An experience involving the greater part of a man's life may thus be sung in a single sentence. Since this is the case, it is impossible that these should be adequately transcribed except by one familiar with the Indians' paths of thought, incidents of daily life, and figures of speech, and by one possessing some knowledge of the cadences natural to the expression of aboriginal emotion.

As far as my acquaintance with these things goes, I have attempted to render the "Inside Song" of some Indian poems that seem to afford common ground with sophisticated understanding. M. A.

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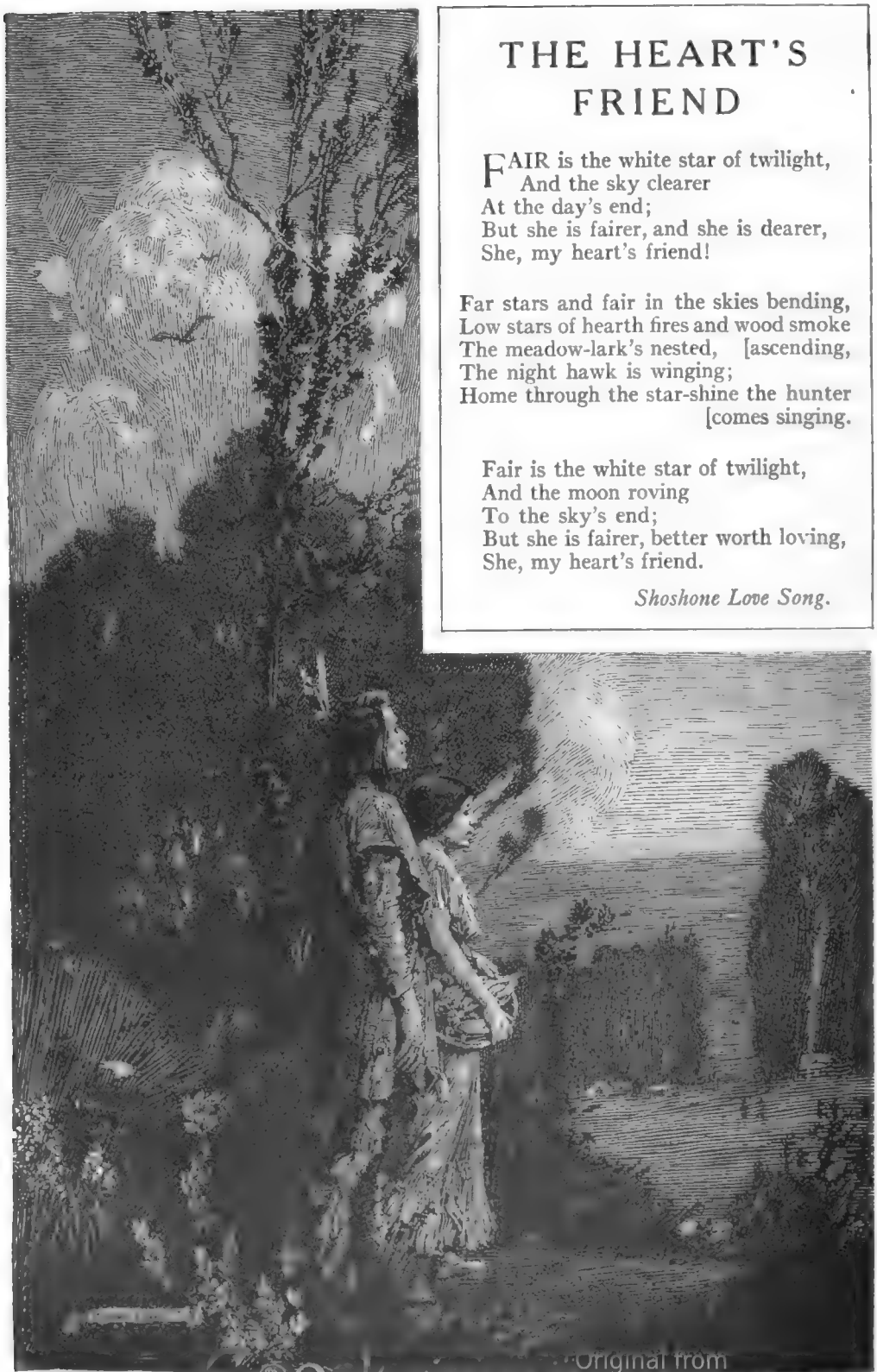

THE HEART'S FRIEND

FAIR is the white star of twilight,
And the sky clearer
At the day's end;
But she is fairer, and she is dearer,
She, my heart's friend!

Far stars and fair in the skies bending,
Low stars of hearth fires and wood smoke ascending,
The meadow-lark's nested,
The night hawk is winging;
Home through the star-shine the hunter comes singing.

Fair is the white star of twilight,
And the moon roving
To the sky's end;
But she is fairer, better worth loving,
She, my heart's friend.

Shoshone Love Song.

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A SONG IN TIME OF DEPRESSION

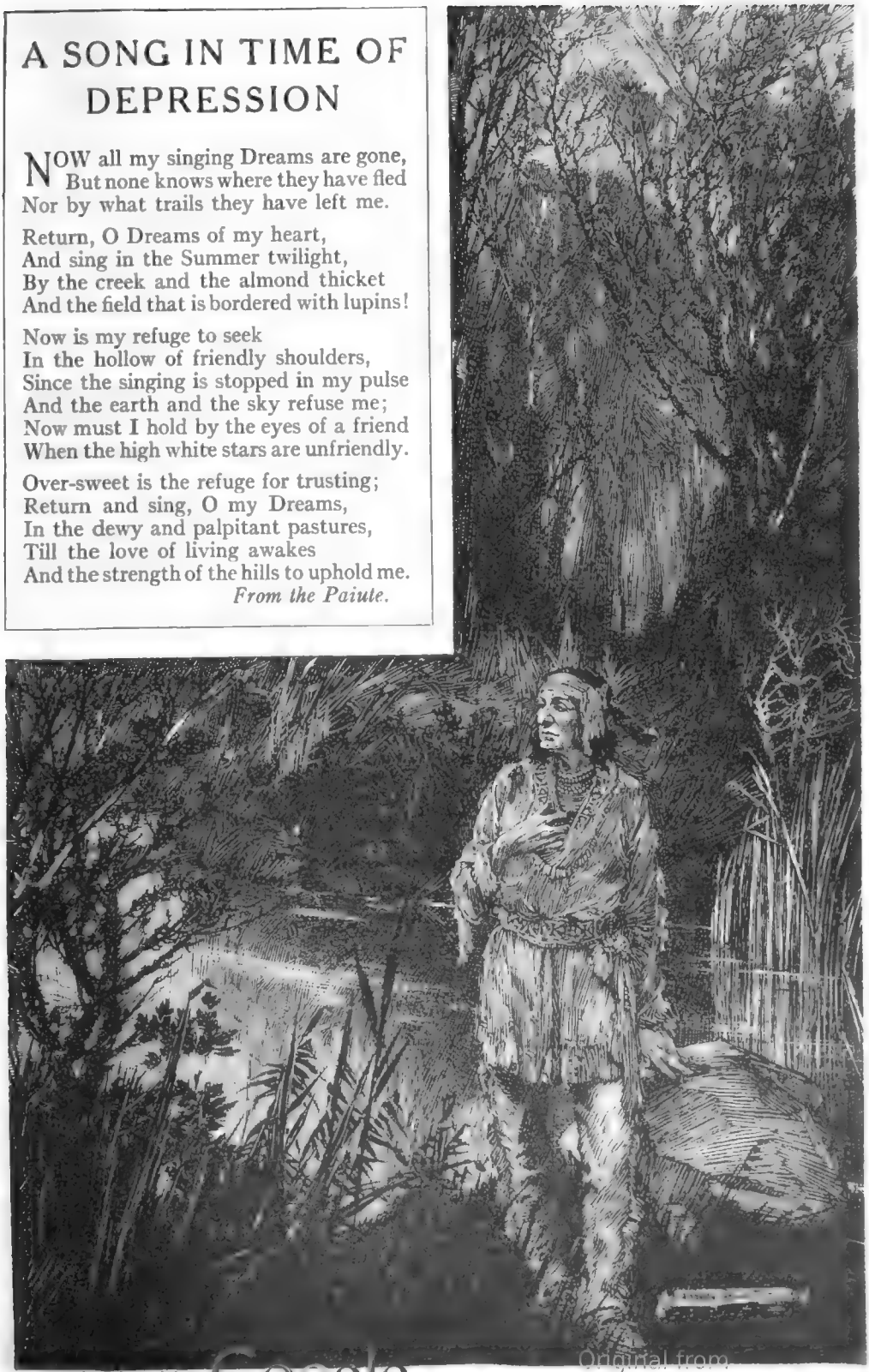
NOW all my singing Dreams are gone,
But none knows where they have fled
Nor by what trails they have left me.

Return, O Dreams of my heart,
And sing in the Summer twilight,
By the creek and the almond thicket
And the field that is bordered with lupins!

Now is my refuge to seek
In the hollow of friendly shoulders,
Since the singing is stopped in my pulse
And the earth and the sky refuse me;
Now must I hold by the eyes of a friend
When the high white stars are unfriendly.

Over-sweet is the refuge for trusting;
Return and sing, O my Dreams,
In the dewy and palpitant pastures,
Till the love of living awakes
And the strength of the hills to uphold me.

From the Paiute.



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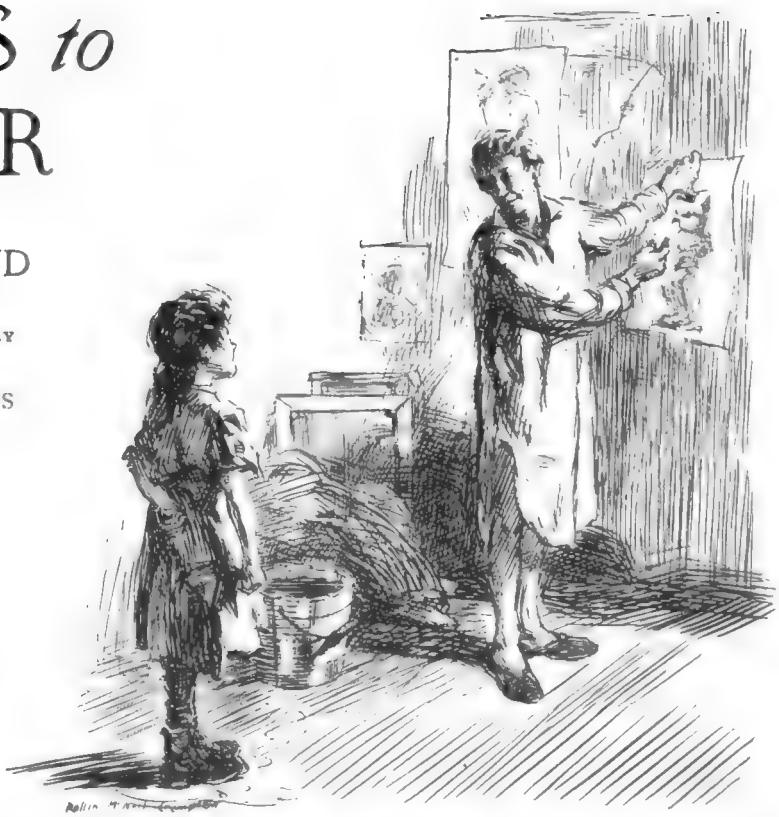
EARS *to* HEAR

by

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

AUTHOR OF "O. HENRY AND ME."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN CRAMPTON



"WOULD YOU LIKE THAT SKETCH, LITTLE ONE?" HE ASKED.

THIS isn't a fairy story. It's just—plain. The sort of thing which happens all the time, if only one is watching. Also, do not go on if you are looking for what the writers of to-day call "realism." There is not a word about eugenics, and the heroine is *not* rescued from "white slavers" by the hero. Perhaps this is not a modern story at all, as we have come to use the word "modern." Certainly it all began long ago—oh, long before Jeanne Buyot ever was born.

If it had not, Jeanne might have been beautiful and healthy and fresh, like other girls. As it was—Jeanne's mother really died of starvation. Probably she never had entirely and altogether enough to eat in all her life. And women of her kind do not bear sturdy children.

You've guessed from the name that Jeanne was French. And the story happened in Paris where, even in the season, one has to pay six francs for a peach in a café.

So Jeanne was too thin and too little. Her face was pinched and her body was weazened. She told me she thought she had always been—quite homely. Though she was never that to me. I did not know Jeanne till after she was fifty years old. Even then—whenever she looked up at me, I was startled. It was her eyes. They always made me think of the way a young girl looks out from behind her white veil as she goes to her first communion. To hold this look, to keep it through the years: perhaps, after all, that is life's Big Secret.

The mother died when Jeanne was only a year old. Jeanne told me she did not know whether or not there ever had been a real father. He never appeared in the child's life, anyway. The mother was a laundress in the Latin Quarter. She was always weak for lack of proper food, and so she always kept her work too long and never did it over well. Naturally, under the circumstances, her clientele did not grow. Hers was a beautiful example of modern cause and effect. You can not eat unless you work; you can not work unless you eat. It's a simple and amusing problem, if you do not happen to be interested in it too personally.

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The wife of the concierge in the rooming-house where Jeanne's mother had lived—brought up Jeanne. It was not philanthropy. It was a business proposition. Almost before one realized it the child would be old enough to help in many ways with the work. Monsieur and Madame Tissenet had permitted Jeanne's mother to sleep on a bundle of rags in a corner of the storeroom in exchange for much slaving after working hours, at nights and on Sundays. They would do as much for the child and—more.

I have imagined what Jeanne looked like in those days—when she was about five or six years old. I can picture for myself a little girl with a white, triangular face; the two unquenchable eyes; beneath them the pointed chin; fingers that might have been long if they had not been blunted too soon in toil; little hands that would have clung to yours had they but dared.

Jeanne never went to school. As soon as she grew old enough Madame Tissenet could not spare her from the work. When I write to Jeanne I print my letters. She can not answer them. But she taught herself to spell out words on the big, gay Parisian posters of bills and theatres.

The very first thing Jeanne can remember is a pump in the courtyard of the old rooming-house. The memory is not pleasant. Jeanne told me that to this day whenever she sees a pump she feels a dull ache between her shoulders.

You see, the tenants—who were all students: sculptors, painters, writers, what not—each morning used to come downstairs to draw water into their pails. It was Jeanne's duty to work the pump-handle for them. Fancy that! There were great brutes of men who let her do it. When she first started she was so little she could not bring the pump-handle down. She hadn't the

IT WAS JEANNE'S DUTY TO WORK THE PUMP-HANDLE FOR THE TENANTS.

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strength in her arms. She used to manage by throwing her body across the handle, with her feet off the ground. This made her back hurt horribly. Sometimes the pain came through to her chest and made it difficult for her to breathe.

But she never complained. She thought life was like that. She had never been out of the Latin Quarter. There everybody was poor, and had always to do things which made either the heart or the body ache. Do you begin to know what Jeanne's life was like?

Once an art student in the house was sick. Jeanne carried his pail of water up the three flights of stairs to his room. Toward the last she had to rest on every step. And she spilled the water on her shoes; it went through the worn places.

She only nodded when the student thanked her. She could not speak. She was breathless after her efforts. And the sick man noticed her fatigue and felt ashamed because he had let such a little girl wait upon him.

Jeanne stood clutching at the torn dress which covered her narrow chest. Her glance roved about the student's room. She never before had been in it. You know how children love to look at new things. They are like cats: they like to inspect their surroundings very carefully before they settle down to be really friends.

The child's attention lingered upon, passed over, and came back to a sketch on the wall. It was a rough study of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. Even the student's bad drawing had not utterly eclipsed her. Something of the statue's magnificence and meaning had been caught beneath the bungling hand that held the charcoal. It sank into Jeanne's heart. She drank it with parted lips.

The student watched the child from his narrow couch. "Would you like that sketch, little one?" he asked.

She looked at him. Was he teasing her? Nobody had ever given her anything. That is—really given it. Of course she had worked and earned things—food, an old skirt of Madame Tissenet's made over into a dress for herself. But to give her this—this most beautiful drawing! I suppose there was distrust in Jeanne's expression. Why should anybody be so munificent?

The student walked weakly to the wall, unpinned the drawing, and handed it to her.

She did with it what any starving little animal would do with food. She grabbed it and fled. For years, each night, she slept with it laid flat beneath the rags which were her bed.

"It was the first beautiful thing I ever owned," Jeanne told me. "It was the first time I ever dreamed there were beautiful things in the world."

Dear Jeanne! She once showed me the sketch. It was execrable! Yet somewhere there was a hint of promise in it, as sometimes in March there comes the dream of spring. She does not know what became of the student. But of this I am sure: though he were famous now—no one has ever paid so high a price for any work of his as did the little Jeanne. Nor is there any one to whom his work has meant so much.

Perhaps the episode of the drawing was the only real event in Jeanne's early life. She has told me there is nothing else which stands out in the memory of her childhood. Poor little waif! As she would say to me herself—

"Just the long days of work, mademoiselle—always a great weariness. Often a fatigue too frightful to permit one to undress at night or to eat. I never played as did the other little ones. I never remember that I had the desire to play!"

"IT USED TO MAKE MY THROAT ACHE BECAUSE I WISHED TO WEEP."

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Ah me, and—worse to come!

For as Jeanne grew older—old enough—she never had a sweetheart. Not a single butcher or baker or candlestick-maker came a-courting. Not one in all of Paris, where the whole city mates or plays at mating.

"The tragedy of the homely woman is always a comedy; is it not so, mademoiselle?" Jeanne has asked. "What should a homely girl want with a lover? Who knows? One is always beautiful in the eyes of an adorer—if we, whom the good God has made so plain, were but permitted to try, we might make real some of the illusion. At times I think I only remained so brown and ugly because the romance which always comes to young creatures never came to me. Ah—the cruel summer-times, mademoiselle! Each year when the trees on the boulevards began to bud I thought my heart would break. It was not so bad in the winter. But as the nights grew warmer, and one took one's little promenade after dinner, one saw the lovers catch and cling to each other in the shadows of the streets. It used to make my throat ache because I wished to weep. And a long time passed before I had learned the luxury of tears was not for me."

Jeanne was a woman, then. Her girlhood had come and gone. She had never blossomed really because the sunlight had never touched her. A frosted bud drooping on its slender stem; doomed, apparently, never to reach fulfilment. Never—as is the right of flowers and women—to be plucked and worn.

Jeanne had become a laundress like her mother. But with a difference. Her mother had gone about her work because she had to work. Jeanne came very near to enjoyment of her tasks. She liked to handle the fine white stuffs and see them bleaching, spotless, in the sun. She liked to flute with her fingers the little ruffles of lace and embroidery. She liked to fold and arrange with true art the finished garments in the basket in which she carried them back to their respective owners. She was very much a woman, always. She liked to dream of her own trousseau.

And so her

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fame as a *blanchisseuse de fin* spread gradually beyond the Latin Quarter. As the years went on the garments that each week passed through Jeanne's hands became more gossamer. Ladies who were anxious to have their fine linens and laces handled with care offered Jeanne more money for her work than the models and sweethearts of the students in her own neighborhood could afford to do. Jeanne could buy enough to eat, now. And she had a neat black dress and a hat with a feather on it for Sundays.

But there was little joy in the affluence. Nobody noticed it—nobody knew. There was nobody really to see the planned and saved for, dreamed of, finery. The walk back to her own room, dressed in her best, after leaving the clean clothes each week, was flat and stale. Nothing ever occurred.

Jeanne was not walking very fast on the evening when she first saw the place in which it was all to happen. She was lingering along the boulevard. She stopped to look through plate-glass windows at pearls on purple velvet and at satin slippers and costly furs. An inexpensive amusement for a poor girl. And, remember, Jeanne's was not the kind of home to which one hurries.

She was in the blaze of light which came through the crystal doors before she knew it. She was dazzled. Huge arc-lamps hung on each side of the entrance to the building. The reflectors on them cast the light downward upon one's face. One could no more look at them than at the sun. And beyond, inside, one had a glimpse of countless mirrors, catching, holding, and throwing back to each other the pitiless rays that in a city must pass muster as gaiety.

The place was new. A mushroom growth of Paris life. It had not been there the week before when Jeanne had walked that way. She paused to look at it.

At first she thought it one of the new moving-picture palaces. The side streets rapidly were becoming dotted with them, though as yet they had not invaded the avenues. The name over the entrance misled her—it was one connected in her mind with moving-pictures. But the people straggled through the doors, singly and in couples. And then it dawned on Jeanne the place was far too light inside for the screen plays. Perhaps it was another free exhibition of tuberculosis cures. She had happened upon one of these once and had been much entertained.

Jeanne pushed the doors open timidly and walked inside. She was ready to step back the instant anybody should ask her for any money.

Before her she saw long rows of what seemed to be desks. Before each desk was a chair. In almost every chair sat some person. Scarcely a place was unoccupied. On the desks were paper books like telephone indexes. Farther back was a system of metal knobs. The people were all holding long tubes to their ears. They all had rapt expressions. Occasionally one would nod his head rhythmically and smile. Or a woman would tap her foot as if she were beating time, although Jeanne could hear nothing.

A uniformed attendant approached. "Does mademoiselle desire a place?" he said.

Jeanne hesitated. "Does it cost anything?" she asked.

The attendant smiled. "A trifle, mademoiselle," he explained. "Ten sous for one selection, or, if mademoiselle desires, fifty sous for six selections."

"And what does one get for one's ten sous?" inquired Jeanne.

The attendant might shrug his shoulders at the amount, but to her, Jeanne, it had too often meant breakfast and even dinner.

"For ten sous one buys a check from madame, the cashier," elucidated the attendant. "Mademoiselle will then seat herself and consider the book of musical selections, both instrumental and vocal, which she will find before her. Having found the music she wishes to hear, she will turn the knobs until the number they indicate corresponds with the number in the book opposite the name of the selection. Mademoiselle will then insert the check in the slot, put the tubes to her ears, and enjoy music of great beauty. The most world-renowned artists have placed their talents at our command."

Well, why not? To be sure, ten sous were ten sous. A sum not to be thrown away lightly. But, on the other hand, had not Madame Armand tipped Jeanne but now, because of the great care she had taken with that insufferably difficult negligee? Why not be gay for once? Why not take half of that entirely unexpected wealth and spend

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it to hear this music? Jeanne had never heard any music—real music.

She moved to the cashier's desk, fumbling as she went with the precious money, which was tied in the corner of her handkerchief. She felt very timid. She had to remind herself that, after all, she did have on her best dress and the hat with the feather on it. People were not staring at her because she was shabby and out of place.

When she came back the attendant had arranged a place for her. Jeanne sat down. She opened the book before her and stared nervously at the pages. She could not read even print very rapidly. It terrified her to think the people on both sides of her might notice this. Moreover, the names of the vocal and instrumental pieces meant nothing to her.

"I PRETEND THAT I AM A GREAT TENOR, WITH LIGHTS AND THE GRAND LADIES IN THEIR BOXES."

She looked at the book for what seemed to her a long time. She feared the attendant would come back and ask her please to hurry and deposit her check and leave. Finally, desperate, she turned the knobs at random, gazed blankly at the numbers which sprang into being behind the glass, inserted the check, and put the tubes to her ears.

There was a whirring sound, a note or two, and then—

It was the Bedouin Love Song sung in French. Jeanne could understand every word of it.

"It was, mademoiselle, as if all my life I had been waiting for that moment," Jeanne has said. "At first it was like rest, peace, the clean, cool sheets after the long, weary day. Then it grew sweeter, sharper. It seemed I must cry out with the sweetness of it. Remember, mademoiselle, until then I had never heard beautiful music. No man had ever whispered of love to me. And here pouring itself out to me, steeping me in it, was this most marvelous voice singing to me the very words my woman's heart had ached for in vain. When the singer reached that point in the song where he sings:

"I love thee! I love thee
With a love that can not die,
With a love that can not die!

"Then, ah, *then*, mademoiselle, the tears ran down my face and fell upon my best dress."

From that night Jeanne had a passion. No longer she saved her money for a new pair of gloves or a collar with lace upon it. The attendant at the Melograph Palace came to know her face. He reserved a place for her on Saturday evenings, when Jeanne sometimes spent a franc, or even more, for the little round metal checks. She came to know the name of madame, the cashier. She even asked, in friendly fashion, after madame's daughter, who was not over strong.

When by accident Jeanne happened upon a musical selection which gave her particular joy she committed the number to memory. Then she heard these selections over and over again. The Bedouin Love Song was No. 4008. The attendant sometimes, to tease Jeanne, would turn the knobs to No. 4008 before she could sit down in the

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chair. She would find it staring her in the face.

But Jeanne never tired of it. Though there were others, of course. There was "Morning" in the Peer Gynt Suite of Grieg, which made her feel very young and wistful. It made her want to stretch out her hands for some elusive thing that, somehow, she felt she should have had. Or there was the "Dance of Anitra" which caused one to become quite wild. After Jeanne had heard it she would walk home swaying her hips a very little as did the painted women on the boulevards from whom she shrank. Or, again, there was a song from "Aïda." It was in Italian. But there were marvelous words set to marvelous notes which seemed to be saying:

Oh, thou art charming!

and

I love thee! I love thee!

Jeanne liked all songs with the words "I love thee!" in them. While she listened to these she could best pretend that which made her happiest. She fancied herself young, clear-skinned, wide-eyed. She fancied the voluptuous curves of her figure swathed in the silks and furs she had seen in the shop windows. She was at a ball. There were palms and music. And over her bent a tall, handsome man, his breast glittering with orders, and he pleaded with her for just one word—one glance.

Once, after she had pretended all this very hard, she smiled roguishly at the attendant as she passed him in going out.

"*Mon Dieu!* the little homely one tried to flirt with me!" he told madame the cashier, and they both laughed.

Jeanne's best dress was growing the merest trifle shabby now. Soon she would need a winter hat. But she no longer thought of these things. In the eyes of her dream-lover she was perfect. She lived but for her trysts with him. Often she went without food that she might hear his voice again and again. The people in the Melograph Palace were like shadows to her. She scarcely answered when those of her neighbors who knew her spoke to her. She was as one who walks in her sleep.

The leaves were beginning to fall from the trees one night in the autumn when Jeanne took her customary place. It had been chilly outside. She had to warm her fingers before she could turn the knobs to No. 4008. She did it in a businesslike manner. She had become an habitué. Presently Jeanne settled back in her chair as does an opium-smoker after he has prepared his pipe. She had no difficulty in summoning her familiar dream.

Suddenly she was conscious of an annoyance. Some alien sound was finding its way through her music. Could it be the instrument was out of order? No, the sound did not come to her through the tubes. The song reached its last note and stopped. Jeanne took down her hands from her ears. Ah—now there could be no doubt of the source of her discomfort!

Beside her sat a little man. He seemed perched in his chair like a robin on a branch. To enhance the effect his necktie was a dash of red against the dark cloth of his suit. He was littler, if anything, than Jeanne. He held the two tubes to his ears and he was humming, buzzing, in an abominable husky voice. He would stop for an instant and then go on. When he took up the sound again he would wag his head as if he were the leader of an orchestra.

Jeanne was very angry. This little man had spoiled a whole song for her. And ten sous were still ten sous. She waited until he removed his hands from his ears and then she pointed to a sign before them which requested silence of the people in the Palace. The little man did not at first understand. When he did, he blushed cruelly.

"But, mademoiselle, I made no sound!" he protested.

"You hummed!" Jeanne declared heatedly.

"I did not know," he answered humbly. "It must be because I pretend—"

"You pretend?" broke in Jeanne, her attention caught.

"That I am a great tenor, with lights and the music and the grand ladies in their boxes," he went on confusedly.

"But—this is strange! I too pretend," said Jeanne.

But the little man had fled, leaving one of the metal checks behind him. Jeanne hesitated and finally put it in her pocketbook. "He will come back some other night," she said to herself with the conviction of one who understands.

You have guessed the rest? Of course. But it came about gradually enough. They tasted it together slowly like epicures.

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On the second night, after Jeanne had returned him his check, he summoned up courage to tell her the Toreador Song in "Carmen" was his favorite. A while after he said:

"When I hear it I seem to see myself very tall and fine looking, with my legs in white cotton stockings, singing to some great, beautiful Spanish woman in a spangled dress. When she hears me she throws herself upon my breast."

You see Honoré Beaudean—which was his name—had something the advantage of Jeanne. He had—sitting very far away from the stage and high up—attended the opera many times. Why not? Had he not a prosperous delicatessen-shop with two comfortable rooms over the store? If he could not afford an occasional luxury, who, indeed, could?

"There is also the duet in 'Samson et Dalila,'" Honoré told Jeanne with the air of a critic. "It is very fair; really excellent. But for real music one must, of course, go to the old masters. Still, I like to think of myself as *Samson*. It is very gratifying."

And again and quite a long while afterward: "The duet in 'Roméo et Juliette' is very fine, Mademoiselle Buyot. You should hear it. It is called the 'Nuit d'Hyménée.' Let me find the number for you."

And Jeanne trembled when his hand touched hers in reaching for the knobs.

Even when Jeanne knew this was not a dream, that there was to be real happiness for her, he did not bring her flowers, nor take her to the cafés for sirup and water in tall glasses, as another lover might have done. Instead he lavished the little metal checks upon her at the Melograph Palace, and they were happy together.

"Oh, Jeanne!" he would cry. "Have you heard this one?"

Or she—"Oh, Honoré, here is a new one of a beauty sublime!"

On the night after he had first kissed her, in the shadow of a street, as she had so often seen other sweethearts catch and cling, he walked beside her, strutting absurdly and humming the Toreador in the same husky voice which had at first annoyed her.

Jeanne thought him manly now. And that his voice was really very fine. She stole sidelong glances of admiration at him.

But why should I go on with this part? Can one dissect the Spring Song note by note?

On the night Jeanne Buyot became Madame Beaudean they went together to the Palace. They waited until they could find chairs side by side. Then very solemnly Honoré searched for a number and found it—No. 6302; and he turned the knobs at Jeanne's place to correspond with his. It was the Wedding March from "Lohengrin."

Very quietly and with reverence they listened. Honoré rose from his place first. Jeanne looked up at him and smiled.

"I love but thee, my angel," she said. "But—just once the Bedouin Love Song!"

Honoré seated himself again.

"*Alors*," he said—"just once the Toreador from 'Carmen'!"

FOR FOUR YEARS

CALIFORNIA

(No—this is not press-agent stuff)

Has had new laws and a progressive administration.
Have they made good? Is there any more climate? And how about that Presidential aspirant

HIRAM JOHNSON?

A—HAH—!!!

Read GEORGE CREEL'S article in the October *EVERYBODY'S*

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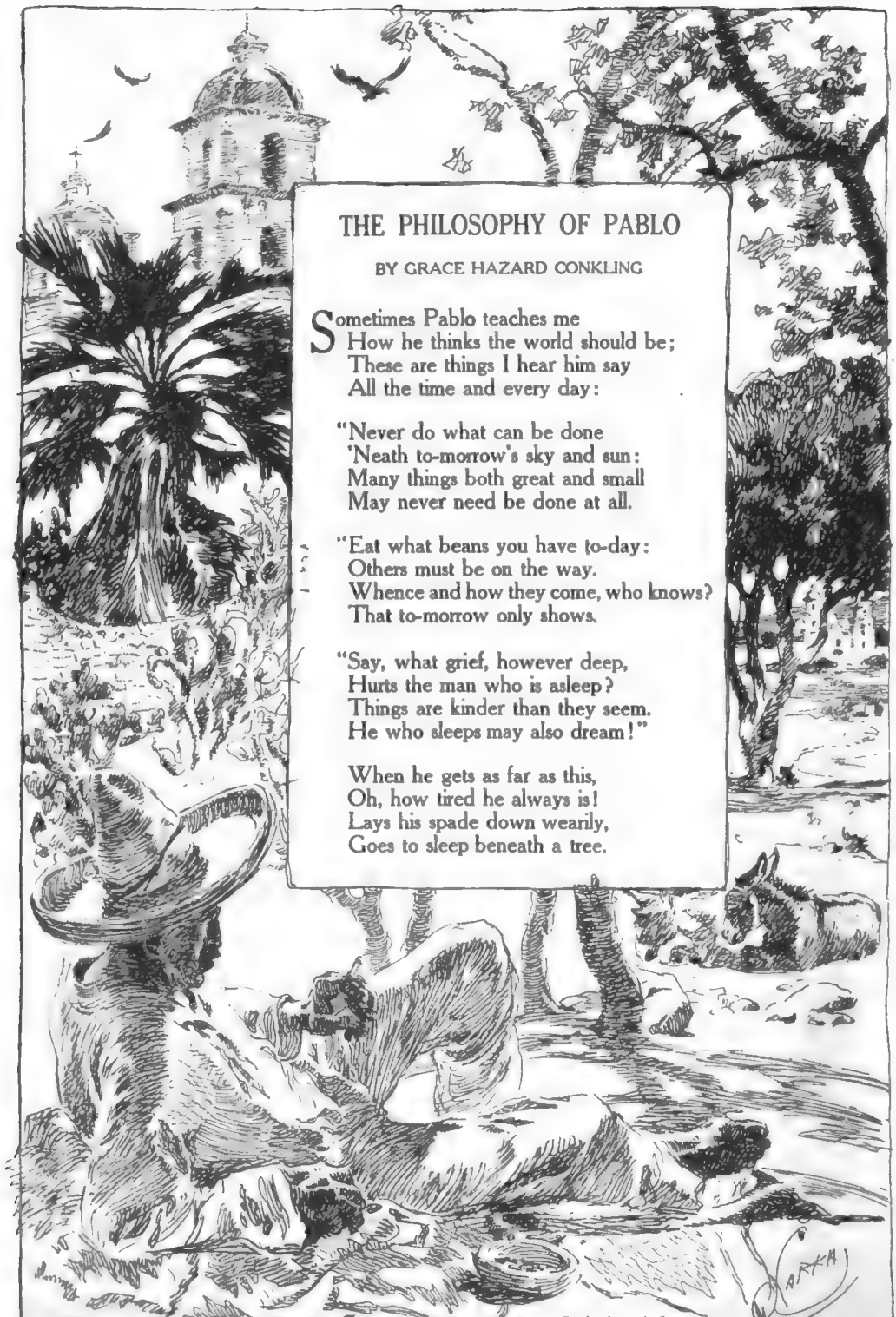

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PABLO

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Sometimes Pablo teaches me
How he thinks the world should be;
These are things I hear him say
All the time and every day:

"Never do what can be done
'Neath to-morrow's sky and sun:
Many things both great and small
May never need be done at all.

"Eat what beans you have to-day:
Others must be on the way.
Whence and how they come, who knows?
That to-morrow only shows.

"Say, what grief, however deep,
Hurts the man who is asleep?
Things are kinder than they seem.
He who sleeps may also dream!"

When he gets as far as this,
Oh, how tired he always is!
Lays his spade down wearily,
Goes to sleep beneath a tree.

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

A WORK FOR WALL STREET

ALTHOUGH some advanced theorists in economics have lately begun to think that saving ought to be socialized, like insurance, transportation, or the means of happiness, so that people might leave the practise of thrift to the state and be free to perfect themselves in the art of spending, the enterprise of the world for a long time yet will remain beholden to those who consume less than they produce and save the remainder in the form of capital to lend at interest.

The use of individual thrift need not be emphasized. Everybody knows the comfort of having something put by or the misgivings that haunt those too unfortunate or too improvident ever to get anything ahead. But the economic power of collective saving is imperfectly understood.

The means of increasing the production of goods, both for those who are here and the more yet to come, are continually being multiplied. The rate of their multiplication is governed by the rate at which people save and the intelligence with which their savings are employed. Railways, sky-scrapers, factories, irrigation works, and great hydro-electric power-plants—none of these things could get built unless thousands of people had first saved the capital to build them with and were then willing to lend it at interest. No man is rich enough alone to build any one of those great works, and each of them represents the wonderful economic use of collective saving.

A new country seldom can save capital fast enough to build the wealth-producing machines of modern times. It must borrow abroad from people who save more capital than they can profitably use at home, as this country once did in a very large way and does still on a diminished scale, and as Canada is doing every day. That means, of course, that interest on borrowed capital must be paid away to foreign countries. Every new country, if it is in haste to develop its resources, must, as the economists say, "import capital." Then it must export goods to pay the interest.

It is better that a country should save its own capital, if it can, instead of borrowing it abroad; but a new country as Canada economically is, or as ours was fifty or sixty years ago, would develop very slowly out of its own savings. If we had not borrowed hundreds of millions of dollars from English investors to build railways, we should have fewer railways and fewer people and less wealth to-day, and some other country that had borrowed the English investor's capital might be much farther along than it is.

As a country grows up and becomes proficient in the production of wealth, its power to save increases, and there is somewhere a point at which it should be able to provide its own capital and cease to borrow. That

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point has not been reached in this country yet, and may not be for another generation, so that we still rank in the world as a *debtor* nation, one that borrows capital. In the other category are the *creditor* nations like Great Britain and France, who have always capital to lend to all the rest of the world. We should, however, be much nearer to a point of self-sustainment than we are, and should the sooner arrive at it, if we wasted less of the capital we do save and had a higher average of financial sense among those who, though naturally saving, lack the means of employing their savings efficiently.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE

Let us consider France as the premier of *creditor* nations. The world's most prolific source of capital is the frugality of the French people, who are continually lending their savings to other people—to us, to the Russians, to the Germans and the Turks, to the South American republics, and to China.

An American writer on financial subjects, visiting abroad, discussed this matter with the head of one of those large French banks into the coffers of which hundreds of thousands of thrifty people are continually pouring a stream of money to be invested in whatever the bank recommends.

"What kind of securities do you put your people into?" the American asked.

"Well, if you'd like to see, let's look," said the head of the bank, and led the way into a compartment lined all around with rows and rows of little pigeonholes. Each pigeonhole bore the name of an individual investor, and his securities were there.

"This man," said the banker, withdrawing the contents of one at random, "has, you see, some Russian industrial shares, an American railway bond, a Mexican railway certificate, and some Turkish notes. This one," he continued, putting back the first lot and withdrawing another, "has French *rentes*, of course, and——"

"But these are the securities themselves!" gasped the American visitor. "You keep them this way for the investors who own them? They entrust them to your keeping?"

"Yes," said the banker, exploring another pigeonhole. "Why not? They are safe here."

There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world. The confidence of the French investor in his banker is almost unlimited. Not only does he leave his securities that way in the custody of the banker, but when he has two hundred or three hundred francs more to invest he goes to the banker and asks what he shall buy. The banker tells him and he buys it, and it is added to the accumulation in the pigeonhole allotted to him. It is a condition that has developed gradually through generations, and is now the marvel of the financial world.

It is the business of a Frenchman to save. It is the business of the French banker to collect and invest his countrymen's savings. Together they enormously assist to finance the requirements of borrowing nations. The Frenchman does his part most efficiently. To save is his habit. The banker, on his side, brings proper investments within the reach of the littlest capitalist, and so efficiently does he perform his work that the average rate of interest on French savings is probably higher than that on the savings of any other people.

When outside borrowers, be they states or corporations, seek access to the welling French store of capital, the French bankers first investigate the proposition until satisfied as to its soundness, and then impose a number of conditions, one of which is that the securities shall be in denominations small enough to come within the reach of all French investors.

In 1906, when capital was very scarce in this country, the Pennsylvania Railroad sold $48,262,548 of securities to French investors, through the Paris bankers, and was required to make the lowest denomination 500 francs, which is $100.

In 1907, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad borrowed $27,985,000 in France, and the securities in that case, too, were made in 500-franc or $100 pieces.

In 1910, to finish its transcontinental line, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul borrowed $48,176,654 of French money, and the debenture bonds it gave as security had, also, the minimum denomination of 500 francs or $100.

OUR WAY

But these same railways, when issuing bonds for sale to the American investor, make them in $1,000 and $500 denominations, which puts them beyond the reach of

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many thousands of little capitalists. There is but one issue of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul bonds in this country that can be bought in $100 pieces; there are two New York, New Haven & Hartford debenture bonds that can be bought in that amount; there are no $100 Pennsylvania Railroad bonds. And such is the indifference of Wall Street to the wants of the small investor that when you buy one of the few $100 bonds that are available, you have to pay the broker a premium over the ruling market price of the $500 and $1,000 bonds, and then he thinks he has done you a great favor to bother with it at all.

"That's all nonsense about one-hundred-dollar bonds," said the member of a large Wall Street bond-selling organization to the writer. "If a man has only $100 to invest he ought to take it to a savings-bank. That's the place for him."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, for one reason," he answered, "because the one-hundred-dollar bonds as a rule are not first-class. The few that are good are very hard to buy. The market for them is extremely limited."

"Then you ought to make a better market for them," I said. "The objections you raise touch only such disadvantages as Wall Street, if it cared, could easily remove. The best corporations ought to issue $50 and $100 bonds, and the bond houses ought to make them accessible to investors. Do you know that the diversified security holdings of the average French investor total only about $200? He buys them in small denominations, a few francs in this and a few in that, gaining thereby safety and a higher rate of return on his money."

"But we haven't any French investors in this country," he said. "Their psychology is different."

Psychology has become a word of apology for almost anything. This is not so much a difference of psychology between the French and American investor as a difference in their opportunities. The best of the world's securities are put within the means of all French investors. The American investor with a few hundred dollars, is sent to a savings-bank.

The real Wall Street objection to $50 and $100 bonds has not been stated. It is that the vending of them would not pay. It costs the dealer as much in advertising, rent, clerk hire, etc., to sell the $100 bond as it costs to sell the $1,000 bond; the minimum commission in one case is only 12½ cents and $1.25 in the other. It seems not to weigh heavily against this objection that to meet the needs of the small investor is to perform an important economic service; that the man who begins with $100 will presently invest more, and that the business of all Wall Street indirectly would certainly be benefited if the vast amount of capital annually wasted for want of proper investment facilities were turned into sound securities.

WASTE OF CAPITAL

How is capital wasted?

In this way: A man with a few hundred dollars is told to put his money in a savings-bank. It is too little to be invested in securities. He may act upon that advice, or he may be induced by promise of high interest and dividend returns to buy worthless securities from the hundreds of swindlers who are continually seeking him out, and who offer their shares and bonds in popular denominations.

More money than either the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, or the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul ever borrowed in one year abroad (probably as much as all three of them have ever borrowed from European investors in a year), is annually lost by American investors in dishonest promotions. In his report to the Postmaster-General, June 30, 1913, the Chief Inspector wrote:

> There were 304 persons convicted during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, charged with using the mails in furtherance of schemes to defraud, and it is estimated that the loss of money to the public through the swindling operations of those convicted was approximately $11,967,106. . . .
>
> The amount of money obtained by individuals arrested last year on the charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes is estimated at approximately $41,906,735, making a total of $53,873,841 as the estimated amount of money taken in by those arrested as well as those convicted during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913. . . .
>
> The stock-selling proposition appears to appeal to the public more than any other one fraud scheme conducted, and the amount of money taken in by promoters operating this class of scheme is enormous.

The estimated loss of $53,873,841 was only that which had been discovered

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through the activities of the Post-Office inspectors. There was much more undiscovered.

It is sometimes very difficult to prove that a scheme is really so dishonest that the Government will be justified in denying the promoters use of the mails. It may be not dishonest but financially unsound, and the Government in that case may be unable to act.

THE INVESTOR'S DILEMMA

It is preposterous that in this country the person with a few hundred dollars saved should have to choose between a savings-bank that will pay him 3 or 3½ per cent. and an unsound promotion that offers him an attractive rate of interest. This department is continually receiving letters from persons in that dilemma. It is useless to tell them to put their money in savings-banks. Many of them have it there already and wish to put it out at higher interest.

They are entitled to higher interest. Capital in this country is worth five to six per cent. in safe employment, and one with only a few hundred dollars should have a wide choice of such employment for his savings. If several of the big banking houses of Wall Street were to demand from the great corporations issuing five and six per cent. securities in $500 and $1,000 pieces and multiples thereof that they make them in smaller denominations, down to $25 and $50 pieces, and then were willing to put their reputations back of such securities and recommend them to all investors, not only would a large stream of capital now wasting be turned into proper economic channels, but in a few years, besides, the financial sense of the American investor would match that of the French, and we should not have to borrow so much capital abroad.

The advantages to a corporation of having its securities very widely distributed are certainly obvious enough to justify the cost and bother of making them in popular denominations.

There is a work for Wall Street to do. It will pay in the end.

"But we haven't got the machinery to do it," says a bond man whose house sells four, four and one-half, and five per cent. bonds to savings-banks, trust companies, and other financial institutions that collect the people's savings and pay them three or three and one-half per cent. interest. "It would take years to get into direct touch with the individual small investor and gain his confidence. He does not attach himself to an issuing bank and implicitly buy the securities it offers him, as the French investor does."

That is all true, and yet the answers are simple. No machinery exists ready made. The French bankers created theirs, and it took them many years to do it. Now it pays enormously. And as for the investor trusting a bank of issue to prescribe his investments, he will do that, too, when investment bankers are willing to abandon the theory of caveat emptor and put their reputations squarely behind the securities they sell. There is but one house in Wall Street to-day that really does that, and it seldom complains of a poor bond year. It can always sell more bonds than any other house, because its clients trust it never to offer them an investment that has not been carefully investigated and found to be perfectly sound.

So, from purely a business point of view, it is greatly worth while to win the investor's confidence. Wall Street as a community does not have it, and that is owing to the fact that so many securities turn out badly almost before the bankers have passed the last of them along to the investor and are themselves safely out, as has happened recently in St. Louis & San Francisco bonds and in the shares of such unlike promotions as the M. Rumley Company, the B. F. Goodrich Company, the Studebaker Corporation, California Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum.

You didn't, by any chance, overlook the play by George Bernard Shaw?— The first thing in this number, page 289.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available anecdotes. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"What name are you calling?" asked the telephone girl over the wire.

"McCohen," the customer answered.

"I beg pardon?" asked the girl.

"McCohen."

The wire was silent for a moment, then the girl said: "Wait a moment, please. I think the wires are crossed."

Soon after Tommie Fletcher's teacher had introduced her class in language to the ditto mark, Tommie went to visit his aunt. While away he wrote the following letter to his father:

DEAR FATHER:

I hope you are well.
" " mother is "
" " sister " "
" " Rob " "
" " grandmother is well.
" wish you were here.
" " mother was "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandmother was here.
" " you would send me some money.

Your loving son, TOM.

A well-known shipper, introducing a new brand of champagne, met James K. Hackett, the popular actor-manager, at a club luncheon recently.

"You are so well known, Mr. Hackett," said the man, "and your opinion carries such weight, that you would be doing me a very great favor if when ordering champagne you would ask for my brand."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hackett pleasantly. "I'd be delighted to do so."

The man was extremely profuse in his thanks, which lasted several minutes.

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Hackett, when the enthusiastic thanks had subsided. "But how very awkward it would be for me if they should have it."

Johnny had been very excited all morning, and finally burst out with:

"We have a baby girl at our house, teacher; Dr. Moore brought her."

Immediately another small hand was frantically waved in the air, and a little voice piped: "We take off of him, too, Miss Brown!"

A young man who had recently assumed the managership of a popular typewriting concern in a certain city, decided to visit several of his new customers and obtain their opinion of the machine, that he might show the company just how he was succeeding.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" he asked the first customer he visited.

"It's immense!" enthusiastically replied the man. "Really, I wonder how I ever got along without it!"

"That's fine!" said the young fellow, much

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pleased. "Would you be willing to give me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Why, certainly I will," said the man, taking a seat at the machine. "I'll do it gladly."

And, rolling up his sleeves, he pounded out the following:

"afted Using thee automatig Back-action atype writ,er for thre emonth$an d Over. I unhesittattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than thee Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our possessio e. i, th ree monthz! id has more th an paid for for it$slf in the Saveing oF time an d labrr?' john 1 Snith."

"Conductor," inquired the nervous old lady, "which end of the car do I get off?"

"Either end, madam," replied the polite conductor; "both ends stop."

On one occasion a census clerk, in scanning one of the forms to see if it had been properly filled up, noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the heading, "Age of father, if living," and "Age of mother, if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been if livin'."

Old Cummings, the grocer, was noted for the wretched horses he kept. He employed a boy, Anthony, who was a very reckless driver. One day Anthony drove one of the grocer's worst old nags a little too hard, and the animal died.

"There!" cried the grocer. "You've killed my horse, you miserable boy!"

"I'm sorry, boss," the boy faltered.

"Sorry!" shouted the infuriated grocer. "Sorry be hanged! What good'll that do? Who's going to pay for my horse, I'd like to know?"

"I'll make it all right, boss," replied the boy soothingly. "You can take it out of my next week's wages."

A Dutchman, returning from a hunting expedition, was met by a friend, who, noting the flatness of his game-bag, said tauntingly:

"Well, I see you've been hunting."

The luckless hunter nodded.

"Did you shoot anything?" persisted the friend.

"Vell," was the reply, "I shot my dawg."

"Shot your dog?" asked the friend in amazement. "Was he mad?"

"Vell, he vasn't so tam pleased," retorted the Dutchman.

Pat's boss was treating him to a thimble-size glass of his best old stock and, thinking to impress Pat with his liberality, he said:

"Pat, that whisky is seventy years old."

"Faith," said Pat, "if it is, it's dang small for its age!"

Little Robert was playing with his army of tin soldiers one Sunday afternoon, when his mother entered the room.

"Why, Bob!" she exclaimed, "how many times have I told you not to play with your army on Sunday?"

"Well, you see, mother," explained Bob, "this is the Salvation Army."

"Bob" Burman, record-holder in motor-car racing, tells the following story:

Recently I was talking with a woman whose husband had acquired considerable wealth suddenly, and who was quite new to the social world and its customs. She was particularly anxious to appear as if accustomed to all the luxuries of life.

She began a conversation with me on motoring.

"Have you purchased your new car this season?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Burman, not yet," she said. "I can't make up my mind just which make of car to buy. Maybe you will help me."

"What is it that you can not decide about them?" I asked.

"Why, I can't decide whether I should get a gasoline car or a limousine car. Tell me, does limousine smell as bad as gasoline?"

An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said:

"You will just have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and he won't stand for it."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR
PUBLISHED BY · THE RIDGWAY · · · COMPANY · · NEW YORK CITY
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

A CORRECTION

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has made an error and done an injustice.

In the issue for April, 1913, we published an extended article entitled "Uncle Sam, Lawbreaker." It was an account of the circumstances under which the United States Reclamation Service has been developing the irrigation of arid districts in the Southwest, with particular attention to the Salt River Valley project in Arizona, and the distribution of power and water from the great Roosevelt Dam. The contract between the Reclamation Service and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, by which electricity was sold for distribution in Phœnix, was the subject of severe comment.

In certain paragraphs of this article the Hon. Richard E. Sloan was criticized in the statement of facts and in deductions therefrom. It was suggested that as Territorial Governor of Arizona Mr. Sloan had an influential part in sanctioning the contract in question; that as counsel for the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association he had failed to render undivided and faithful service in passing upon the contract; and that later as Federal judge of that district (a position which he held by appointment of President Taft) he might have occasion to pass upon litigation arising out of that contract.

The fact is that the contract under discussion was made long before Mr. Sloan was appointed Territorial Governor. He, therefore, could not as Governor have been a party to the contract. Nor is there any evidence that he used his official position in any way in behalf of the contract or of any interests behind it. Neither did he during his service as counsel for the Water Users' Association have any occasion to pass upon the contract or advise regarding it.

It has been the custom and the pride of EVERYBODY'S to go after anything we believe to be wrong, in a whole-hearted, two-fisted way. We have done that in the past; we are doing it in the present, and we shall do it in the future. It is our purpose always to deal in truth; but we have at times in the past made our percentage of human error, and we shall probably do so again. When we discover that we have done so, we shall as in the past, make frank acknowledgment of the fact, as earnestly as we may have made the statement in the first instance.

In associating Governor Sloan with this contract, and in drawing the deductions therefrom, we made one of those errors and we are sincerely sorry for it. There was no basis for identifying Governor Sloan with this contract in any way, nor for the inference that his association with the contract would have any influence whatever upon his acts on the Federal bench. We extend to him our sincere regrets.

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"EVERYBODY'S MONEY"—FOR EVERYBODY

We wonder if as many of you as ought are reading "Everybody's Money." Not only this month, but every month. It is a feature of the magazine which we wished long to introduce, waiting till we could get the writer we thought best qualified to do it.

Don't get the idea by turning pages rapidly, that it's a purely technical treatment of a purely technical subject. It is not. There is a chance for some close and careful reading and thinking, true enough; but the subjects discussed, quietly, not noisily, are just the ones you'd like to know about and ought to know about. And interesting too.

WHADDAYE KNOW ABOUT THIS?

I have been reading EVERYBODY'S since before the time of "Frenzied Finance," and never in my life was I so astonished as when the July number came into my hands.

Not that I was shocked at "Living Up to Letchwood." The story is a dandy and not tainted at all, because it contains a splendid moral. It takes a man of brains to produce that story. The taint is in your advertising of it. That is so tainted that it is tarnished.

A prospective buyer picks up your magazine —"Oh, yes. Just see what Julian Street went and done!" Well, what did he do, anyway? Turn quickly and find out. There in italics — "We hate to confess that this is tainted fiction, but you 'get' us." He'll take that magazine. Fifteen cents planked down! Out goes Mr. Buyer and seats himself on the first park bench to satisfy his appetite for tainted fiction.

HE GETS A MORAL!

It's like the barker at a side-show crying: "The police are about to close us up. Come in and see what we have got." Inside you find the much-maligned tango danced by a pair of saints.

I've known dozens of such hypocritical preachers as you are to go in and out the back doors of saloons, and kiss the deacon's youthful wife behind the door. Hell would be paved with that sort if they were not too soft to stand the tread of the millions of feet of their betters.

Yours taintedly, L. A. S.

Tampa, Fla.

THEY APPROVE

I just want to say that Julian Street's "Letchwood" story is the rippingest thing I have ever read.

AN EX-"BROAD-MINDED" SCHOOLGIRL.

Rockford, Illinois.

Many thanks for the Letchwood story—delightful! The best thing in EVERYBODY'S for years. Don't let them run a series, What d'you know about Sex? as an anti-climax.

R. E. A.

New York.

Many thanks for "What Julian Street Done" and what you are consistently doing in that line. I am speaking not only for myself but, I am sure, for a long list of friends and relatives who have dropped the magazines with Letchwood tendencies, one by one. More power to you.

L. W. B.

Atlanta, Georgia.

I get you, Steve.

If ever I read a more convincing protest against an unworthy tendency of the hour, I'll wire you—at my own expense. However, as an afterthought, I might say there's a number of us who think that the "masher" should have been made to "lounge idly at the club windows."

With this trifling omission, the story's perfect.

J. N. S.

Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS ONE DOESN'T

Hitherto I have liked to have the magazine, but now I buy no more copies. I am ashamed of your article "Living Up to Letchwood," and can not let my family read it, so have torn it all out. I consider it a disgrace to your magazine. A REGULAR READER.

Asbury Park, N. J.

WILL THE WOMEN STAND FOR THIS?

I have just finished the story "Living up to Letchwood," by Julian Street, in the July number of your magazine, and his brilliant burlesque on the present-day fiction is immense. An article like his will do more to surround the fickle fiction of to-day with the proper disgust than almost anything else one could think of.

Of course, if there were no market for this sickening stuff the production would soon cease. Stories in which the heroes are all young gods, chaste and virtuous, handsome as an Adonis, is the kind of bunk that appeals to the idle women and girls who make up society, and who constitute about ninety per cent. of the reading public. The men, generally, are too busy to read, and if they do read they want something short and light, that does not tax their brains. The reason we do not have a Dickens, a Dumas, a Scott, a Balzac, to-day, is because there is no demand for their stuff.

Sincere wishes for success in your new campaign. H. F.

Superior, Wis.

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